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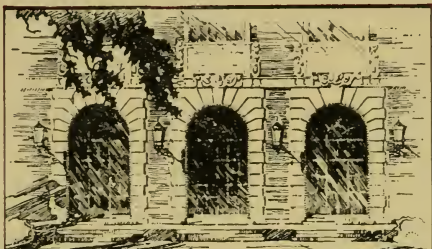
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THE
PEER'S DAUGHTERS.

A NOVEL

BY

LADY BULWER LYTTON,

AUTHOR OF CHEVELEY, &c.

"When I consider life, 'tis all a cheat;
Yet fooled by hope, men favour the deceit,
Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay;
To-morrow's falser than the former day,
Lies worse, and whilst it says we shall be blest
With some new joys, cuts off what we possess.
Strange cozenage, none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure from what yet remain,
And from the dregs of life hope to receive
What its first sprightly running could not give."—DRYDEN.

"Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted:
nor to find talk and discourse: but to weigh and consider."—LORD BACON.

"Time writes no wrinkles on *his* brow,
Such as creation's dawn beheld, we see it *now*."

IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

LONDON:

T. C. NEWBY, 30, WELBECK STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1849.

J. BILLING, PRINTER, WOKING, SURREY.

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DEDICATION.

TO PHILIP JAMES BAILEY, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "FESTUS."*

MY DEAR SIR,

HAD it not been for the remembrance of the permission, which you, long ago, so kindly granted me, of dedicating this work to you, I do not think that anything could have compensated to me for the *ennui*, not to say *dégout*, of publishing it, so long after the time it was originally intended to appear. Begun, as you are aware, three years ago, and thrown by, for the last eighteen months, under the most painful circumstances, nothing but *necessity*! (that relentless task master,) could ever have

*Essential = 30.
3/4 of 51
from the Reg*

* Pickering, London, 1845.

compelled me to finish it. With “all its imperfections on its head,” therefore, (trusting to your indulgence,) I venture to lay it upon your shrine, not indeed as an *adequate* offering, (for where could such be found?) but as the *only one* in my power, whereby I can express the intense admiration with which your genius has inspired

MY DEAR SIR,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

ROSINA BULWER LYTTON.

5a, SLOANE STREET,

NOVEMBER, 1849.

A WORD TO THE PUBLIC.

RESPECTED ENIGMA !

As I have the highest possible opinion of your judgment, being convinced that *when you know the truth, your decisions are always right* ; I wish to anticipate any hasty conclusions you might come to, touching certain doctrines broached by the Comte de Saint Germain ; which I feel it is the more incumbent upon me to do, inasmuch as that authors, if not considered the parents, are at least deemed the sponsors, of their creations, and in *that* capacity

answerable for the opinions of their *Dramatis Personæ* ; I shall therefore briefly state, that, independent of there never having been but *one fixed quantum* of *matter* and *spirit* created, (which are *both indestructible*,) the Jews seem to have been warranted in their belief of the *pre-existence* of souls ; for even the disciples appealed to their Divine Master, saying, “ *Did this man sin, or his parents, that he was born blind ?*” and in “The Book of Wisdom,” (which though apocryphal, is nevertheless appointed to be read in churches), occurs the following passage :

“ I was a witty child, and had a good spirit ; *yea, rather, being good I came into a body undefiled.*”

Now as it is utterly impossible for any deeply thinking, or rightly constituted mind, for one moment to *doubt* the *justice* and *goodness* of the Creator, however much crime, vice, and their concomitants—misery and injustice,—may reign in the world, this theory of *pre-existence* seems most satisfactorily to account *for all*, (even to *our* finite capacities), down

to reducing the *apparent* injustice of the fearful inequalities of position and destiny to the infallible *results* of foregone actions. At all events, it is an open question ; and *as such*, is entitled to *toleration*.
Committing it therefore to YOURS,

I remain,

Your obedient servant,

THE AUTHOR.

THE PEER'S DAUGHTERS.

CHAPTER I.

“ Jam nox inducere terris

Umbras, et cœlo diffundere signa parabat : ” — HORAT.

There is a HISTORY in all mens' lives

Figuring the nature of the time deceased. ’ — SHAKESPEARE.

Γῦρος.

THE last crimson flush of day had faded from the distant hills ;—the hum of insects (those ephemeral parasites of the sun) had ceased ; the flowers drooped their heads, and had closed the soft curtains of their folding leaves,—but not before they had breathed their evening prayer, which filled the air with a holier fragrance, nature's sweet incense ! worthy to rise from *her* altars—to those of GOD ! The whispering rivers, and the murmuring rills, now told a thousand legends to their paraclete the evening breeze : and then flowed on, fraught with other tales for other times.

Night ! sweet empyrean soft abodant night ! had donned her radiant darkness, and the eternal, and mysterious stars,—those bright clad heralds of so many myriads of dark and yet unacted human

dramas,—looked from their immutable glory coldly down, upon their grovelling slave the earth.

“Yes—all is beautiful, all is harmonious, all is consistent in nature ;—but *man*,—alas ! alas ! that human nature alone should be the *one* dark spot on the sun of God’s creation !—OMNIPOTENCE ! strange paradox ! that puzzles reason, and fetters the will as long as the power of evil exists.”

So thought aloud, Raphaël Valasquez, a young Spanish noble, as he lay stretched upon a couch before an open window in the *Pavillon D’Henri Quatre* at *St. Germain en Laye*, upon a sultry evening in July, during those intermediate hours between early evening and midnight—before the dissolute court of Louis Quinze repaired to their almost nightly orgies. Valasquez was rich, and handsome, and young, a trinity of blessings, which caused the envy of his associates, without sufficing to ensure to him the supposed happiness for which he was envied. Left an orphan, and heir to immense wealth, at the early age of ten, he had had for his preceptor an Italian Jesuit, who was deeply imbued with all the theoretic mysticisms so rife in the eighteenth century ; the consequence was, that the young Raphaël had fused the bloom of his cheek in crucibles, and withered the freshness of his heart in metaphysical speculations, long before he was six-and-twenty ;—so zealous a devotee had he been at the occult shrines of Mesmer, and Albert the Great ; so diligent a

tyro of the sentences of Zoroaster, the hymns of Orpheus, and the symbols of Pythagoras; so constant a guest at the emerald table of Hermes; so indefatigable a studier of his *Asclepius*, his *Minera Mundi*, his *Tatro-Mathematica*, and his *Lapidis Philosophi*—to say nothing of his having pressed into his service *Aristotle*, *Plato*, *Zozima*, *Democrites*, *Olympiodorus*, *Sophar* the Persian, *Synesius Dioscorus*, high priest of the great Serapis at Alexandria, *Ostanes* the Egyptian, the emperor *Heraclius* *Theophrastes*, *Archelaüs*, *Claudius*, *Sergiüs*, and *Memnon*;—that in the very dawn of manhood, notwithstanding the extreme brilliancy of his large lustrous dark eyes, and the faultless beauty of his features, they had an unearthly calmness—not to say rigidity of expression, that gave him the appearance, of having suddenly jumped as it were the soft and flowery margin of youth, into the dark and icy gulf of age. But woe unto those who forget to be young in due season—for the genial sunshine of youth, that they have neglected to open their hearts to, will be replaced sooner, or later, by a devouring fire which shall not warm, but consume. The first act of young Valasquez upon attaining his majority, had been to dismiss his preceptor the Jesuit Contarini, and publicly abjure Catholicism, to embrace the tenets of Calvin;—which caused such a scandal in Madrid, that he was obliged to quit it; for though more than half suspected of sorcery, from his astute

knowledge of chemistry, and from having upon more than one occasion regaled several *Hidalgos*, and members of the Jesuits college—with the exhibition of grasping for several minutes, a bar of red-hot iron—and then producing his hand perfectly unscathed ;* yet, in consideration of his wealth, and the splendid *fêtes* and irreproachable dinners that were the result of it, even his suspected *liaison* with the nether powers, *might* have been overlooked ;—for, as the archbishop of Toledo (who had been for two months on a visit at the escurial) incontrovertably observed, “ *If the devil does send cooks,—he has taken care to send Don Raphaël develish good ones, for there are no such cordons bleues as his to be found in all Spain.*” All these things duly considered, as we before stated, his suspected dealings with his satanic majesty might have been winked at, had he not so glaringly confirmed them by his recent heretical apostacy—and with all the good will in the world, how could the Catholic church sell her indulgences to a heretic who would *not* purchase them ?—aye there was the rub ! and so Don Raphaël left Spain, and became a sojourner at the court of Louis Quinze, where wealth was always *Catholic*, not to say apostolic.

* The method of performing this *Diablerie* is to be found among *Albertus Magnus's* receipts, and is as follows : “ *Prenez de l'arsenic rouge avec de l'alum, broyez-les ensemble ; et les mêlez avec du suc de jubarbe, et la gomme qui sort du laurier odorant ; l'homme qui s'en sera frotté les mains à trois fois consécutivement pourra prendre, et manier un fer rouge sans en être incommodé.*”

Valasquez had one of those clear, broad, analytical minds, which being of no peculiar age, or epoch, are of all, and consequently would have made a glorious rallying point for D'Alembert, and that philosophical chrysalis, the *cidevant* young aronet, who had now long donned his Voltairean wings, which were already gorgeous, with the bright, and not over ephemeral tints of the 'golden opinions,' which his wit, scepticism, and sophistry, had won from him, from the *habitués* of the *Hôtel de Richelieu*, and the *café Procope*; but unfortunately Don Raphaël was also encumbered with that, in all times, unfashionable, and troublesome appendage, *a heart*, whose out-gushings had ever their source in the deep and eternal truths of *nature*; consequently, he soon not only wearied but withered, in the paralysing atmosphere of mere intellectual meteors, whose corruscations, however brilliant, wanted the spark of sacred fire which alone can kindle and create. Mere head work, ever has, and ever will be, but like the unsubstantial shadows of a dream, lacking the incarnation of *reality*. "Hell," says the proverb, "is paved with good intentions;" then surely it must be lit by a gasometer of fine sentiments, retailed by individuals whose actions were the very reverse; for verily *sentiment*, beautiful, varnished, rounded, *abstract sentiment*, is the devil's abditory, where sin lurks in satin, vice in velvet, crime and cruelty in suavity and hypocrisy, and falsehood, meanness, and injustice in

every garb and guise, known throughout the habitable world.

It was the daily and hourly proofs of the power and triumph of evil in this world, which had made young Valasquez already weary of it unto death ; for his wealth, which gave him the power of gratifying every external wish, soon convinced him of the nothingness of all things, the pursuit of which merely begins and ends in our terrestrial sphere ; for Raphaël had a heart, a mind, and a soul, to fill : and their eternal cravings were not likely to be satisfied, in a highly demoralized, artificial, and vicious state of society, whose very atmosphere was an alkahest for every pure, generous, or natural feeling. His skill in physics had opened to him a vista of metaphysics, which lured him on till he was involved in a labyrinth of speculation so exciting and yet so vague, that the fabled torments of Tantalus were happiness, compared to the incessant and fruitless struggles of his internal life, over which all external objects and circumstances were utterly powerless. Not but what Valasquez was to be seen *corporeally* daily and nightly, when not at the court orgies, alternately in every *salon* in Paris, from the half pedant, half *spirituel*, and wholly heartless coteries of *Mesdames Du deffand*, and *du Châtelet*, to the gilded walls of the Hotel de Richelieu, where two or three times a year Mademoiselle Clairon delighted the *Maréchal* and his guests, with her perfect declamation, and

her equally perfect curtsey à *La Fontanges*. Nor was he (all heretic though he was) banished from the *Pavillon Marsan* by its then prim occupant, from whom it derived its name, or excluded from the dull dignity of the Hotel de Breteuil and its aristocratic *petits soupers*, where he often met the beautiful and interesting Comtesse d'Egmont, with whom he might have found no difficulty in falling in love, but for her well known faithful attachment to the memory of the Comte de Gisors.

And though Madame d'Egmont had just the sort of eyes as the Comte de Chastellux said of them, *qui forcent la consigne de tous les cœurs*, on reaching Valasquez', she found nothing but a deep interest and sympathy, awarded her by few; for the set among whom she lived, only laughed at what they called her ridiculous romance. But so frequent and protracted were Don Raphaël's visits to the *Vidame de Poitiers*, that the reports of his sorceries, so rife at Madrid, now began to circulate in Paris, and made him an object of mingled animadversion and curiosity, especially among the English, whenever he went to Lord Albemarle's, the then English ambassador at the court of France. It was one night at the English embassy, that Valasquez had, for the first time since his arrival in Paris, been roused out of his imperturbable apathy for all external things, by a lady; the play of whose countenance, while seated beside and conversing with the old *Duchesse de*

* which force (their every look) her

Cossé Brissac, despite himself, excited his admiration, and roused his curiosity ; for, at one moment its expression was so brilliant and *spirituelle*, and the next so hopelessly yet calmly sad, that there appeared to him a whole drama, (and one which he longed to study) in the deep hazel eyes of the beautiful speaker. As long as she continued to speak, he watched her from the pillar against which he was leaning ; but when she rose and made her farewell salutation to the *Duchesse*, he broke through a solid square of *sommités aristocratiques* in the persons of *Mesdames de Mazerin, de Tessé, de Lamarck*, the Duchess of Gordon, and the *Maréchale d'Estrées*, in order to inquire of Madame de Brissac, by what name he should admire the beautiful face he had just seen ; but one of those malicious little punctuations of time, those colons and commas of seconds and minutes, which often so completely and provokingly alter the reading of our fate, had just *stopped* the *Duchesse* before he could get close to her, in the person of that mosaic of bigotry and family pride, the *Maréchale de Noailles**, to tell her of the shameful

* It was of her that the Marquise de Crequy relates (among many others), a ridiculous story of her commencing a correspondence with the Virgin Mary, which her confessor to humour her used to reply to under the name of her celestial correspondent, which greatly charmed the *Maréchale*, till one day in a paroxysm of family pride, she took occasion to observe to one of her friends, " que la Sainte Vierge " was a little too familiar " *pour une petite bourgeoise de Nazereth !* " putting " *Ma chère Maréchale, et à la troisième ligne !* "

conduct of the Vicomte de Chabrilan, in getting behind the statue of the virgin that morning, at the *Abbaye-aux-Bois*, and negativing her request, when she the *Maréchale de Noailles* ! had condescended to go and implore the Madona's intercession towards obtaining for her husband the order of the garter, being the only one of any consideration of which he was not possessed. As Madame de Noailles' stories were generally as long as her pedigree, Valasquez saw that it was hopeless to wait an opportunity of putting his intended question to the *Duchesse*, and was turning away with a mingled feeling of provocation and disappointment, when he perceived the young Duc de Richelieu, with difficulty suppressing his laughter, and enjoying to the uttermost Madame de Noailles' denunciations against Monsieur de Chabrilan.

“*Ah ! bon soir ; charmé de vous voir mon cher duc,*” said Valasquez. “Can you tell me the name of the lady whom a few minutes ago was sitting on this sofa, and talking to Madame de Brissac ?”

“*Ben oni*, as my uncle the *Maréchal* elegantly expresses himself, *dans son argot de la régence*. She is an English lady ; a Lady Evelyn Howard, *elle est jolie n'est ce pas ?*”

Without replying to this last question (to which, however, he more than assented), Valasquez observed, “’Tis strange that I have never seen her any where before, not even here.”

"On the contrary, it would have been strange if you had," said his companion; "for she seldom or ever goes out;—in short, she is not the fashion!—she is separated from her husband—*et les collets montés.*" * *the coat is not the style.*

"*Arrêtez de grâce mon cher,*" cried Valasquez, laying his hand on the Duke's arm, "you are not, I hope, going to carry your love of jesting so far as to tell me that in a society such as that which constitutes the court of Louis Quinze, and into which even the dregs of the Regency are received, *à bras ouverts*—not even excepting *Mesdames du Deffand* and *de Parabère*!—that so virtuous a society revolt against the heinous crime of a woman being separated from her husband, even should her being so have originated in any fault of hers, which remains to be proved."

"I mean to tell you the plain truth," rejoined the Duke; "which is, as I before told you, that Lady Evelyn Howard *is not the fashion*; though the English acknowledge that Mr. Howard is everything that is worthless and bad, yet he and his family do dirty work for the English government, and in that consists his real power, and the cause of their upholding him, and leaguings against her."

"So then," interrupted Valasquez, while a contemptuous smile played round his beautiful mouth, "it would seem that the reputation of nations is as hollow and ill-founded as that of individuals? I had always understood that England was above the mean-

* *persons of great official power;—English*

ness and duplicity which degrade and render suspicious the policy of other countries."

"To wit, the conspiracy some time back against the life of the *Chevalier de St. George*,* and the assassins, who owned to being paid and employed by Lord Stair," said the *Duc*, with a shrug. "But, my dear Don Raphael," added he, "while I think of it, *voulez vous être des notres?* for this day month, on a crusade against Louis Racine?"

"To tell you the truth," replied Valasquez, with a yawn, "you are by far all too choice spirits for me; and the more you sparkle and shine, the duller and more stagnant I become:

——'the noblest ties

That link this passing world's communities,'

have not strength to bind me; then why should I damp your electricity with my lymphatic unsociability?"

"I suppose," said Richelieu, "the Cul de sac de Guemènèe is a *Terra incognita* to you?"

"On the contrary, I often go there—for who is there in Paris who has not dealings with Zamora?"

"Ah! true," said the volatile *Duc*; and here they parted.

It was quite true that Valasquez often went to the Jew Zamora's house, in quest of those then almost unattainable coins, rose nobles, which he wanted for

* The name adopted by Prince Charles Edward when in Paris.

an experiment he was about to make; but, having been faithfully promised the necessary number by the Jew, the morning after his conversation with the Duc de Richelieu, he went to the *Cul de Sac de Guemènèe* by appointment; and, faithful to his promise, Zamora delivered into his hand the promised *rouleau* of this occult coin, but had scarcely done so before he was seized with a violent attack of epilepsy, to which he was subject, and of which none till this day had ever been the witness but a certain dwarf, or *âme damnée* of the Jew's, of the name of Xintro, who carefully excluded all witnesses to his master's infirmity; and therefore on the present occasion not only rejected Raphaël's proffered services, but almost ejected him forcibly from the room. As the latter descended the stairs, he heard this poor half-witted dwarf singing, as he knelt on the Jew's chest, and dashed the fearful foam from his mouth with his long beard,

“ Ha ! now *I* am King Xintro again,

For kings have but common years, kneaded with gold,
And the more that they glitter, the sooner they're told !

Heigh ho ! woe is me for a King ! Zillah *shall* love me now !”

Valasquez left the Jew to the care, or rather to the casualties, of the dwarf, and walked away; but from that day he was indefatigable in quest of the remaining number of rose nobles, for which he had occasion; he with great difficulty obtained forty from

an Armenian, twenty-five of which were some of those which *Thurnecifere* had, in 1587, transmuted from lead before *Ferdinando Primo*, Grand Duke of Tuscany; and the other fifteen, those which *Raymond Lulle* had coined in the same manner before Edward the First, in London. No sooner had they come into the possession of Valasquez, than they found their way into the crucible, and he became daily more fearfully and febrily excited by the foreshadowing of some great and supernatural event;—every sound, every ray of light, or passing shadow, seemed an omen to his excited imagination; but since the night he had seen Lady Evelyn Howard at Lord Albemarle's, her image had haunted him, and mingled with his wildest dreams; so that another, and an under current of excitement was sapping his existence. He would have given worlds to have ascertained where she lived; but already her name was graven like a spell upon his heart, the magic of which he feared a sound, a breath, might dissolve;—he had sought her in crowds, but sought her in vain, ever since the first evening he had beheld her; and the brief sketch the Duc de Richelieu had given him of her history had much to do with the spirit of the soliloquy which he uttered at the commencement of this chapter. No sooner had he done so, than he perceived a circle of mild, yet radiant light, revolve round the centre of the room, and a sort of exquisite harmony to fill the air, which yet did not amount to

sound, but was more like *the remembered music which haunts the imagination* long after its full-toned realities have faded from the ear.

Valasquez started from the couch on which he had been lying, and rushed forward with extended arms towards the opposite door, breathlessly exclaiming, in the jargon of the Cabalists,

Arkepias ferda ko Sircari !

but in proportion as he advanced, both the luminous circle and the unbreathed music faded gradually away ; and notwithstanding the sultriness of the evening, by the time he had reached the door it burst open, and a whirlwind so cold, so deadly, and so violent, shook him with such an invisible but giant strength, that it laid him prostrate and insensible on the floor.

CHAPTER II.

AT MADAME DE POMPADOUR'S.

"There are unquestionably states of mind, during the prevalence of affliction or any strong passion, in which there is no point in the jest, as there is no pleasure in the very aspect of joy."

BROWN'S *Philosophy of the Mind*.

VALASQUEZ had remained for about three quarters of an hour in a state of insensibility, when he was aroused by his servant, who came to remind him that it was time to dress, as he was to sup at Madame de Pompadour's.

"Where? where?—has anything happened?" cried Don Raphaël, starting to his feet.

"Nothing, *Monseigneur*," replied the valet; "except that *Madame la Marquise* has sent to say that she will sup at *La Muette* to-night, instead of in the *Champs Elysée*."*

"'Tis well," said Valasquez, rousing himself; "has any one been here this evening?"

"No one, *Monseigneur*."

* Madame de Pompadour was at this time *dans sa jeunesse*, before her skin had grown as yellow as her hair. She then occupied as her Paris residence the very charming house and grounds in the *Champs Elysée*, now called the *Elysée Bourbon*; and at *Passy*, the *campagne* of *La Muette*, which *Louis Quinze* had built for a former mistress, Mademoiselle La Romaine.

"Not the Duc de Richelieu? the Chevalier de Folard?—or—or any message from the Hôtel de Lusignan? or has Zamora's clerk, Jules Quatremaine, been here?"

"*Personne absolument personne, Monseigneur,*" was again *Isabé* the valet's reply.

"Strange,—very strange!" muttered Valasquez.

"What suit would *Monseigneur* be pleased to wear to-night?" inquired the well-bred servitor with a profound bow, as he finished pouring the best part of a *flacon* of what in those days was called Hungarian water, (Messieurs *Jean Marie Farina* and *Zanoli* being still unborn,) into a gold wash-hand bason half full of water, and continuing, as he spoke, to uncover a jar of *amandine*, and to adjust some half dozen snow white Hamborough napkins, half unfolded, within reach of the bason,—so as to appear wholly guiltless of having heard one syllable of his master's soliloquy. Nevertheless, he had to repeat his question, before Valasquez, rubbing his eyes as if awaking from a dream, replied,

"Yes—no—that is—what did you say, *Isabé*?"

"What suit would *Monseigneur* be pleased to wear to-night?"

"Any—the violet and silver, with the pearl and amethyst buttons."

With a look of mingled sorrow and compassion—now thoroughly convinced that his master's intellects were deranged, and that he was more fit to become

the inmate of a cell at *Bicêtre*, than a guest at one of Madame de Pompadour's all sparkling *petit soupers*, *Isabé* clasped his hands, which said as plainly as hands could express themselves, (evinced the violence of their excitement by the tremulous agitation of the ruffles above them) *Mon pauvre Maître!* and then added, in a voice of compassionate tenderness, his affection evidently struggling to find that excuse for his master's conduct which his judgment refused to accord.

“Surely, if I might take the liberty of remarking, Monseigneur must have forgotten—which, indeed, among his multiplicity of occupations, is not only pardonable, but almost natural—that this was the identical suit he wore the last time that he supped *Chez Madame la Marquise*, which Monseigneur might have remembered from two circumstances: first, that Mademoiselle Alexandrine,* *grand elle faisoit la mijaurée† comme elle fait toujours après souper en luttant avec Monseigneur*, spilt a whole glass of *parfait amour* over it; and next, that the Vicomte de Nesmond was dishonourable enough to have carried away a most correct remembrance of the whole suit, and appeared, *dans les petits appartemens de L.L. M.M.* the very next day in a dress the fac-simile of Mon-

* Alexandrine d'Etioles, Madame de Pompadour's daughter, then about six years old.

† *Mijaurant* was then used for *Minaudeant*, unknown (the word not the thing) at that time.

*Then is an adjective
mijaurant - which means to be in a
whirl, and is verb minauder to
be affected*

seigneur's ; but if Monseigneur is magnanimous enough to forget these things ! I should be quite unworthy of the honour of watching over his best interests, did I not remind him of them."

It would be difficult, at this distance of time, to make any positive assertion as to how Pericles looked after his protest against Diopithe's accusation of Anaxagoras, one of his lectures to his hopeful nephew, Alcibiades, or any of his remonstrances, with that most capricious of all beauties, ancient, or modern, the people of Athens, but as far as the *mens conscia recti* is concerned, it is impossible, that it could have glowed more triumphantly upon the face of the eloquent Athenian, on any, or all of the above occasions, than it did on the countenance of Monsieur *Claude Isabé*, when he had ceased speaking.

"Well then," said Valasques, with a smile, roused into a sense of his own identity, and of the time present, by the exceeding energy of his valet, "give me my amaranth velvet suit with the gold ground, and diamond buttons."

"*A la bonne heure ! monseigneur*," said the anxious Isabé, now for the first time breathing freely, since his entrance into his master's dressing room. If Don Raphaël's toilet was *soignée au dernier point*, it was no merit of his, as he resigned himself implicitly, and mechanically, to the care of the all accomplished *Isabé* ; without even perceiving, much less appreciating, the living monument of supreme

good taste he was momentarily becoming, under the auspices of that highly gifted individual ; and even after this triumph of art was achieved, and Valasquez had thrown himself into his luxurious and gilded *vis-à-vis*, lined with a silvery pearl gray satin, embroidered in *bouquets* of field flowers, and stuffed with eider down, and *fleurs de Montpellier*, which from the wild fragrance of their aroma, created a most delicate and balmy atmosphere, not one thought did he give either to himself, or the brilliant assemblage, towards which his thorough-bred, high-stepping, English horses were hurrying him. While so true is it *Tel maître, tel valet*, that Monsieur *Claude Isabé* was also given to metaphysical reveries, and burst into the following soliloquy, as he returned from lighting his master to the head of the stairs, and somewhat impatiently flung the gilt candelabra he had been carrying, upon a porphyry console, to the considerable detriment of the latter :—

“ Such is life ! or rather, such is fate ! there goes a *grand seigneur*, a *millionnaire*, with so little taste for, and attention to, that which is the *chief* distinction of a gentleman ; namely, his toilet ! that if one were sufficiently unprincipled to be guilty of such an enormity, I verily believe one might dress him like that clumsy young mad man, Monsieur Rousseau of Geneva, without his being a bit the wiser ; while I, *Claude Alcibiade Isabé rempli de gout et des talents distingués*, am doomed to live a *valet de*

chambre, and perhaps die, without even giving my name to a powder puff, *ou la plus petite pomade de toilette* ; ah ! Monsieur de Voltaire was right the other night at supper, when he said ‘ *que la renommée était encore plus avugle que la fortune.* ’ ”

It was not till the *vis-à-vis* of Don Raphaël had driven through the then beautiful grounds, and stopped before the brilliantly illuminated vestibule of *La Maette*, that its occupant was sufficiently roused from the reverie, into which he had been plunged, since the half vision he had been witness of that evening, to recollect the very different scene in which he was about to mingle ; and indeed his sudden consciousness was more owing to the demand of one of his lacqueys, as to what hour he would have the carriage ? than to any internal exertion of his own.

“ At eleven.”

“ *Pardon Monseigneur,*” said a servant, in an orange coloured livery, before, and since in France, called *colour souci*, but at that time in honour of the lady whose household wore it, styled *Pompadour*.

“ Pardon, but *Monseigneur le Prince de Soubise*, has not ordered *the carriage* till twelve.”

“ Oh, then the king sups here to-night ;” said Valasquez, carelessly adjusting his sword knot preparatory to ascending the stairs, and then added, turning to his own people—“ My carriage at twelve then.”

“ *Monseigneur Don Raphaël Valasquez,*” cried

Clarinôt, Madame de Pompadour's Maître d'Hotel, in his irreproachably powdered *ailles de pigeon coiffure*; and puce coloured coat, strewed with a mimic *parterre* of *bouquets* of small roses, tied with sky blue true lovers knots, wonderfully thrown out by a pair of peach blossom, and white *camélion* silk inexpressibles, snow-white silk stockings, highly polished shoes, and diamond knee and shoe buckles, as he flung open the folding doors of the last anté-room, leading into the *salon*. Leaning against the mantel piece (the chimney being then filled with rare plants of the most fragrant description) stood d'Alembert and Holbach, apparently talking *financé*, as the following sentence was just entered by the latter, as Velaquez entered.

“*Cet immense capital, formé de la réunion d'un très-grand nombre de petits capitaux, fait des enrôlements, des équipements des munitions.*”

“*Et des Ennuyeux !*” *sotto voce'd* the Vicomte de Nesmond, with an undisguised yawn, as he lolled back in a *Bergère* beside the chimney piece, his feet protruding, and his eye sleepily glancing up over his shoulder at the fore-finger of D'Alembert's right hand, which was argumentatively ready primed and raised to go off in a contradiction at the first possible, or even impossible, opportunity. At a little distance from the Vicomte, on his left side, stood a heavy-looking German—the Baron de Gruntenstern, who

was in vain trying to make himself intelligible through a wilderness of misplaced P's, D's, B's, and F's, in a *tête-à-tête* with a Marquis de Jodelet, who had just returned from a six months' visit to London, dressed in the very extreme of the then English fashion ;— which consisted in a head like a powder puff gone mad ; a striped jockey waistcoat ; two enormous watches ; buckskin brevities, which for difficulty of ingress would have satisfied even Monsieur de Boissec himself ; short top-boots, that is, the tops reaching very little beyond the calves of the legs, and leaving a pair of blue and white ribbed stockings fully developed above them ; muslin sufficient for a large window curtain coiled into a cravat, with the long ends despairingly agitating themselves in every breeze ; blue cloth coat, with very long skirts and very large gilt buttons ; and a sufficient exuberance of shirt frill to have furbelowed half a dozen Fontange petticoats :—in short, the identical costume which had begun and ended in France with the Regency.

On a sofa opposite these different groups sat *La dame du Château*, the *çi-devant* Madame le Normand d'Etioles, now Marquese de Pompadour ; she wore a dress of dove-coloured *Moire*, with cherry-coloured stripes, intersected with bouquets of that particular pattern which to this day is called *à la Pompadour* ; about the body and sleeves of this dress were *pompons* of cherry-coloured ribbon, while on her head, (which being only slightly powdered shewed the

golden tint of her hair) placed quite on one side, was a very small black velvet hat, which bore one of those *mauvaise plaisanterie* names that Law's Bankruptcy had long before given rise to, for the hats like the one in question were called *à la caisse d'Escompte*, from being *sans fonds*. In her left hand was one of Watteau's *chef d'œuvres*, portraying the loves of a well powdered Marquis and equally well powdered *Bergères*, the former kneeling in mid-air, the latter half-fainting, half-flirting, effacing themselves amid the umbrageous verdure of gently undulating perspective arbours. The sticks of this fan were of most elaborately chased Venice gold, highly enamelled, and studded with precious stones; at each rivet, when the fan was shut, were two little oval convex mirrors, which, upon touching a spring, slid back, and in one discovered an exquisite enamel portrait of his majesty, *Louis Quinze*, while beneath the other was a ruby heart, in the centre of which was inscribed,

A Toi

in brilliants. With her right hand, which was delicately white and small, and covered with the most costly rings, Madame de Pompadour was coquettishly opening and shutting this fan, while beside her sat Voltaire, dressed in what was then called a suit of *Blaise-et-Babet Taffeta*, uttering a volley of the most *fade* and fulsome compliments, and addressing her as YOUR DIVINITY! a piece of disgusting adulation which in his dying moments he transferred to her

successor, Madame du Barri. Behind this sofa stood the Prince de Soubise, whose eyes, as he leant over the sofa, were constantly fixed upon an opposite door, as if in anxious expectation of the appearance of some one, yet ever and anon either adding a postscript to Voltaire's elaborate compliments, or breaking new ground on his own account; while the Marquise, who kept impatiently advancing and retreating a very pretty little foot, cased in a pale rose-coloured kid slipper, with high embroidered silver heels, turned and pettishly exclaimed,

“ *Vraiment Monsieur le Prince c'est insupportable !* you are as obstinate as a mule. I have told you fifty times that I had a particular dislike to any one's leaning over the back of my sofa ;” and she exchanged looks with her friends Mesdames d'Esparbès et d'Amblimon, who sat opposite.

“ *Hélas ! belle Inhumaine !*” replied the bland courtier, with all the ballet pantomime of a profound sigh, and his right hand pressing his heart, while (that the *Calembourg* might not fail to reach its address) he kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the before mentioned little rose-coloured slipper,—“ *Autant que La Mule* s'obstine faut bien que le Mulet† suit une si belle example.*”

A slight frown knit the lady's brow as she hastily concealed her foot beneath her petticoat, while the

* A woman's slipper, and a female mule.

† A mule.

Baron de Gruntenstern, who for private and personal reasons known only to himself, was particularly assiduous in paying his court to the Prince de Soubise, now advanced, crying, as he tapped gently upon a large gold snuff-box encircled with brilliants,

“ *Pravo ! Pravo ! Brince—Brès des Pelles Tames, il faut être comme ce chefalier Vrançais sans beurre, et sans broche son nom Méchappe comment s’appellet il ?*

“ *Connois pas !*” said Voltaire, with a shrug, in answer to the poor Baron’s interrogatory glance ; “ but no doubt it was some *Chevalier d’Industrie*, as they are the only class of chevaliers absolutely *sans beurre, et sans broche !* but Heaven grant, that the shade of Bayard be the next *ombre Chevalier** that I see at Ferney, and I promise you, *mon cher Baron*, it shall not be *sans beurre*, however it may be *sans broche !*”

The raised sound of voices, as if disputing, were ever and anon heard in the room on the door of which the glances of the Prince de Soubise, followed by those of Madame de Pompadour, had been so unremittingly rivetted ; at length the voices subsided, another door within the room was slammed violently to, and the next moment the King appeared, bowing to the guests assembled in the drawing-room, who all rose, except the hostess, who, after having desired

* A fish peculiar to the Lake of Geneva, and the best fish in that Lake, not excepting the trout.

Monsieur de Soubise to ring for supper, said peevishly to Louis Quinze—

“ Really, sire, there was such a clamour of voices in the next room that one would have thought you were holding a *congé d’elire*.”

“ Par bleu ! Madame c’est tout naturel puisque nous étions deux cents femmes c’est à dire (*deux,—sans femmes*) le Juif Zamora et moi.”

While Voltaire set the example of applauding the royal pun to the echo, at which none laughed louder or longer than the king himself, Madame de Pompadour murmured,

“ Always that horrid Zamora.”

And what she uttered, the Prince de Soubise thought—the Marquise had heard of the surpassing beauty of the Jew’s daughter, and dreaded a rival. The prince who had seen that beauty—feared that if ever the king did the same, its influence, coupled with her father’s colossal wealth, would go far to destroy the *honourable* post he held in the royal household—that of purveyor to the king’s vices ; and although he as well as the favourite were fully aware that for the present Louis Quinze’s intercourse with Zamora was of a purely financial nature, yet each dreaded that it might not end there. However, whatever their internal disquietudes might be, the lady only smiled the more blandly, while the courtier bowed the more obsequiously ; and, as a *Mezzo termine*, supper was announced.

“*Ah ça, Monsieur de Jodelet,*” said the king, (while at the same time he ran over the *Menu du Souper* in a half audible voice, as if far more interested in its announcements, than in any answer he might receive to his question from the parvenu marquis, who was not only one of the silliest ephemera of the day, but also the son of a *Huissier Audiençier*, or public crier of a court of justice.) “*Ah ça Potage à la Jambe du bois,*” what have you “*Soupirs de poulets en deuil,*” been doing all this time in England? “*Coquilles de Huitres à la Sourire de Vénus.*”

“*Sire J’ai appris à penser !*” replied the Marquis pompously.

“*Pancaliers à l’ane d’or—ah ! oui je comprends à panser des Chevaux !*” A loud laugh followed this repartee of the monarch’s, which was joined in by all, except Madame de Pompadour and Voltaire, who did not hear it, being pre-occupied in a *sotto-voce* tête-à-tête; while, although the laugh was at his own expense, Monsieur de Jodelet was too finished a courtier, despite his very recent inauguration, not to let his hilarity be the loudest of all, at the royal wit, so that though the ha ! ha ! ha ! was counterfeit, the tears were perfectly genuine, which he applied his handkerchief to dry, as he cried across the table to Voltaire—

“*Guerre ! guerre ! — Monsieur de Voltaire vous n’écoutez pas le mot de sa Majesté.*”

“*Comment guerre guerre?* Monsieur de Jodellet,” said the wit, turning slowly round so as to bring the full battery of his most cynical smile to bear upon the unfortunate *nonveau riche*; “it seems to me that you have greatly degenerated with your *guerre, guerre*;—for, if I remember rightly, your very respectable father grew hoarse in crying, *Paix ! paix !*” *

“Ha ! ha ! ha ! C’est par trop fort—vous êtes vraiment à rouer (*Arouet*),” said the king.

While the new seigneur of Ferney, who by no means relished this *punic* allusion to the ignoble name which he had taken such pains to rid himself of, was in his turn silenced and abashed.

Madame de Pompadour, who could not banish the Jew Zamora from her thoughts, or rather the marvellous reputation of his daughter’s beauty, eat little and remained silent; for zealous as she also was in conjunction with Lebel, the king’s valet de chambre, in promoting the atrocious orgies of the *Parc aux Cerfs*, and in surrounding the king with such women as Mesdames d’Esparbès, and Amblimon, who, however they might amuse and attract, had both too little intellect and too little ambition, either

* It is the province of all *Huissiers-Audiencier* in the courts of justice, or other public tribunals in France, to cry *Paix, paix*, or in other words, Silence ! Silence ! upon the same principle, and from the same motive that that much enduring, living specimen of monumental patience, the Speaker of the House of Commons, cries *Order ! Order !*

to aim at, or achieve anything like a solid, or permanent empire over the weak and profligate monarch, were naturally the intimate companions of her choice, for in them she had no reason to fear another Duchesse de Châteauroux, or a return to what the Duc de Richelieu called *Louis Quinze's Tour de Nesle*.*

“Marquise,” said the Vicomte de Nesmond interrupting the favourite’s reverie; “I thought we should have met the Comte de Saint Germain here to-night? and, I own I have the greatest possible curiosity to see him; if all, or only half the curious reports current about him be true, he must be an incarnate miracle!”

“Yes, he was to have been here, and I am surprised he is not yet arrived; for with a memory that reaches back into so many centuries, he can scarcely have forgotten an invitation of four-and-twenty hours standing, and to do him justice, he is generally punctuality personified,” added Madame de Pompadour.

“It is the least respect he can pay to Time;—who by all accounts, has evinced so much for him!” rejoined Valasquez, who, now for the first time appeared interested in the conversation.

“Tush!” cried Voltaire. “Ours is an age of

* Alluding to the four desdemoiselles de Nesle. These four sisters became Comtesse de Mailly, Marquise de Vintimile, Marquise Lauragnais, and Madame de Tournelle; this latter, whose reign was the longest and most absolute of this virtuous family, Louis Quinze created Duchesse de Châteauroux.

charlatans; and I look upon the Comte de Saint Germain, as the king of the tribe."

"I don't know," said Madame de Pompadour, "at all events, he possesses some very extraordinary, not to say supernatural secrets, for three weeks ago, the king showed him a brilliant, which *Boemer** said would be worth ten thousand francs, if it had not a flaw in it; but, that unfortunately as there was no method of obviating these defects in precious stones, it reduced the value to six; I, in common with every one else, being much surprised at the immense size, fine water, and profusion, of the Comte de Saint Germain's diamonds, told him while he was examining the defective brilliant belonging to his majesty, that I had heard that he possessed not only the secret of the philosopher's stone, but also that of making diamonds. He smiled, and while he acknowledged that he had often succeeded in making *pearls* as fine as any that had ever been brought from Balsora, added that *he had no doubt diamonds might be made*;† at all events, that with the king's permission, he would take the defective diamond home with him, and see if he could not remove the flaw; the diamond, which weighed fourteen carats, was accordingly given to him; and in less than a fortnight, he brought it back—*perfect! and that*

* Louis XV's jeweller.

† Diamonds now *are* made; only they cost more than real ones.

without its having lost a single grain in weight!! Now how do you explain this?"

"Perhaps, by his having substituted another," said Voltaire, with his peculiar leathern bat's wing ironical smile; but perceiving that the favourite evidently leant towards the supernatural side of the question, he hastened to add, between the parenthesis of a pinch of snuff, "it certainly is very extraordinary!"

"Besides," continued Madame de Pompadour, "Madame de Vegy, who knew the Comte de Saint Germain fifty-five years ago! at Venice, when her husband was ambassador there, declares, he does not appear a single hour older, and she also told me that when at Venice, she being then a great beauty, he had offered her a rejuvenating elixir—asking her for how many years she would wish to preserve her youth; but looking upon the proposition as a jest, she replied laughing:—*Oh, for forty years longer at least!* and we all know how wonderfully young, and lovely Madame de Vegy looked, till within the last fifteen years."

"Yes, but she has furiously made up for lost time since, for she looks to me to have received the arrears of three centuries of wrinkles, and a fifty mother-in-law share of ugliness," cried the Prince de Soubise, despatching a glass of *Chambertin*; "and as for the count's *eau de jouvence*, I do not believe a word of it; *foi d'honnête homme.*"

"*Foie d'oies !*" exclaimed the king, who was again busily spelling over the bill of fare.

"You know," said Quesnay, the king's doctor, inclining towards the ear of Monsieur de Soubise, "that the *Contrôleur général* (Monsieur de Sechelles,) set off this morning on horse back to Plombières, to see Madame de Polignac?"

"*Pattes d'oise bottées à l'intendante,*" again burst from the royal lips, his majesty's eyes being still fixed upon the *Ménu du Souper*; but at the name of the comptroller-general, he suddenly raised them and turning towards the physician, said—

"Eh! eh! what's that Quesnay, that you are saying about Monsieur de Sechelles?"

"Only sire, that he started *à franc étrier* for Plombières this morning, after Madame Diane de Polignac! and yet your majesty still doubts his being mad!"

"Bah! fou d'une jolie femme, qu'est ce que cela prouve?—nous sommes, tous logés a la Même Enseigne—n'est ce pas ma *Chiffeloque*? eh Mon Torchon!"* said the monarch, appealing to his mistress.

"Ah! no wonder that so much *elegant simplicity* reigns in our language," sneered Voltaire to the Baron de Gruntenstern, "when our *petites maîtresses*,

* *Graille, Loche, Salope, Torchon, Chiffeloque*, such were the elegant names of endearment lavished on his favourites by Louis Quinze.

and our *talons rouges* study elocution and the graces at *Ramponneau's*.*

"Ah, yes," said the German, somewhat maliciously, as the suspicion had *just* reached him, that it was more than probable, that the wit of the *Café Procope* had been laughing at him about his *Chevalier sans beurre, et sans broche*! "Ah, yes, de *lancuage*, he is even *bettère* in de work of Monsieur *Rouzeau* of *Chenève*; you know *Rouzeau de Chenève*?"

"If you mean a mad man of the name of Rousseau, who lives in a very small trumpery republic, called Geneva, I do happen to know them, the place being *a small town near my estate of Ferney*, and the man being the greatest among the many nuisances of that small town;" and Voltaire,—more delighted at being safely delivered of this speech than at the place of *Gentilhomme ordinaire de la Chambre du Roi*, which he had tried so hard to obtain, and which, thanks to Madame de Pompadour, he had just succeeded in getting,—leant back in his chair, indulging in a suppressed chuckle as he presented his snuff-box with an "*En usez-vous?*" to the baron.

Gruntenstern was obligingly about to explain to his neighbour, that Geneva, though unquestionably a small, *a very small place*, was still somewhat larger than the village of Fernay, even including its *château*, and that Jean Jaques Rousseau, though perhaps a little mad, and certainly not a little bad, still wrote

* A Cabaret, at that time much in vogue, and greatly frequented by all classes, especially the higher or rather highest.

very good French, although he had *not* written either "*Zaïre*," or the "*Henriade*,"—when he was prevented from communicating this piece of pleasing intelligence to the *Nouveau Seigneur du village*, by everybody's attention being called to the raised voice of the king, who in reply to what the physician had said touching Monsieur de Sechelle's insanity, exclaimed across the table :

"Decidedly Quesnay ; you owe the poor *Contrôleur général* a grudge ; come confess ; what favour has he refused you ?"

"None, sire ; but even were such the case, pique though it might lead me to tell an unpleasant truth, could never I hope lead me into inventing an injurious calumny, and I can only repeat that Monsieur de Sechelles will be in a straight waistcoat sooner perhaps than your majesty imagines. I have a penetration which is seldom at fault in these matters ; and if the *Contrôleur général's* exceeding gallantry at his age, and the total disconnection of all his ideas, be not two, among many other, unerring symptoms of his aberration of intellect, I shall be wonderously surprised."

"*Ah ça çor bleu !*" said the king ; "according to you, I have a ministry of mad men and fools !"

"How few monarchs have the good fortune to be so *faithfully represented*," whispered Voltaire, to D'Alembert.

"For," continued Louis Quinze, "it was only the

other day you were prophecying the imbecility of another of my ministers ; ha, ha, ha ! the thing is more comic than consolitary."

" Laugh, sire, if such be your pleasure, but it is not the less true that you have a maniac in your council."

" In my council, *diantre* the thing becomes less amusing."

" If your majesty would be pleased to make a memorandum of the date, I am ready to bet any sum you may name, that, before three weeks from this time, M. Berryer is either mad or cataleptic,*" rejoined Quesnay.

" What ! my minister of marine too, and your reasons for thinking so, *Prophète du Malheur*?"

" Yesterday, sire, in the chapel royal at high mass," resumed Quesnay, " I observed M. Berryer seated on a *prie Dieu*, his knees consequently touching his chin, which made his excellency the laughing-stock of all the *gardes de corps* ; and after mass I attended his *levée*, and then witnessed still stronger symptoms of his unmistakable absence of mind ; not only were his eyes fearfully wild and haggard, but his secretary having asked him a very natural and necessary question, relative to a paper he was copying, his excellency replied in a voice of thunder, accompanied by the most vehement gesticulations,—"*Hold your tongue pen ; a pen is made to write and not to talk.*"

* Which prophecy was literally fulfilled within the time here specified.

“ *Par ma Batterie de Cuisine du Petit Trianon !*” exclaimed the king, as he shook the *débris* of his last pinch of snuff from the folds of his Dresden lace *jabot* ; “ I think I should do well to exchange all my ministers for *Marmitons du moïn il seroit plus facile de les mettre a toute sauces*, and you have no idea messieurs how we distinguished ourselves *au Petit Trianon* last Monday ; our *cordons bleues*, were myself, the *Ducs de Gontaut,, d’Agen, de Coigni, de Lavallière, and de Fleury*, Le Prince de Beaufremont, and Le Marquis de Polignac ; for *marmitons* and *aides*, we had the *Comte de Croismare, Chevalier de Brusse, Chevalier de Saint Sauvear*, and the *Marquis de Montmorency* ; and some half dozen pages to act as poodles, and fetch and carry, a necessary precaution, as we had the whole *batterie de cuisine* brought into the dining-room ; my *chef-d’œuvre* was *des poulets au basilic* ; but I did not stop there, for I achieved a *surprise d’œufs frais*, which was unanimously voted to be worthy of entitling me to a chair at the *Académie Française* ; did that august body ever reward merit *ab ova* ! ha, ha, ha ! As for Monsieur de Gontaut, he was the hero of the salad ; and de Coigni covered himself with glory by an irreproachable roast ; while Monsieur de Soubise there gave us *des filets de truite à l’Enlèvement* that were perfectly exquisite. *A propos, Monsieur de Voltaire,*” continued his majesty, for the first time addressing his new gentleman of the bed-chamber, for he detested literary men in

general, and Voltaire in particular. But as Madame de Pompadour greatly relished the idea of having the adulation she received immortalized, and had, moreover, sufficient intellect, (thanks to the education which her godfather *Le Normand de Tournehem* the *Fermier général* had given her), to relish the society of the *beaux esprits* of the time, even more than her royal lover's culinary conversation, or equally culinary epithets of endearment. He not always daring, or to speak more correctly, not often daring to run counter to his leading strings, was also, perforce, occasionally obliged to endure their presence, though the words he addressed to them, were as few, and as grudgingly bestowed as the crusts which a churlish beggar now and then flings to his dog, but like the mendicant's cur, the author of the *Henriade* seemed quite as grateful for, and eager to receive, the few, dry, hard words, flung to him by the niggardly courtesy of royalty, as the hungry quadruped could be to catch the scanty crusts. And the King's "Apropos Monsieur de Voltaire, *de quelle manière trouvez-vous que le Poisson soit le mieux accommodé?*" seemed to have the same effect upon him, as if he had received a foretaste of beatitude, through the medium of electricity! and no doubt it was the exceeding pleasurable flurry of his nerves which caused him to commit the unaccountable *gaúcherie* of looking tenderly at Madame de Pompadour, as he replied to Louis Quinze's gastronomic query.

“*Point de doute sire que c'est à la Pompadour.*”*

Puns being the only species of wit *à la portée de*

* In allusion to Madame de Pompadour's maiden name, which was Poisson; she being ostensibly the daughter of a butcher and grazier of that name, although the scandalous chronicle declared her to be the daughter of her godfather the *Fermier Général* Le Normand Turneham; who after giving her a very liberal education, and developing those talents, which nature had so lavishly bestowed upon her, married her to his nephew, Monsieur le Normand d'Etioles, *sous Fermier Général*, whose wife she was when the Duc de Richelieu brought about her *liaison* with Louis Quinze. But whether the butcher Poisson was her father or not? he usurped all the authority and privileges of one; even to the coarse vulgar familiarity which might be expected from a person of so low an origin of calling Louis Quinze, “*mon gendre,*” and boasting upon all occasions of his daughter's dishonour. This man with her brother (who was created Marquis de Marigny, and whom the old 'noblesse used after he was *emmarquisé* to call the *Marquis d'Avant Hier*, were the two thorns in the favourite's side; for although de Marigny was not quite such a monster of coarseness and vulgarity as the elder Poisson; yet his insatiable demands upon the royal purse and prerogative, ran daily risks of shaking his sister's empire to its fall; especially, as he also, during the effervescence of inebriety often went the lengths of calling the king—“*petit frère!*” However, the blunders of a brainless *parvenu*, like the Marquis de Marigny, are not to be wondered at; but that a man like Voltaire (notwithstanding that his servile anxiety to play the courtier, sank him on the one hand to the par of imbecility) should not on the other, amid his mass of intellectual pre-eminence, have had sufficient judgment, or even its intuition which men are agreed to call tact, to avoid the gross mistakes he was frequently falling, into is truly surprising; twice within the space of eighteen months had he been given unequivocally to understand that his absence from, would please more than his presence at court; once from his having, in a fit of enthusiasm, after the representation of one of his own plays, turned round and embraced the king; and a second time within a few months of this scene, after Madame de Pompadour had had the greatest difficulty in gaining the royal permission for the poet to appear at the theatre of Versailles, on the occasion of her acting in the following pieces—“*Zélie,*” “*Bacchus et Erigone,*” (of Labrùère et Blamont)

Louis Quinze ; he felt greatly inclined to indulge in a loud laugh, at one which contained so intimate a reference to his two ruling passions, Madame de Pompadour, and his *cuisine* ; but the storm that lowered on the brow of the favourite, and the crimson anger that flashed even through her rouge, at

"Ismène," (de Moncrif et Rebel) and finally the "Eglé," of Lagarde et Laujon, whereupon Voltaire penned the following madrigal, which ran the gauntlet of all the *salons* of Versailles and Paris, especially those most hostile to the poet, such as the Duchesse de Talard's, where the Queen, Marie Leczinska, passed most of her evenings, and though it is an understood thing in all civilized countries, that kings, like all other MEN. and all other *men*, as well as kings, may be as vicious as they please with impunity, or rather with every success and *éclat*, yet still for a man of genius to sing those vices in pompous verse, and to put up vows for the long continuance of the pernicious example held out by the hero and heroine of his theme ; had, it must be confessed, more the appearance of an insult in the disguise of a compliment, than any thing else ; and even the pair whom it was intended to adulate, as the event proved, could not but take it in that sense. Here is the unlucky madrigal conveyed by Voltaire in a *Bonhonnière* to Madame de Pompadour, after her representation of "Eglé."

Ainsi donc vous réunissez
Tous les arts, tous les dons de plaire,
Pompadour vous embellissez
La Cour, Parnasse, et cithère.
Charme de tous les yeux, trésor d'un seul mortel
Que votre amour soit éternel !
Que tous vos jours soient marqués par des fêtes ;
Que de nouveaux succès marquent ceux de Louis !
Vivez tous deux sans ennemis
Et gardez tous deux vos conquêtes.

The next day Voltaire was on a forced march towards his Alpine *château* ; in most cases it is safer, and at all events *surer*, for Mahomet to go to the mountain, than to attempt any *vice versa* proceedings.

so public and pointed an allusion to her plebeian origin, and name, announced to the king that it was no matter of merriment, but on the contrary, he should punish the delinquent who had uttered this unlucky *calembourg*, in the most summary and rigorous manner ; consequently the smile, which was just ready to burst into a sonorous laugh, was hastily reimprisoned within the royal lips, and knitting his brows portentously, and clearing his voice so as to command a universal silence, his majesty said across the table, in a tone of voice that was equiponderant to a *lettre de cachet*, from the meaning of which there was no appeal,

“ *Monsieur Arouet*, pardon *Monsieur de Voltaire*, your absence from Ferney appears to me to have been prolonged into a total forgetfulness of yourself, and every body else, and I should therefore advise your returning as soon as possible ; the republican *sans gêne* of its immediate vicinity, being, I take it, a more congenial atmosphere to your peculiar temperament, than the confined air of a *court in our metropolis*.”

“ Sire,” replied the discomfited wit, instantly rising, and bowing with downcast eyes, “ it is my intention to return to Ferney to morrow ; and for that reason, I humbly take leave of your majesty now.”

Except Valasquez, none ventured upon the hazardous courtesy of bowing to the departing poet, not even D'Alembert or Holbach, all philosophers though they were ; perhaps it was for this very reason, that like

most persons of a philosophical frame of mind, they always exerted the utmost stoicism for the misfortunes of their *friends*, and never endangered the iron sinews of their philosophy, by the enervating contagion of sympathy. But children who have no philosophy, and consequently no calculation, are never influenced either for, or against, persons, by their rise or fall in public favour. Consequently little Alexandriene d'Etioles, who was leaning, half asleep upon her mother's shoulder, put out her hand—as Voltaire passed, and said in her little voice of drowsy reproach, for the child had also acquired the elegant habit so rife at court, of bestowing nicknames of the least refined kind upon every one,—

“ *Comment mon Goret (little pig) tu t'en va sans me dire bon soir ?* ”

The appeal, and the epithet, homely and unflattering as they were, seemed almost to “ *draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek,* ” so effectually does the slightest breath of kindness reach and stir the heart, when labouring either under grief or disappointment, and *most* men *have* hearts, though their anatomical locality varies considerably. Some having them placed in their vanity or self love, (and these are the majority,) some in their ambition, many in their purse, many more in their palate, some in their ears, some in their eyes, and some few (but the latter race is so rare as to be almost extinct) where the Creator originally placed them, deep within the sources of their being ; around and through which the warm

and generous gushings of their life are continually flowing, for and towards all God's creatures, in outpourings of unquenchable benevolence. Voltaire then having had the heart of his vanity sensibly touched by the little girl's friendly reproach, when all other eyes were turned from him, seized her hand, and carrying it to his lips, exclaimed in the tone of exalted sycophancy with which he always addressed her, though for once a shadow of something resembling affection trembled in his voice and eyes —

“Votre mignionnerie* daigne donc
Agréer mais baise, mains, adieu,
Mille fois adieu cher auge !”

I have only to wish you all that your mother is, to condense in one sentence a hope that you may attain to every perfection that can fall to the lot of humanity !

Even this last piece of colossal flattery hurled at the *Marquise en passant*, fulsome as it was, failed of extorting any token of acknowledgment, or reconciliation from the offended lady, beyond a slight and haughty inclination of the head, which she afterwards quickly turned to the *Maître d'Hôtel*, saying,

“Clavinôt, you have forgotten the king's salad—where are the cherries ?”

“Here, *à la glace, Madame la Marquise*,” replied the *Maître d'Hôtel*, taking a basket of rock crystal

* A title of affection coined by Voltaire for the little d'etioles, and which was certainly more flattering and prettier than the *torchons*. and *salopes*, so liberally bestowed on her mother by her royal admirer !

filled with magnificent large red cherries—out of an ice pail; and presenting them to Madame d'Esparbés, while another servant followed with a gold *Saladier*, a grape scissors, and a bottle of white hermitage, in a claret decanter, also of rock crystal, protected by a trellis-work of gold vine-leaves, and grapes, which he presented to the same lady, who, after throwing a quantity of pounded sugar into the salad-bowl, held up each cherry separately, for at least the space of two or three seconds, while she deliberately cut off the stems, and let them drop into the snowy bed of sugar prepared for them—which slow, and measured proceeding, left ample time for the display of her exquisitely moulded hands, which were models as to shape, size, and colour,* the cherries being at length one by one, embedded in the mimic snow of the salad bowl; then came the last act of this nightly representation—as the fair *Comtesse* seized the flask of hermitage—and bathing the pouting fruit in its golden flood, threw back her pretty little Hebe-like head, almost upon the monarch's shoulder, as she conveyed the first spoonful of the rosy salad to his lips.

“*Mille grâces Chère Comtesse,*” sighed the king,

* It was for the especial display of these very beautiful little hands of Madame d'Esparbés, that Louis XV's gallantry deemed it necessary nightly to devour, by way of *sur-tout*, a quantum of cherries, sufficient to have given any limited number of fasting young gentleman at a preparatory school, gastric fevers; but then to be sure, the Bourbons always have from time immemorial been celebrated for their great capacity.... of stomach, and their infinite powers .. of digestion.

more it must be confessed from repletion than *tendresse*, and taking the very necessary precaution to undo the three first diamond buttons of his waist-coat, previous to seizing the fairy-like hand that was about to withdraw the spoon, he imprinted a kiss upon it, reiterating—" *Mille grâces, pas d'avantage ; je préfère ce délicieux Blanc Manger mille fois Mon Poupelin ;*" and having bestowed upon the lady this latter peculiarly elegant epithet, Louis XV. took the little hand between his teeth, (which luckily happened to be both brilliant and *Soignéés*) and affected to cranch it as a puppy-dog does a chicken bone. During this pretty little interlude of half regal, half canine gambols, one of the doors of the supper-room was thrown open, and Monsieur le Comte de Saint Germain was announced.

The Comte de Saint Germain, though not much above the middle size, had all the elegance, without any of the awkwardness of height—his figure being slight and *élancée*, and his head remarkably well placed upon his shoulders, his hair was silky and undulating, and of that purple black, so rare among Europeans ; this hair, of which he had a profusion, he as often wore without, as with powder ; for, notwithstanding the tyranny of fashions, (perhaps more despotic then, than at any other epoch,) yet, as this extraordinary personage, rather sought than shunned eccentricity, it was a matter of perfect indifference to him, to light occasionally, like a *Corbeau du Moyen*

age, amid the snowy *Ailes de Pigeons* of the *Œil de Bœuf*, though upon the present occasion, he was scrupulously *crépé* and powdered. His forehead was high, large, and peculiarly intellectual, and of the whiteness and smoothness of ivory, there was an extraordinary flexibility in the low, straight brows that surmounted his large eyes of dark hazel, which floating as it were in an orb of liquid light, had such quick transitions both of colour and expression, that he seemed a perfect kaleidoscope—of that inner and inmost world, which is more or less busy, and more or less mystical in every human being. His nose though straight, and finely moulded, could not exactly be called Grecian, inasmuch, as that it did not leave the forehead in that insipid straight line which constitutes a Grecian nose *par excellence*, but the delicately chiselled nostrils and the exquisite harmony, with which it at once blended in with, and stood out from the short curved upper lip beneath it was essentially Greek. Nothing could exceed the freshness and brilliancy of his mouth and teeth, or the graceful precision that was the distinguishing expression of the former, while his cheeks, which still retained the peach-like down of youth, varied in tint, from the faintest rose to the deepest carnation according to the lights and shadows that passed over the mind that animated them. Dressed in the extreme of the reigning fashion, he wore a coat of violet velvet, embroidered with gold, the buttons of

which were composed of unusually large brilliants, especially those which ornamented the large cuffs of the sleeves, the hilt of his sword, knee, and shoe buckles were also of brilliants of an extraordinary fine water, as well as the loop and button of his three cornered, gold-laced hat; from his right shoulder were suspended streamers of flame-coloured ribbon, (that colour which is now called *vapeur*) edged with violet, the ends of which were confined in diamond aiguillettes, whose conical form, was not, as is generally the case, composed of several small brilliants set in a *pavé*, but hollowed out of one large diamond; these aiguillettes gave rise to more wonder, speculations, conjectures, rumours, and *historiettes*, than even the celebrated *Ferrets* of Anne of Austria, which had figured as aiguillettes two reigns back, upon the gallant, and all accomplished Duke of Buckingham. The count's hands, which were of perfect beauty, were also covered (as the fashion of the day exacted,) with the most costly rings,—while, gleaming like a star from within the folds and ends of cambric and magnificent lace of his cravat, shone a resplendent *Solitaire* of an almost fabulous size and water. Such was the external appearance of the Comte de Saint German, as with his hat pressed to his bosom, and bowing profoundly over it, he advanced towards Madame de Pompadour, and said in a voice, the silvery mellowness of whose tones would have amply compensated for any other defects, had he had any to atone for—

“A thousand pardons, *belle marquise*, but you know *it is not in mortals to command success* ! and I not being happy enough even to *deserve* it, have always a double chance of misfortune ; witness the two long hours I have lost of your charming society this evening—and the having very nearly sent a poor hunchback to his long account—by driving over him.”

“Decidedly, Comte, you are always *Voué aux grandes aventures* ; pray let us have those of this evening ?”

“*Sire agréez mez hommages*,” said the count, seating himself in the chair Madame de Pompadour had indicated to him next to her own ; and bowing across the table to the king, as he unfolded his napkin, and then resumed in obedience to the *dame du Château*. “Nothing can be more ordinary, more vulgar than that of to-night *belle dame* ; happening to drive for the first time a pair of English horses, which are rather hot, and my English coachman being ill, and his Parisian substitute not understanding his *métier* quite so well ; or perhaps thinking upon Cardinal de Rohan’s principle of political nullity, to achieve a sort of importance through the medium of adventures, though somewhat of a different nature, thought fit, at the entrance of *Passy* to drive over a poor half-witted hunchback, who, without having sustained any more serious injury, yet being stunned by the fall, I felt in duty bound to convey him to his home, which, being in the *Cul de Sac de Gué-*

menée, and I having to proceed to my own *hôtel* afterwards, to repair the disorder of my *toilette*—you will understand, *Charmante Marquise*, how the inexorable fates have doomed me to two long hours of banishment from you.”

“Come, come, Count, *galanterie à part*,” said *Louis Quinze*, darting a telegraphic look at the rest of the party. “What are two paltry hours to *you*? when every one is agreed upon your being a chronological *millionnaire*—who settles his accounts with TIME by centuries!”

His majesty being one of the sceptics, as to the count's longevity and other supernatural attributes, lost no opportunity of bantering him upon the subject, never, for one moment being deterred by delicacy or good breeding, either as to the matter or manner of his railleries, and being rarely, if ever daunted by the polished sarcasm of Saint Germain's replies, who, on the other hand baffled both malice and curiosity, by the perfect and equal indifference he displayed, as to seeking or avoiding the subject of his personal history. Nor was his *sang froid* at fault on the present occasion, for helping himself to a *brochet à la Chambord*, while another servant presented and announced at the same time, *des Saumons à la Régence*, he replied to the king's speech, by saying—

“Ah sire, if such *be* the case, respect my age, and look upon me in the light of an old coquette, who would fain preserve a discreet silence upon the years

she has passed, and the teeth she has lost—and it does not require to have lived in past ages, since the most superficial, historical lore can enable one to bestow every possible *comparative appreciation* upon your majesty's reign."

Madame de Pompadour colored and bit her lip, but the king nothing daunted, rejoined—

"Well, but the *truth* Count, the *truth*,—have you or have you not lived in other times?"

"The truth, Sire, perhaps would be incomprehensible; TRUTH is seen and heard so seldom among men, that they have great difficulty in recognizing her when she does appear—for, blushing, no doubt, at the perfect nudity in which she leaves her well, like most of her sex, she goes from one extreme to the other, and often conceals herself beneath a veil that is impenetrable to ordinary observers."

"But an answer, *yes* or *no*? Monsieur le Comte, to my question, for I long for a little authentic news of my ancestors and predecessors."

"It is true, Sire," replied Saint Germain, with his peculiar and undefinable smile, "that I have sometimes amused myself, not indeed in making people believe, but in letting them believe, that I have lived in the remotest times."

"Ah! Monsieur le Comte, how I pity you if you have really lived in those barbarous times—truly might they be called the dark ages—before champagne, that is, before *sparkling* champagne was known

—and *l'art sublime de le frapper au point*," cried the Prince de Soubise, despatching at one essay a glass of sillery.

"Yes, truly it *was* but a poor drug, a body without a soul."

"Ah! then you *do* remember those benighted times?" resumed Monsieur de Soubise, "and who? and where? was the Prometheus who first infused the divine spark—or rather sparkle—into it? here's to him, and may no other vulture ever prey upon his vitals."

"And yet you will hardly believe prince, that *there were* palates, so grossly ignorant and uncultivated, that they did not like it at first, just as there are dullards who do not understand wit, and are therefore frightened at it, thinking there is poison beneath all that sparkles. Yes," continued Saint Germain, after a short pause, as if passing in review before his memory a long gone-by scene, and replying more to his own thoughts than to the question addressed to him, "*that was* a splendid *fête*;" and then raising his head as if awaking from a reverie, he added, addressing Monsieur de Soubise, "Champagne, *mousseux*, was a *galanterie* of the Comte de Champagne to Blanche of Castile at a banquet he gave to that, *till then*, cruel beauty; but he had not the merit of the invention, it was a discovery due to the successful researches of one of his *marmitons*, a poor devil of the name of EPAULARD."

“*Par la barbe de Charlemagne!* that was an epaulard,* that deserved to be Dauphin of France!” exclaimed the Prince de Soubise.

“*Me vous gênéz nullement monsieur le Prince,*” said Louis XV. “Say king at once.”

“Sire,” bowed the courtier, “you have among many others, a noble example in your august family, therefore I pray you let not the *King of France* remember or resent a liberty taken with the *Dauphin*.”

“*C'est bien, c'est bien,*” said the king, laughing, and tapping his snuff box, as he offered it to the adroit *maréchal*, who, had he been as skilful a general as he was a good cook and accomplished courtier, would never have lost the battle of Rosebach, “*c'est bien mon cher Prince, votre surprise de douceures à la Orléans* ;† is as palatable as all your other *friandises*, therefore I swallow it accordingly. But the Comte de Saint Germain has not yet answered my question. Since your memory and your life, Count, are both of such prodigious length,” continued Louis XV. maliciously, “do give me some news of the court of Francis I. ; among all my predecessors, he was the

* An epaulard is a large sea fish of the same species as the dolphin, but inferior in size.

† A mixture of fruits of different kinds in Maraschino jelly, then much in vogue, and called *surprise de douceures à la Orléans*, having been invented during the regency. This *plat doux* is the same as that now called a *macédoine de fruits*. The anecdote of the noble Louis XII., who conferred a favour upon one of his former enemies, saying : “The King of France should not remember the injuries done to the Duke of Orleans,” is too well known to need repeating.

one I affection the most, not even excepting Henri Quatre."

"And your majesty in so doing evinces your discernment," replied the count, "for few monarchs ever combined so many regal and chivalric virtues, set off as they were, with that elixir of king-craft, the most polished and fascinating manners;" and Saint Germain then proceeded, with all the enthusiasm of personal knowledge, to describe the *roi chevalier's* appearance, which he did like an artist, while he analysed his moral and mental qualities with the acumen of a philosopher.

"Really," exclaimed the king, interested and excited in spite of himself, "I think I see him; so graphic and animated is your description; and were not the thing *impossible*, I should almost be tempted to believe that you actually *had* seen and known him."

"Saint Germain smiled and sighed slightly, and folding his arms, continued, as if thinking aloud; and re-riveting the link of a chain of ideas in his own mind,—“yes, had *François Premier* been less ardent, less impetuous, I could have given him a guarantee against every misfortune; and yet I doubt his having benefited by it, for he was propelled by that fatality which rules princes—at least those who are unfortunate enough to shut the ears of their understanding to wise counsels—especially during those political crises which occur, more or less often, in every reign.”

“Was the court of *François Premier* a very brilliant one?” interrupted Madame de Pompadour, who liked Saint Germain, and therefore feared his *franc parler* might carry him too far on the dangerous ground of royal weakness and obstinacy.

“Very brilliant,” said the count, who seized the good nature of the favorite’s intention. “Very brilliant, but that of his grandson’s infinitely surpassed it. In the time of Mary Stuart, and Marguerite de Valois, the court was a land of enchantment, where pleasure, wit and gallantry rivalled each other under a thousand different forms, each succeeding one more graceful and more captivating than the last. Those two queens were learned without pedantry, and spirituelles without ever aiming at effect; they wrote poetry too, so good, considering the time, that it was almost worthy of celebrating themselves, and when recited by their charming mouths it was a real pleasure to hear it.”

“*D’honneur!*” cried the king, bursting into a loud and ill-bred laugh, “one *would* really think you had seen and heard all that. Perhaps you *are* the Cid, as your Arab page Narguilé calls you what does Narguilé mean in French?”

“Alas, Sire, I cannot lay claim to being that great man Roderigo Dias de Bivar. My Arab boy only calls me ‘Cid,’ because that is the Arabic word for lord; and I call *him* Narguilé, (which in French corresponds with the unromantic name of pipe,) be-

cause he has the care of my *Tchilionque*. With regard to the reign of Charles IX.," continued Saint Germain with the utmost *sang froid*, "my memory is good, but also my notes are authentic and copious upon those times." And so saying he drew from his pocket a small thick volume in a costly gothic binding of green velvet flowered with gold, the corners and clasps being of massive flagreed gold studded with precious stones, and opening it he showed the king a few lines written by Michel Montaigne with his own hand in 1580.

"*Ma foi*," said Louis XV., glancing at the writing, and then handing the book to the Marquis de Jodelet, "by all the bats in *Nôtre Dame*, the characters are too antiquated for me to decipher; but Monsieur de Jodelet, *you*, who have been in England to *learn to think*, and therefore must naturally *think yourself learned*, you may like a touch of philosophy *tout Chaud de Montaigne*, so read us what he says.

And the new-blown *marquis*, much flattered at the request, pompously cleared his throat, arranged his *jabot*, changed the watch-chain and seals that dangled from his left side to his right, and that suspended from his right to his left,* and finally holding the little book at a respectful distance from him, read out the following passage—

"*Il n'est homme de bien qui mette à l'examen des lois*

* At that time it was the fashion to wear two watches.

toutes ses actions, et toutes ses pensées, qui ne soit pendable six fois en sa vie ; voire tel, qu'il serrait dommage et très injuste de punir."

"Eh ! Monsieur le Marquis, *toutes ses pensées* pourquoi donc avez vous appris à penser puisque c'est *une chose pendable*," cried the king with a serio-comico face, as he took the book from the *Marquis de Jodelet*, and handed it back to the count.

While every one laughed, as in duty bound, at this witless royal sally, they also exchanged looks of interrogation and surprise, evidently not knowing what to think of the Comte de Saint Germain, which, Madame de Pompadour perceiving; turned to the latter and said,—

"Et la belle Ferronnière, was she really as handsome as report has handed her down to us?"

"At *that* time," said Saint Germain, bowing gallantly to the marquise, and offering his hand to lead her to the drawing-room, as the king had now risen from table—"At *that* time I thought her the most beautiful woman I had ever seen ; I should not think so *now*."

Madame de Pompadour, though in reality charmed at this compliment, which she was not the less pleased at, from its exaggeration, yet, nevertheless, modestly affected not to take it, playing the part of unconsciousness, by telling the sleepy little Alexandrine between two kisses, to go to bed, and take care and not tread upon *Follette*, a very pretty little

Blenheim dog, encumbered with *pompons* of blue and rose coloured ribbons, who was following her little mistress closely.

But Monsieur de Soubise, who always officiated as lord in waiting to every compliment directed towards, but unclaimed by the favorite, exclaimed :

“ *Madame la marquise ce compliment, est à votre adresse, et porte si visiblement le timbre de la vérité, que vous ne pouvez éviter de l'accuser réception ?* ”

“ *Ah ! à propos de timbre ;* that reminds me of letters, and they naturally remind me of pens,” said Madame de Pompadour turning to the count. “ And do you remember Monsieur de Saint Germain, that you said the other morning, that you would do me an etching of Marion de L’Orme, returning to fling at Cardinal de Richelieu, the scantily furnished purse he had sent her by one of his pages, if you could procure some Egyptian dove quills, sufficiently firm to make into pens for the purpose ? Well, I have with *my own hands* made you a whole packet, and here they are,” added the lady, taking from off a bhul table covered with writing materials, as she entered the drawing-room. a little golden quiver with two doves, exquisitely painted in enamel, enchained with a wreath of roses, according to the most approved bad taste of the times, which quiver contained the pens in question, which she placed in the count’s hands, begging of him to try how she had succeeded in her first attempt at penmaking.

St. Germain, who did everything with an indescribable grace, which was of no age and yet of all, after imprinting a kiss upon the fair hand which had placed the quiver in his, seated himself at the table, and withdrawing one of the fairy pens from the quiver, selected a sheet of paper, redolent of *rose musquée*, and traced upon it the following lines, which he presented to Madame de Pompadour, who was so delighted with them, that they soon made the tour of the room.

A MADAME LA MARQUISE DE POMPADOUR.

Sensible à ce joli cadeau,
 Ma voix reconnoissante
 Va donc répéter de nouveau
 Que *votre taille* est charmante.

“And your compliment equally so, Monsieur le Comte,” said Louis XV. when he had finished reading the lines; and then returning them to Madame de Pompadour, he added, “Antoinette sing me that romance that I like.”

The lady, not without a considerable degree of *minauderie*, suffered herself to be lead to the harpsichord, to which Monsieur de Soubise, and the Baron de Gruntenstern had already flown; the former, raising the sounding board, the keys of the instrument were surmounted by a large oval plate of white enamel, where of course gambolled, the necessary quantum of loves, doves, hearts, darts, true lover's knots, roses, and forget me nots; but the outside of

the harpsichord was composed of a magnificent landscape by Salvator Rosa,* representing a storm amid that chaotic and mysterious wilderness, the summit of the black rock at Valombrosa, with the large iron cross on the top of it struck by lightning, and some figures of cattle and *carbonaja*, crouching at its foot. Every arrangement having been duly made, Madame de Pompadour seated herself at this instrument, and after a prelude of little jiggy, jirky, wirey, penny, ribbon ringletty sounds, which constituted what was called *music* at that time, and establishing an *estafette* of glances between herself and the king, she began a song, the two first lines of which were as follows :

“ Ah ! que ma voix me devient cherè
Depuis que mon Berger se plaît à l'écouter.”†

After every one had feigned a sufficient degree of ecstasy at this charming performance, which the

* One often sees in Italy *chef-d'œuvres* of Salvator Rosa, Claude Lorraine, and Poussin, rescued from old spinets and harpsichords, and now restored to the legitimate honors of a frame ; but in standing in a side light, and looking along the surface of the picture, the “small by degrees and beautifully less” form of the wilhom-spinet, is still perfectly visible where the landscape has been dove-tailed into the other canvass.

† It was of this song which Madame de Pompadour sang at Louis XV., before Madame de Créquy, that the latter observes, “ *Ceci me parut avoir une intention de galanterie tellement directe, et tellement déplacée, devant Moi ! que j'en fus, troublée honteuse et que j'en devins toute refrognee, suivant l'expression du Richelieu.* ”—Mémoires de la Marquise de Créquy, tome iii, page 21.

king applauded with a "*très bien parole d'honneur Chiffette*," between a parenthesis of yawns. His majesty then turned to the Prince de Soubise, and commanded him *sotto voce*, to ring for his carriage, which, Valasquez perceiving, approached Madame de Pompadour, and requested her to present him to the Comte de St. Germain, whose eyes had been steadily fixed on him, more than once during the evening, with a sort of undefinable expression which troubled Don Raphaël quite as much as it excited his curiosity.

"Monsieur le Comte," said the Marquise, "allow me to present to you Don Raphaël Valasquez, whom, I believe, is *en intimité* with your occult friend the Vidame de Poitier."

"*C'est possible*," was Saint Germain's laconic reply as he exchanged bows with Valasquez; and then fixing his large lustrous bewildering eyes upon him, pronounced in a low voice the one word

"ZARASKI?"

Raphaël not understanding the meaning of this monosyllable, addressed to him in an interrogatory tone of voice, thought he had misunderstood the sound, and replied in an equally low tone,

"Pardon me, but I did not catch what you said."

The Comte de Saint Germain, fixing his eyes upon him with a look so penetrating, and at the same time so luminously communicative, that it appeared to the excited imagination of Valasquez, as if all the secrets of the past, present, and future were condensed

in the focus of that single glance, made no other answer than by pronouncing the word

ÆTHALĪDES.

No sooner had this name (notwithstanding that he now heard it for the first time) reached the Spaniard's ear, than a sort of moral earthquake seemed to shake his very being to its centre ; and, pale and gasping, from the intense agony of the internal and inexplicable convulsion he was struggling with, he mechanically repeated,—

ÆTHALĪDES.

Saint Germain, who had watched Valasquez's countenance, till he had uttered this name, with the breathless intensity which love, revenge, or fear, watches the eventful crisis upon which its last cast is set, now tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and hastily writing upon it ;

“*Tis well, meet me at Ramponneau's at ten to-morrow night.*”

Placed it within Don Raphaël's hand as he shook it, at parting, and then took leave of the *Dame du Château*, with all the ephemeral and exaggerated gallantry, so inseparable from the *ailes de pigeon* and *talons rouge*, *Freluquets* of the *Oeil de Bœuf* ; while the still bewildered Valasquez, who had been graciously distinguished by Madame de Pompadour from her other departing guests, by her expressing a hope that he would attend her *levées* at the Hôtel

d'Evereux,* could not collect his ideas sufficiently to frame a suitable speech, and therefore made no other reply, than by pressing the very pretty hand so condescendingly held out to him, to his heart; a proceeding which the fair owner did not fail to interpret as an infallible sign, that she had inspired him with feelings too deep for words. So invariably does vanity supply the omissions of love, and even of common politeness, in some well organized imaginations

* The favorite's hôtel at Paris, which a contemporary writer speaking of, observes,—“Aussi voit-on chaque jour une double, une triple file de voitures à la porte de l'Hôtel d'Evereux, on ne rencontre autant nulle part, pas même devant l'hôtel des ministres.” Each day a double and even a triple row of carriages before the Hôtel d'Evereux; one sees there even more equipages than before the hotels of the ministers, and ambassadors.

CHAPTER III.

LE TAMBOUR ROYAL.

“ Au sein de la paix goûter le plaisir
 Chez soi s’amuser dans un doux loisir,
 Ou bien chez Magny scaller diverter,
 C’était la vieille méthode.

“ On voit aujourd’hui courir nos badauds,
 Sans les achever, quitter leurs travaux ;
 Pourquoi ? C’est qu’ils vont chez mon Ramponneau,
 Voilà la taverne à la mode”.

Légende d’une anciennee stampe du Cabaret de Ramponneau.”

SOME few years had, at the period of our tale, legitimised as it were the reign of the “ Tambour Royal ;” for, so far back as the year 1734, the cabaret of Ramponneau, first began to be la *grande mode* in Paris, the ever favoured metropolis, where that omnipotent, and most versatile of goddesses FASHION, has always *par préférence* held her court, and established the head quarters from which her fiats are issued.

Alas ! upon what frail and shifting wings,
 Speed the veil’d fates of publicans and kings !

A few short years before, as the legend which heads this chapter informs us, all the world flocked to *Magnys* ; and in those days mine host of the

Tambour Royal, honest Jean Ramponneau, could boast of no grander customers than a motley crew of ambulating musicians, beggars, mechanics, and *Dames de la Halle*. But now, though things were much changed, the tables were by no means turned, at least in the kitchen of the *Tambour Royal*, where they remained in *statu quo*, as well as the heart of its landlord, who was an honest man after Hamlet's acceptation, that is "*one in ten thousand*;" and notwithstanding that the bad language of the *crocheteur* had made way for the *bon mots* of the perfumed *Fre-loquets* of *L'Œil de Bœuf*, and that where erst a ragged *poissarde* alone brandished her fish, now brocaded *petite maitresses* flirted their fans, still Ramponneau had ever a ready welcome for the poorest beggar, and Margot his wife, a ready bone for that beggar's dog; which caused his humbler customers to say, that the prayers of the poor were drafts upon Heaven, which the Almighty always accepted; and therefore no wonder that Ramponneau had grown rich, and the *Tambour Royal* become flourishing!—while his more aristocratic, but less pious and less grateful *habitués*, attributed the worthy vintner's unprecedented vogue to the influence of *L'Autre*,*—alluding

* Madame de Châteauroux, Madame de Pompadour's predecessor, acquired the *soubriquet* of *L'Autre* among the courtiers of Louis XV. from the following circumstance:—Dagé, the famous coiffeur of that time, (whom Louis Quinze was almost obliged to treat with, as from one sovereign power to another, to insure his attendance) being one day more than usually late at Madame de Pompadour's levee, she rashly

to the Duchesse de Châteauroux having once been taken ill at the door of the *Tambour Royal*, and being indebted for her recovery to such restoratives as its *then* humble resources afforded; be this as it might, nothing could exceed the strange extremes of the human mosaic which formed its nightly crowds, composed as they were from the consolidated mud of the lowest classes, to the glittering external ore and brilliants of the very highest, but which were all dove-tailed into the most perfect harmony for the moment. *Here*, while a pretty but ragged *friprière* from the Rue Saint Denis, whose beauty pierced like a star the Ethiopian darkness of her unwashed face, related to her peers some adventure, of the nature of which her too graphically expressive pantomime left no doubt. *There*, a fair and timid *jeune comtesse à uarante quartiers*, and only half that number of years, after a rapid glance round the thickly peopled and smoke-dried walls of the kitchen of the *Tambour Royal*, for a moment hesitated upon its threshold—

ventured to ask him “how it was that he had, first acquired such immense vogue?” To which he replied, with consummate fatuity, and the most exasperating *sang froid*, as he nonchalantly passed the comb through the favourite’s hair, accompanying the act by a shrug of the shoulders; “*c’est que je coiffais L’Autre !*” alluding to the king’s former *maitresse en tete*, *Madame de Châteauroux*. The reigning favourite’s levées were too numerously attended for Dagé’s impertinence not to be repeated by a thousand echoes, and a week after, even in the remotest of the provinces, the Duchesse de Châteauroux was mentioned by no other name than *L’Autre*.

but entered. Further on to the left, a *Procureur* had thrown down the gauntlet to an *Intendant*, to wage a war of wits; while here, there, and everywhere were pairs whispering those nameless nothings which are the wealth of love!—the current coin of the heart!—and which, though (unfortunately for many a young *ménage*) it cannot circulate beyond the region where it is issued, yet is capable of procuring *there* every luxury of feeling. It was no wonder, then, that half of the frequenters of Ramponneau's preferred inhaling the acrid *bouquet* of wine at two sous a bottle, to the aroma of the treasures of their own hereditary cellars; no wonder that they preferred occasionally the rags of a *poissarde's* stuff gown to the rustle of a princess's silk *sacque*, for to one half of its aristocratic *habitués* the *Tambour Royal* was a trysting-place, and consequently, despite the smoke of its chimneys and of its pipes, its atmosphere was redolent of the only two feelings capable of insuring perfect happiness—LOVE and SELF LOVE—the first making men blind to the defects of their mistresses, and the latter (which they generally possess in a far larger, deeper, and more lasting degree) casting an impenetrable veil over their own. Besides, there was something in the curious and opposite influences of the place, which was to the *blasés* votaries of luxury, wearied of soaring on

“Pleasure's golden pinions, impeded with purple down!”

a sort of breaking new ground in the realms of excitement—that real Elysium of the passions. But now for a word or two upon the place itself: a heart less stanch, or made of flimsier stuff, than was that of Jean Ramponneau, would, with his brightening fortunes, have brightened—or at least whitened the walls of his ancient domicile;—have replaced the small thick horny looking octagonal pieces of glass, that filled the leaden frames of the narrow windows, with broad, clear panes, that would have given a more hospitable reception to the light of Heaven;—would have exchanged the narrow strips of chequered red and white huckaback that fluttered above them for more dainty hangings;—or at least, in the nooks and corners of the homely refectory, have placed, as if by pure accident here and there, for the safer contact of a brocaded silk, a friendly chair of Utrecht velvet, extending its polished arms to woo the fair forms that flitted to and fro to a temporary repose. But no, not one of these things did Jean Ramponneau! no change was visible in the *Tambour Royal*, except that composed of silver and copper, elicited by the rapidly circulating *Louis-d'ors* of its frequenters.

An ordinary man—but Jean was no ordinary man—for have we not already said that he was an honest man?—well, an ordinary man, with a vulgar everyday-work-a-day-nature, would at least have Sunday-fied *himself* each day in the week. Not a bit of it;

Jean Ramponneau had always been clean, and clean he continued; but his linen was not one bit finer than it had ever been, and his coat was still of the same coarse cloth, of that peculiar blue now only to be seen in the dye of the paper devoted to covering sugar loaves, and the tinge of old gentlemen's noses in the month of December. But if the truth must be told, (and as we differ from the enlightened and pious divine who opined that it ought *not to be told at all times*, and think that it *ought*,) it must be confessed, that to an experienced eye, Jean's hat *was* a faint suspicion more jauntily cocked than it used to be, that is, the pins were *decidedly* longer than of yore, but then for that matter so were the bills, and Jean being, like all right-minded persons, a great lover of order, of course included uniformity in this most legitimate of all affections. Fanchette Frédon, that queen of laundresses, (from whom, however, Margot Ramponneau had recently withdrawn her custom) also asserted that Jean's speckled black and gray worsted hose were drawn up much more tightly, and rolled more neatly over his black velvet unnamables, than they were wont to be in days of yore, and that the heels of his shoes were not only higher, and the massive silver buckles brighter, but that the shoes themselves were much blacker; but *this* we firmly believe to be all mere suds and slander, for it is not likely that a man of Jean's consistent and stoical simplicity, would put his foot in it by any

such effeminate fopperies. On the contrary, when urged by friends and foes to assimilate both his costume and his furniture more with the glories of his increasing fortune, he was often heard loudly to declare that nothing should tempt him to do anything of the sort, adding with a shrug, as he pointed somewhat cavalierly, not to say contemptuously, with a jerk of his left thumb over his left shoulder, at some knot of peers and princes,—“I do not ask *them* to come here; they come to please themselves, and are as free to go as to stay;—no doubt they have *oripeaux* and gew-gaws enough at home, so the case is clear:—for if it be not the forests that have come to an untimely end in my oaken benches—the mineral waters they quaff from my pewter flagons—and the fine effects of light and shade on my smoke-dried walls, that attract them here, what else can it be?—for I scarcely think,” concluded honest Jean, pointing with his stout elm stick to a daub done in red chalk on the opposite wall, representing the favourite *Danseuse* and *Danseur* of the then opera,—“I scarcely think such fine folks come all this way to see Monsieur Belhumeur cutting a mimic *entrechat* with *la belle camargo*, when they can see the originals every night for the wishing, and when the latter was so recently given as a *spectacle* gratis to the good Parisians, by being borne in triumph on the shoulders of the populace; no--no—*c'est vrai que*

“*Mon oye fait tout,*”*

and that is the whole secret. No;—Jean, who fancied himself a great politician, and *was* a bit of a philosopher unknown to himself, having (in his visits to a friend, who was one of the waiters at the café Procope) picked up sundry crumbs of liberty! equality! the monarchy of the mass! and other crudities, which he digested *tant bien que mal*;—never could be either bribed or bullied into making the

* Formerly each cabaret in France, like the Roman capitol of old, had its tutelary goose, with generally the following lines appended to it,

“*Chascun, de dans ce monde-cy,
Met son corps et son âme en proie,
Et pensant sortir de soucy,
S'en vont à la chasse à MON OYE.*

*De l'un jusques à l'autre bout
Du monde, vous serez sans joye,
A cheval, en chaise, ou de bout,
Si vous ne possédez—MON OYE.”*

And as mythology was always in great force at the Courtille, surmounting the protecting goose a small wooden Bacchus was invariably to be seen, taking a constitutional ride upon his barrel, with a fixed smile upon all his votaries beneath; while by way of *halo*, (rising circularly from his vine-crowned temples, which he seemed to point to with the brimming cup he eternally flourished in his right hand,) was the following distich,

Non, Bacchus n'est pas mort,
Car il *vide* encore !

and another charming *statuette* of Monsieur Prêt-à-boire, *le type des francs buveurs*, seems in his bacchanalian pantomime to echo this *refrain*, as he brandished his colossal tankard high above his joyous face,

“Flush'd with a purple grace.”

slightest alteration or addition to the decorations of the *Tambour Royal*, with the exception of the following inscription, which ran parallel to the before-mentioned specimens of the fine arts, displayed in the fresco of Mademoiselle Camargo, and Monsieur Belhumeur, and the statues of Bacchus and Monsieur Prêt-à-Boir, and frowned upon the assembled multitudes in large black, heavy, republican-looking letters, above the frying-pans, gridirons, and candlesticks that adorned the broad, projecting, gable-ended kitchen chimney.

“ L'ÉGALITÉ N'EST POINT NÉE D'HIER LE PLAISIR L'AVAIT INVENTÉE ET CONSACRÉE AVANT LES CONSTITUTIONS.”

An assertion which it must be confessed, everything tended to confirm, in a place where pleasure was the ostensible cause assigned for so strange and novel a confusion of all classes and ranks; and where, taking the matter *literally*, *constitutions* were nightly destroyed at, from two *sous* to two louis a bottle. Ah! happy times! when there was no place like *mon Ramponneau's*. There, even husbands were perfection—sparkling, smiling, and fascinating, with a lavish profusion of good humour and amiability, which they could well afford, considering the penurious economy they generally practised with regard to those qualities at home—there too, the luckless wight, constitutionally gay, but devoid of money from habit—(and of all the many bad habits poverty engenders

this is decidedly the *worst*, being the source of all the others)—*there, there*, at least, he might find both his humour and his habit accommodated; and *sans souci*, and *sans six sous*! those moral antipodes, as their names denote, might accidentally meet on amicable terms, and equally enjoy themselves. It is true that, there are a sect of wild visionary moralists of the Twaddle-onic school, who pretend that instead of being *foes*, *sans souci*, and *sans six sous*, were, on the contrary born twins; but this is a mere Union Workhouse sort of philosophy, invented by the rich for the destitute. Yet, if the Twaddle-onicans are sticklish upon this genealogical point, they should at least, in common honesty add,—that they are twins *à-la* Castor and Pollux—that is, that as long as *sans souci* is enjoying himself in the world, poor *sans six sous* is unavoidably prevented from joining the party, by being detained by Jupiter in the infernal regions. But to return to mine host of the *Tambour Royal*, he justly considered, that like the swallows, the summer was his season; and that for so short a period, it would have been a species of ungrateful folly to sacrifice to the aristocratic butterflies, of a span of sunshine, the guests who were his real support, or in other words, to furnish his tavern with a degree of luxury, well indeed adapted to one half its frequenters; but which must have effectually excluded the mendicants and ambulating musicians, who formed as it were his *real* capital. Upon the

night upon which the *Comte de Saint Germain* had given Valasquez a *rendez-vous* there, the *Tambour Royal* was in all its glory, the iron lamps, albeit none of the brightest, gleamed along the smoke dried walls, and threw out in strong relief the red chalk fresco of Mademoiselle Camargo and Monsieur Belhumeur. The *flambeaux*, with their strong effluvia of bitumen, flared upon the oaken tables covered with glasses and pewter flagons, occasionally intersected with baskets of fruit and baskets of pipes. At the upper end of the kitchen, by a large stove, which flanked the high chimney, stood Margot Ramponneau, who, having very properly first attended to his dog, (by giving him a large bone, which had by no means divorced itself from its fleshly better half,) she was meting out, ladle in hand, a savory ragout to his master, a blind fiddler, who, by way of grace, was humming to the wirey accompaniment of his three stringed instrument the first couplet of

*Jadis et Aujourd'hui.**

with its chorus of *Cahin caha*.

At a garden door opposite the street entrance, a lady in a dark *mor doré* changeable silk dress, her head and shoulders covered by a black wimple, and

* This was one of the many popular songs of Pannard ; surnamed in France, *Le La Fontaine de la Chanson*, and upon whom his contemporaries bestowed a just eulogium, in saying that

“ *Il chansonna le vice, et chanta la vertu.*”

holding before her face a small black velvet mask, called at the time *a Loup*, now appeared, casting a hasty and apparently fearful look round the kitchen of the *Tambour Royal*, and then retreated behind one of the projections of the wall, as if satisfied that the person she expected had not yet arrived ; while at a small table near the embrasure where this lady had taken refuge, sat two very fine gentlemen, playing at lansquinet, that is, they held their patent of gentility from their powdered *Coups de Veuts*, red heeled shoes, point lace ruffles, and diamond *solitaires*,—being in reality no greater nor lesser personages than Messieurs Lebel and Isabé, first *valets de chambres* to His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XV., and Don Raphaël Valasquez, grandee of Spain, and Count of the Holy Roman Empire ; but as far as their score at Ramponneau's went, and the quality of the wines they discussed, it would have been impossible for their respective masters to have played the *grand seigneur* better. Isabé, after having gracefully elongated his left leg, the better to display, not only a very tightly drawn up silk stocking, but still more the calf within it, which he deemed quite as deserving of adoration as any calf that had ever received similar honors—golden or other—seemed wholly intent upon the chances of the game ; while Lebel, on the contrary, appeared perfectly indifferent as to whether fortune smiled or frowned upon him, his eyes, ever and anon, wandering restlessly from

one entrance door to another, like a man whose *real* occupation was far wide of his ostensible employment. At another table facing the street door, but to which table Lebel turned his back, sat the Comte de Saint Germain, in a black velvet riding dress, a sprig of heath in one of the button holes, and a black beaver hat surrounded with white Ostrich feathers, in the fashion of the preceding reign, as were also his large black riding boots coming above the knee, and his white doe-skin gauntlets, while in his hand he held a heavily leaded, silver mounted riding whip, with the handle of which he had made a sort of impromptu castanet against his teeth; as both his elbows rested upon the table, and he kept his eyes fixed upon the opposite door, in expectation of Valasquez' arrival. But Ramponneau's was situated beyond the *Boulevard du Temple*, where the *courtile* now flourishes; and in those days more accidents and perils were incurred in a transit from the Rue de Grenelle to the Boulevard du Temple, than there is in the presto begone mode of travelling of our age, in a voyage from London to Jerusalem, or from Paris to Peru; which contingencies effectually accounted in Saint Germain's mind for Valasquez' want of punctuality at their *rendez-vous*; and although his eyes, after making the tour of the tavern, were constantly fixed upon the opposite door; yet it was with the calm and patient expression of total indifference. Not so Lebel; the anxiety of his glance, now seldom

removed from the door, became perfectly feverish ; but this, coupled with his exceeding restlessness, Isabé attributed to his increasing run of ill luck, and therefore offered to give him his revenge, either by playing all night or appointing the first opportunity suited to his convenience for that purpose.

“ You are too good,” said Lebel, while he muttered between his teeth, as he looked at his watch, “ It is too bad, three quarters of an hour later than usual to-night.”

As he spoke, the door opened, and a murmur ran through the kitchen of the *Tambour Royal*, accompanied by a slight clapping of hands and cries of *brava, brava la Corella !* while Lebel flung down his cards, joining loudly in the chorus of *bravas*, as an old woman, apparently almost sinking under that gorgeous prodigality of wrinkles and ugliness, of which time is so lavish in the years he bestows upon continental women, entered, carrying a real Andalusian mandolin in one hand, while with the other she lead, or rather dragged after her a young girl, clad in all the glittering twilight of the Spanish costume of that day ; and pulling back her mantilla, displayed to the admiring multitude, one of those exquisite gems of beauty which a poet often creates, and nature seldom. Corella, (for such was the name of the young girl who accompanied the old woman), had two months before attained her seventeenth year, and her form, though slight in the extreme,

was fully developed, still retaining all the diaphanic elasticity of childhood, though undulating into the more rounded contour of maturer age. Her face, which was of a perfect oval, could not be called pale, as that implies an absence of bloom, it was only exquisitely fair, and of the texture of a white Camelia, into which, love himself appeared to have kissed a blush. Her mouth was of that rich, ripe, cherry red, which, from the two rows of small pearl like teeth within it, gave it perfectly the appearance of that pouting fruit, surrounded by a coronal of its own snowy blossoms. Her nose, which was exquisitely moulded, was neither aquiline nor Grecian, but partook of all the dignity of the former, and all the grace of the latter, while its delicately indented nostrils, with her short artistically chiselled upper lip, made of her profile a living, breathing Cameo. Her eyes were of a deep, dark, violet blue, which seemed to float in a sort of liquid starlight, shrouded occasionally by her soft, long, silken lashes. Her forehead, of an ivory smoothness and whiteness, was high and intellectual, but it was the intellect of *soul*, that sacred spark, which, emanating from the Eternal Creator of all, pervades and animates the whole being wherein it dwells, ever impelling its every action, feeling, and aspiration back to the divine source from whence it came, unlike the cold, wan, ghastly light of *mere* mental intelligence, which, is "of the earth, earthy," and flits through this vast

sepulchre, *our world*, luring astray the weary spirits that still quiver 'neath their mortal coil without ever flashing into sufficient brightness to pierce that dense mysterious darkness, beyond which, lies immortality!

There appeared between the old woman and Lebel, a sort of telegraphic intelligence, and though the former, on entering, had placed the Mandolin in Corella's hands, the young girl only swept its chords mechanically with one hand, as she raised the other equally listlessly to the sunny wreathes of thickly braided chesnut hair—that formed a sort of natural Greek cap—round her beautifully formed head. But the audience of the *Tambour Royal* had become impatient; and, just as Valasquez entered by the door that opened on the Boulevard, he heard vociferous cries addressed to the old woman (who was receiving from the hands of Margot Ramponneau a no very diminutive glass of brandy) of—

“Come, come, Marie Cadèl, your brandy can wait.”

“Brandy!” echoed the beldam, with a horrible laugh. “Go home, and learn your *Æil de Bœuf* by heart, to prevent your insulting one of the *fair sex*! ha! ha! ha! Brandy indeed! I'd have you to know, my chaffinches—it is Bourdeau—as choice as ever went into, or came out of the king's cellar.”

“Well, brandy, or Bourdeau,” rejoined one of the former spokesmen, “it can wait—for there is this especial difference between women and wine; all to

the advantage of the latter—which is—that the older wine becomes, the better and the milder it is. Whereas with women——Whew!—so make pretty Corella sing us *Milrenza of Castile*, for she always needs the bastenado of your voice, to inforce our requests.”

Marie Cadel having despatched another glass of Bourdeau, disguised as Cogniac, now struck Corella on the shoulder, commanding her to sing without further delay ; the latter, whose eyes (during the hub-hub her entrance had given rise to,) had been fixed on the Comte de Saint Germain, started, as if out of a dream—and sighing deeply—without the slightest remonstrance or delay, played a short minor prelude on the mandolin, and in a rich, deep, pure and perfectly modulated *contralto* voice, sang the following ballad, which was followed by the long continued plaudits its perfect harmony so well merited.

BALLAD.

I.

Milrenza ! why, when all Castile
Is to thy beauty kneeling ;
Dost thou alone seem not to feel
The incense round thee stealing ?
Why ? Milrenza, why ?

II.

The pride of chivalry, and Spain
Contend but for thy glances !
Then, why thus coldly still disdain
Their broken hearts and lances ?
Why ? Milrenza, why ?

III.

Why leave unbraided now thy hair?
Why dim thine eyes with tears?
Why pale thy cheek that was so fair?
Why blighted thy young years?
Why? Milrenza, why?

IV.

But echo only answer'd "*Why?*"
The maiden answer'd not;
Save by a half-breath'd sigh,
Which said—" *I have not yet forgot!*"
Who? Milrenza, who?

V.

Oh! there are looks and tones that cast
Our fates for aye and ever!
And could our lives for ages last,
Their spell would leave us never!
Sigh! Milrenza, sigh!

VI.

The Moorish king from battle came,
His brow with conquest flush'd;
"MIRAMOLIN!" his glorious name!
Milrenza trembled, blush'd!
Why? Milrenza, why?

VII.

Her kinsmen in the struggle slain
Their spirits haunt her natal halls:
The songs are mute of her lov'd Spain,
And crumbling are its cities walls,
Weep! Milrenza, weep!

VIII.

Yes, weep for these! but oh! thy fate,
Weaves thee still a darker doom;
To worship him thou most should hate,
And keep thy bridal in the tomb!
Sleep! Milrenza, sleep!

XL.

For cold, calm death alone can cure,
Love sapp'd by shame and sorrow !
To day thy last look give the Moor ;
Thy last sigh breathe to-morrow !
Rest ! Milrenza, rest !

Shortly after Corella had commenced the above ballad, the Viscomte de Nesmond, who happened upon that night to be the *Chevalier du Guet*, or gentleman of the watch, entered the kitchen of the Tambour Royal ; and it was evident, from the manner in which he placed his hat upon the table near to the lady in the *mor doré* dress and black *loup*, and, the not very dexterous sleight of hand, with which she abstracted a *billet-doux* from it, and put another in its stead—that if she had waited long in the friendly shade of the embrasure of the wall, at all events, she would not return without her errand. While the Vicomte, these preliminaries once over, repossessed himself of his three cornered, gold-laced, military hat, and under the pretext of joining the Comte de Saint Germain and Valasquez, but in reality, more minutely to scrutinize Corella,—by whose beauty he appeared perfectly electrified,—he walked over to the other side, while the lady in the black *loup*, disappeared through the garden door. Corella's was one of those voices so effluent of pathos, that its tones stirred and lingered long in the heart, after they had faded from the ear ; and the usually gay and volatile de Nesmond seemed to

listen spell-bound, as if in expectation of the continuance of those thrilling sounds which had so completely riveted him, so that he did not even join in the unanimous and vehement applause that followed Corella's song.

"Well met, Vicomte!" said Saint Germain, placing his hand on the young officer's shoulder. "What news? for you are *Les Nouvelles à la main*."

"Or rather *you* are at this moment, since you hold me," replied the Vicomte, whose *repartee* from habit had become mechanical, and never forsook him, though, at that instant, his whole attention and his every thought were absorbed by Corella.

"Ha! ha! ha! well, that is an additional reason why I should not remain in ignorance, *ainsi va pour le bruit du jour*."

"Nay, surely, Count, you must have been gossiping in the shades with your old friend Brantome, and entombing reputations that were dead some half century before their owners, not to know that the court and the town talk of nothing, but the antiphilosophical pilgrimage of those two encyclopedian doves, Madame du Deffand and her friend Pont de Vesle, to the shrine of *La bien heureuse Genevière de Nanterre*, for the conservation of *les beaux yeux* of the academic lady," replied de Nesmond.

"Charming!" cried Saint Germain, laughing as much as he ever was known to laugh. "And do her friends Holbach, and D'Alembert, know of what no doubt they would call her *blind bigotry*?"

“No ; but thanks to the Duc de Penthièvre, who is in perfect ecstasies at the whole affair, I have no doubt they soon will ; though, as De Richelieu observes, they *should* forgive her, as it is unquestionably the first saint *qui lui a jamais donné dans l'œil !*”

“Which of the Richelieus said that ?” asked Saint Germain with a smile ; “the uncle or the nephew ?”

“The nephew,” replied De Nesmond hastily ; for, at that moment, Marie Cadel, dragging Corella with her, left the Tambour Royal ; and quick as lightning the vicomte darted after them, thereby exemplifying the stability of human wishes ; for a few hours before, this very man would have made almost any sacrifice to have lured the Comte de Saint Germain into a sustained conversation, so strong was his curiosity excited by the great incarnate mystery of the age ; yet, now that an opportunity of doing so offered naturally and unexpectedly, he voluntarily threw it away, to run after (through the then narrow, and scarcely lit streets of Paris), a pair of blue eyes, of whose very existence he had been ignorant half an hour before.

“It is strange,” observed Saint Germain, whose imperturbable calmness, nothing ever disturbed, and who, continuing to address Valasquez, appeared not even aware of the Vicomte’s sudden flight—“it is strange how much consistency and unity, there is in

each separate *race*, and how little in each separate *individual*."

"True, but can we not discuss this fact, (which may lead us somewhat far) elsewhere, at your hôtel or at mine?" said Don Raphaël, who was burning to know the *dénouement* of the *rendezvous* Saint Germain had given him.

"Elsewhere, certainly if you wish it," replied the latter, leisurely putting on his hat, and drawing on his gloves; "but neither at your hotel, nor at mine, for I have ordered otherwise."

"And I am wholly at your orders," said Valasquez bowing, and following his new acquaintance to the door, which opened on the Boulevard du Temple. The night, which was sultry in the extreme, had, since Don Raphaël's arrival at Ramponneau's, been refreshed by one of those sudden and violent summer showers, which while it had the effect of materially cooling the air, had also that of completely shrouding the moon, so that the boulevard and the adjacent streets were now in almost total obscurity; for the small dim, flickering sepulchral light, placed in a huge wilderness of a lantern, and, suspended by cords and pulleys across the road or streets, was only just sufficient to make darkness still more mysterious.

"It is now for you Señor to decide by what mode of conveyance we shall reach our destination?" said Saint Germain, addressing Valasquez in very pure

Castilian, as soon as they found themselves without the Tambour Royal, "for, both my saddle horses and carriage await us round the corner."

"Nay, Count, you best know how far our journey lies; but if the distance be within moderation, I am all for a swift steed, and the fresh air; and, judging from your dress, our wishes do not differ," replied Valasquez.

"To horse then," cried Saint Germain leading the way to the dark narrow street, where a groom was awaiting him with two led horses, beside which stood a carriage, or to speak more correctly, a fine gilt coach, with highly varnished and floridly painted pannels, portraying the loves of Jupiter and Leda, and upon the gorgeous crimson and gold hammercloth of which, a fat coachman was sleeping off the effects of his evening potations. Scarcely, however, had Don Raphaël and the Count proceeded three paces, before their attention was arrested by the most piercing screams, and the clashing of swords, both of which rang out with a fearful distinctness, athwart the night, by which they were surrounded.

"A plague upon the clouds," cried Valasquez, hurrying forward, while he felt the way before him with his sword, which he had instantly drawn. "There is some woman in distress, and how or where to help her in this confounded darkness heaven only knows."

"Probably only some street brawl," rejoined Saint

Germain coldly, rather relaxing than quickening his pace, "for which we shall be in ample time to share any random oaths, and thrusts going." As he spoke the screams became fainter, and the clanging of arms louder; but presently a voice rose upon the air, which, panting and exhausted as it was, Saint Germain and Valasquez, both recognized as the *Vicomte de Nesmond's*, as it gasped out,—

"*Ho ! la garde, le guet, au secours.*" At this, even Saint Germain pressed forward; and as he and Valasquez turned into the small street on that side of the boulevard, opposite to the one in which the Count's horses were waiting, the moon suddenly emerged from behind a cloud, and flooding the narrow street with its broad clear light, discovered Monsieur de Nesmond, closing with Lebel, while his left arm was incircling the waist of Corella, whom Lebel with his left hand was vainly trying to force from the *Vicomte*; but no sooner did the unexpected influx of light shew the two new spectators of this scene, than the worthy *chargé d'affaires* of his Majesty Louis XV. relaxed his grasp of the half fainting Corella, and hastily placed a black wire mask before his face.

"Ah, wretch! it is too late, I know you," exclaimed Monsieur de Nesmond, making a lunge at Lebel, "and I'll see if I cannot place the *parc aux cerfs* under the necessity of having another *garde chasse.*"

"And I'll see if your next *poulet* be not a let-

tre de cachet, vive la bastille,” shouted Lebel, who now having his other arm free, put himself in a position to parry the Vicomte’s thrust, while Corella, making an almost superhuman effort, extricated herself from de Nesmond’s grasp ; and, flinging herself at the Comte de Saint Germain’s feet, exclaimed with clasped hands, and a deep devotion in her manner, as if her very soul were kneeling in her voice,—

“ Save, oh, save me, for you alone can.”

“ I will save you,” said Saint Germain, with a sort of mournful sweetness in his voice, as he raised her, and placed her arm within his own ; “ that is, I will save you from this peril. Heaven guard you from others.”

Corella followed him across the boulevard, as if impelled forward by some invisible power, which she neither wished nor tried to resist, while every word he uttered, though both few and common-place, seemed to steal like the breath of flowers upon her senses, and distil honey into her heart ; and yet, silvery as Saint Germain’s voice was, it was only the hollow sweetness of an echo. No touch of human tenderness ever trembled in it, no throe of human agony ever made it falter.

“ You are much too young, and oh ! far too fair,” said he, addressing Corella, during their short transit across the boulevard, “ for so ungracious a vocation as that of an itinerant cantatrice ; and with such a

voice too, you should be sovereign in the realms of song. I know the director of the opera ; if I could serve you it would give me pleasure."

"Oh !" interrupted Corella, for the first time withdrawing her eyes from Saint Germain's face, upon which she had been gazing in a sort of dreamy ecstasy ; and covering her own with her hand,—“talk not of me. I, that is you."

"Then of what, or whom should I talk?" said Saint Germain, with a calm smile. "One question at least let me ask, even at the risk of being deemed impertinent. I hope, nay I am sure, the person who accompanied you to Ramponneau's to-night cannot be your mother."

"My mother, no, thank heaven, if I am deprived of the blessing of having one, at all events, God has not afflicted me with the curse of having such a one as Marie Cadel."

"You are right," said Saint Germain ; "next to positive blessings, which are as rare as positive virtues, we ought to be grateful for negative ones ; for, after all, absence of evil, is the real *Λαμπάς*, or lamp of life ; in that state we see our way, far better than under the influence of the intoxicating orgies of happiness ; whose brevity alas, are generally in proportion to their brilliancy."

"Happiness ! is there such a thing?" exclaimed Corella, "or if there is, does it not resemble the

meteors of a summer sky, which dazzle for a moment, but vanish ere we can look upon them."

"Nay, nay," rejoined Saint Germain with a melancholy smile, "for one like you, so richly dowered with nature's sovereignty, beauty, and *young* with *legitimate* youth, the future has always a golden horizon."

"Which clouds as we approach it," murmured Corella with a sigh, as they had now reached the carriage; and Saint Germain having motioned to the servants to lower the steps, extended his hand, to help her to ascend them.

"May I," said he, "without indiscretion request permission to inquire after you to-morrow? and consequently to know where I can do so?"

"No," replied Corella hastily, "for I have no home—that is none—where I can receive any one."

"And yet," rejoined Saint Germain, making a last effort to satisfy his curiosity with as much earnestness as good breeding would allow him to evince, "your French is so pure that I should imagine you to have been a Parisian?"

"I have lived nearly all my life in Paris," said Corella.

Perceiving she stopped at this announcement, and did not appear inclined to be more communicative, Saint Germain had not only too much delicacy, but also too much *savoir vivre*, to attempt to extort a confidence she did not seem willing to accord; and

therefore, taking off his hat, and bowing his *adieux*, he desired the coachman to drive on and to stop at the end of the Boulevard, to receive Corella's orders where he was to drive to ; and then retraced his steps slowly to where he had left Valasquez, either as a witness or a check upon the Vicomte de Nesmond's encounter with Lebel. Brief as had been Saint Germain's absence, it had been long enough to have enabled Monsieur de Nesmond to inflict a slight wound on Lebel's right arm, and for the *guet* to arrive, who, after procuring a hackney coach for the wounded valet, and placing him in it, were compelled, at his denunciation, to demand their late chevalier's sword, and escort him as a prisoner to the *Corps de Gardes*. Valasquez and Saint Germain, finding they could possibly do nothing in the matter, took leave of the Vicomte, promising that wherever his quarters might be, they would visit him on the morrow.

"One word, Monsieur le Comte," said de Nesmond, drawing Saint Germain aside, and lowering his voice to a whisper, "where did you leave her? where does she live?"

"If you mean the Spanish girl," rejoined Saint Germain, "your first question is easily answered—in my carriage at the other side of the Boulevard—but as for where she lives, I know no more than you, for she would not tell me."

"*Sapristi!*" exclaimed de Nesmond, stamping his

foot impatiently, "and you let her go without trying to find out?"

"No—but without succeeding in finding out, although in my endeavours, I perceive, I have lost a very beautiful sprig of heath which Madame d'Egmont gave me this evening."

"But she is gone in your carriage ; then your servants will know," persisted de Nesmond.

"I doubt it ; as I suspect she will never let them take her to her actual place of abode."

"Five hundred francs to each of them if they can discover it," cried de Nesmond.

"Well, my dear Vicomte," said Saint Germain, with a smile, "I'll make known your proclamation among my three liveried graces, and acquaint you with the result to-morrow."

"Ten thousand thanks, my dear Comte," cried the young man, wringing Saint Germain's hand with such a paroxysm of demonstrative and energetic gratitude, that he nearly drove the latter's costly rings like so many diamond daggers into his cruelly martyred fingers.

"So ! softly, my dear Vicomte," said he, extracting his hand from de Nesmond's unmerciful grasp ; and shaking his fingers, in order to ascertain whether they were dislocated or not. "Softly, a child's ingratitude is compared in sharpness to a serpent's tooth—but, certes, a lover's gratitude exceeds it in

poignancy by six-and-thirty shark's teeth! The *guet* then proceeded, and Saint Germain linking his arm in Don Raphaël's, again crossed the Boulevard, and mounting their horses, set off at a brisk pace, and unattended, for their place of destination.

CHAPTER IV.

ÆTHALIDES.

Festus. "Where then is thy vaunted power?"
Lucifer. "It is better seen as thus I stand apart
 From all.—Mortality is mine—the green
 Unripened universe. But as the fruit
 Matures, and world by world drops mellowed off
 The wrinkling stalk of time, as thine own race
 Hath seen of stars now vanished—all is hid
 From me. My part is done. What after comes
 I know not more than thou."

Festus, page 28.

"But like a streamer strown upon the wind,
 We fling our souls to fate and to the future."

Ibid. page 128.

ALTHOUGH Valasquez was burning to interrogate Saint Germain upon the subject which almost exclusively pre-occupied him—namely, the mysterious word the former had pronounced at Madame Pompadour's on the preceding evening; and the cause, or, rather the object of their present pre-concerted meeting. Yet, so deep was the reverie of his companion, as they now walked their horses on the road to St. Germain en Laye, after having ridden *ventre-à-terre* through the streets of Paris, that Raphaël

scarcely dared to interrupt it ; when, suddenly the echo of horses' feet rapidly approaching broke upon the stillness of the night, and soon after, a cloud of dust acted as out-rider to the Marèchal Duc de Richelieu and his groom, who were rendered fully visible by the now unclouded moon, as the latter, without for an instant slackening his pace, took off his hat as he passed Saint Germain and Valasquez. This incident furnished Don Raphaël with an opening to commence a conversation, which he had vainly taxed his own invention to bring about ; and having recourse to a *ruse* in great request among lovers and children, that of broaching a subject wide as the poles asunder from the one ultimately their intention to arrive at—he burst into an—

“ *A-propos* Comte, you were remarking to-night at Ramponneau's—speaking of the younger Richelieu—how much consistency there is in each separate *race*, and how little in each separate individual ; do you then really think that virtue and vice, moral and intellectual qualities, both, or either, are hereditary ? ”

“ Undoubtedly,” replied Saint Germain, as calmly quitting his own thoughts—all absorbing as they had appeared a moment before—as he would at will have put off any outward garment ; for in the many lives condensed in his, he was in the habit of stepping as it were from the threshold of one mind to another.—“ Undoubtedly.”

“And yet,” resumed Valasquez, “how seldom you see great men—whether philosophers, statesmen, poets, artists, or generals—leave anything but mediocrity to their sons.”

“For the same reason that the field or the vineyard which this year produces an unusually superabundant harvest or vintage, will, the next, evince even less than ordinary fertility ; it is one of the immutable laws of nature, that the human earth must, as well as its parent soil, occasionally lie fallow ; and, hence comes,” continued Saint Germain, “the inconsistency and falling off of individuals, but this is the small abstract ; in the uniparous *whole*, there is an invisible preparation of natural causes, which is the unsuspected impetus of the civil order of things that concurs to perpetuate the honours, the genius, and even the infamy, or the misfortunes of a race ; the unfeeling obstinacy and insolence of the Appian blood, for instance, never, for a moment, belies its source ; and I need not tell you how numerous and unextinguishable are its descendants. A thousand circumstances, it is true, may warp a constitution from any line of character, and be destructive of all hereditary symptoms ; but if these symptoms are often found to be concomitants of birth, and are visible in the extremes, they will exist, though less apparently in other situations ; and this reasoning, how fallacious soever it may be, as applied to *individuals*, fully justifies the *general conclusion*.

If a peculiar turn of imagination and those infirmities of intellect, which designate insanity, monomania, or imbecility, are so often acknowledged to be hereditary, shall we not accord to all the nobler endowments and intelligences of the mind the same prerogative? But there is no need to infer from analogy what might be established by the most incontrovertible *facts*, were it not too tedious to enumerate particulars, where the experience of common life is so decisive. I am willing to allow that these communicable qualities are subject to *many* contingencies; some are totally effaced; others, checked in their growth, lie dormant perhaps for generations, yet again revive at the electric contact of *opportunity*, and burst into that assemblage of great talents, or predominance of some *one* striking quality, which attracts the observation of the world. The heroism of the younger Brutus was the heroism of his most remote progenitor; the daughter of Scipio was the mother of the Gracchii; the Houses of Publicola, the Messalii, and Valerii, were illustrious for six hundred years; and the Decii retained equally long their primeval character, though they failed in their attempt to restore to Rome—hers, in the decline of her empire. The great qualities too of the last Athenian king flourished in the Archons for more than three hundred years, and the Incas of Peru, during a far longer period, were pre-eminent in every princely

virtue. But to come nearer home, France is rife with more modern instances."

"True," said Valasquez, "and yet how does it happen that a man's own times so often plays the valet-de-chambre to him? and that even the most towering intellects are not *always* heroes to their own era?"

"Perhaps," replied Saint Germain, with a shrug, "it is, that genius is in the same category with all other phenomena, and that

"De loin c'est quelque chose, et de près ce'n'est rien!"

but if such be the case, it is no wonder that Fame has no permanent Pantheon, since mortals can never agree upon who should fill its niches, the hunted of one age being the hero of another, and *vice versa*; Galileo, in the prison of the Inquisition, was nothing more than an impious heretic to his contemporaries; Columbus, when his genius had revealed to *him* the new world, passed among his fellow citizens for a madman, bewildered by his own chimeras; and few persons now-a-days remember the existence even of the exemplary and truly christian Théodore de Bèze; while the ambitious and hypocritical Calvin has swindled posterity out of the appellation of a great man; but so it is, *ad infinitum*. Anne Boleyn perished on the scaffold for a *suspected* immorality, while her daughter *lies* in her grave, with an epitaph that ought to be indicted for perjury, from styling her the *virgin* Queen! After this, who can deny

that the ancients were right in giving their omnipotent **FATUM** the precedence of all their other gods, and making the latter irresistibly subject to it!

“Ah! *there* is another great mystery,” said Valasquez, involuntarily reining in his horse; “the relentless and almost brutal injustice of the fates of some, the most deserving of the human race—the insolent and undeviating prosperity of others, the most worthless of our species—would almost at times shake the faith of an angel. Do you also think, then, that good and bad fortune are hereditary?”

“Not exactly; for the influences which produce both may be traced to two sources: the first, a moral one, derived from the actions and principles of our predecessors; for if in *their* journey through the world, knowing that their conduct, possessions, and position, are the heritage of their successors, they yet scatter thorns and chaff in the highways and byeways of life, it is very certain that their descendants must perforce reap them, and hence, instead of the epithet of *unjust*, we should substitute that of *inevitable*. **DEATH** is the Pythoness which tells us everything, without explaining anything; that voice from the tombs, ever sighing forth its two great truths of ‘*We were what you are; you will be what we are:*’ contains all of this world’s mysteries *that while on earth* we are likely to elucidate,—the action and *denouement* of its dark dramas; but I firmly believe” (and here a strange change came over Saint Germain’s face and voice)

“ that both as to matter, and certainly as to spirit, all *has existed and will exist* to, and from, all eternity ; and that our bodies are only the moulds or phials in nature’s laboratory, successively refilled with the same essences, or passions, and intelligence, poured into different forms, and labelled with *a different fate* ; for who can read history and not feel that himself and his contemporaries *are but the continuation of the same beings* who have ‘ strutted and fretted their hour ’ before us ? for if it be true, as Cardan asserts, that there is a *primary* matter in all existing things, and that this matter continues to subsist after the first form or body that contained it has perished, it is evident that under every form is some *hidden cause* or *substratum* ; and this substratum not being *engendered, but self-existing from all eternity, cannot be destroyed*, not being from its nature subject to the laws of corruption, inasmuch as that it is a part and emanation of THE GREAT FIRST CAUSE, that is, *unproduced, eternal, infinite, and indestructible*. But it is quite impossible to determine, or even to guess at the modifications this primary matter may undergo, in the moral and physical revolutions of ages ; all that is certain is, that we move and act by the same passions which have ruled or wrecked, exalted or debased, saved or scourged mankind from the world’s infancy, (as far as our limping chronology enables us to fix that period ;) and moreover I believe that what we call another world, that is, another and higher sphere, or a lower

and inferior one, as the case may be, we shall not reach till the expiration of several centuries after we have achieved our innumerable probationary evolutions in this."

"What then?" exclaimed Valasquez, hurried away by his momentarily increasing curiosity, "the current opinion of your superhumanly prolonged existence is really true, Comte?"

"I was not alluding to myself individually," replied Saint Germain calmly, (but at the same time waiving, with a sort of marble rigidity from which there was no appeal, the remotest reply to his companion's point blank question;) "I spoke with reference to the whole human race, with regard to which I am convinced such is the case, as it requires several cycles before mind can find its focus, for thought is the germ of action, and reflection its seed;—with this seed the universe is sown,—the scattered thoughts, dormant dreams, and crude theories of one age mature into the great actions, scientific discoveries, and glorious ameliorations of succeeding ones, even to the passions!—Is not the common air rife with unuttered, unacted, and unsuspected feelings? which during the *present or actual* of one epoch, find do other vent, and assume no other form than the passing sigh which launches them into ether, and mingles them with the other elements. But each breath thus garnered into nature's granary, like the fabled dragon's teeth matured through revolving ages, springs up in

giant form, thewed with iron sinews, and armed *cap à pie* to wage the war of life, within those human citadels, the hearts of future generations. So that, *that* which was but a passing thought, for good or ill, in our far distant ancestor, consolidates into the stern irrevocable *deed or deeds*, which cast the form and colour of *our lives*."

"You suppose then," said Valasquez, "that thought is a sort of human exhalation, caught up by nature into her *arcana* — *æana*, there to assume, during her centenary gestations, a palpable and par-cenary form, when it descends upon the world again, either in the thunderbolts of crime or conquest, or the fulgent and meteoric forms of pure and deep affections, high and noble achievements, and benevolent actions."

"Precisely so; and for that reason," continued Saint Germain, "I think the world, that is the human race, would lose infinitely less were every tome of its misnomered *History* sacrificed to that great Jugger-naut, TIME, than should one really fine poem, or work of high imagination perish."*

* This "*wise saw*" was written more than three years ago, and I can now support and substantiate it with a "*modern instance*," having fallen in with that most stupendous and sublime poem, "*Festus*." Never before had the Deity so faithful an interpreter; and who can ponder over the costly ingots of thought, heaped through the mine of that most wonderful creation, and not feel that it were infinitely better Time should re-temper his scythe, at furnace heat, in the funeral pyre of Hume, Smollet, Gibbon, Goldsmith, Robertson, and fifty more such sciolists, than that the very smallest grain of his sand should blot out *one word* of such a work as "*Festus*?"

"I agree with you," rejoined his companion ; "for not only is *thought* the lever of events, but it is also the ballast of time ; and from the additions, or subtractions, chronological and topographical blunders, and various colourings it undergoes, there is perhaps nothing *less true* than that which the world receives as *fact*, from the wholesale collection of solemn fictions and party prejudices called history, down to the familiar gossip of contemporary *on dit* ; whether inflated by the puffery of *Cammeraderie*, infected by that leprosy of deceit which is only to be caught from the flattery and hollow professions of false friends, who gloat their envy on treachery ; or those toxical archery meetings of scandal, where idleness and indifference, far oftener even than malice or revenge, pierce a reputation through and through with

" ' All the kind mendacity of hints. ' "

"That is as true," said Saint Germain, "as if you had been eye and ear witness to the fallacies of history. Ah ! if men would but be convinced of that one great truth—that '*all things worked together for good*,' they would then feel that God's great work was not so much the abstract creation as its spiritual, moral and mental development. *This* book of his great epic progresses slowly, for the Almighty punctuates with AGES ! but it progresses not the less *surely* on that account, and its unities are perfect, though the full focus of its harmonious

and beautiful whole may not be brought to bear upon the perceptions of *any one race of men* ; they must all be gathered together for that at the appointed time—and hence, the cold and narrow scepticism of some—the unspiritual and mere lip worship of others—and the ungrateful and short-sighted murmurings of *all*, as long as our standards and references are the persons and things of *this world*—the persecution of enemies—the still worse treachery and desertion of friends—the prosperity of the wicked—the afflictions of the good—in short, the trials and trammels of life in all their protean forms, must, of necessity, be utterly insupportable to us. But let CALAVRY once be the altar steadily fixed in our soul, to which *all* our offerings are brought—on which all our sacrifices are offered up—and before which all our sorrows pray till they are heard, and anger will soon depart from us at the parts our fellow puppets act towards us, in working out God's will respecting our individual fate ; for we should then feel that they *could have no power over us if it were not given them from above,*" and feeling this, we should *submit*. If also, we would study ourselves and analyse our own heart *till it alone became our point of comparison*, whatever source of pride or gratulation we might feel from our contrast *with others*, we should always experience so deep a humiliation from our *examination of self*, that our burdens would

feel considerably lightened, from the conviction that even humanly speaking, *wed deserved* them."

Here they arrived at one of the *carrefours* of the forest of Saint Germain ; and the Count reining in his horse, dismounted, and tying it to a tree, his tall figure stood out in bold relief against the open space which was now perfectly flooded with light from the moonbeams, which came pouring through the diamond sprayed leaves of the patriarchal trees, which were still glittering from the drops of the recent shower. As Valasquez followed his companion's example and alighted, he said, fixing his eyes on Saint Germain's face, in reply to his last remark—

"And yet Comte, I don't know why, but I should scarcely have expected such sound and orthodox theology from you."

"And why not from me?" retorted Saint Germain, his eyes dilating with an unearthly light ; "and, why not from me? or, rather why not *more* from me than from any other human being? for who *knows most, believes most* ; and, alas ! my knowledge is great ; but, thank God ! through all and everything, my *faith* is greater. You look surprised," continued he, folding his arms, and casting, like a spell, the gaze of his cold, luminous eyes upon Valasquez's face ; "are you then like the rest? and, do you too take me for the vulgar hero of a nursery tale, an amateur wizard who has sold himself to the devil? tush ! leave to that *Maçedoine* of fools—the world—

such drivellings ; and know, young man—for you are worthy of such knowledge—that **SOULS ARE GOD'S COIN**, which, *none have power to barter* ; and, least of all, to the prince of darkness, who is but the lowest vassal of Omnipotence.”

“And yet,” rejoined Valasquez, timidly ; for he felt a mingled awe and admiration for his companion, “I had, I own, imagined—that is, I had been infected with the popular belief that—that—you—”

“Nay, out with it,” said Saint Germain, with a slight elevation of the shoulders and a melancholy smile ; “that I had made a *pacte* with the nether powers for a supernatural quantity of wealth, wisdom, and longevity—is it not so ?”

“Not exactly—but I confess, I had believed in your superhumanly prolonged existence ! the range and depth too of your acquirements are startling ; and, pardon my indiscreet candor, Count, if I also acknowledge, that your apparently more than regal wealth, coupled, as it is, with the received opinion of your having neither banker* nor lands, *has* raised my curiosity to a most feverish and unendurable degree——”

Saint Germain remaining silent, but with his loadstone eyes still calmly and unflinchingly fixed upon Valasquez, the latter seemed desperately to gird himself in the panoply of valour, so often the mer-

* For this, see note (A) at the end of this volume.

ciful gift of fear itself, and added, after a moment's pause, "besides, Comte, do you know that the miraculously protracted youth and beauty of the Princesse des Ursins, in the last reign, and of Madame de Vegy in the present, are attributed to a gift from you of an elixir of your own composition."

"Well, and what then?" said Saint Germain, in his low, sweet, cold, silvery voice. "*I deny none of these facts, the effects of my knowledge; I only repudiate the supposed cause and origin of my power. Raphaël Valasquez, I have watched you for years—has not your life been past among the cabalists? have not your energies been exhausted in trying to fathom their secrets? have you not excavated your brain for gold with Nicholas Famel, and invoked shades from Paracelsus?*"

"Yes, but I have never succeeded in obtaining either," replied Valasquez, breathlessly.

"*I have*, and therein consists the difference between us," rejoined Saint Germain slowly and almost solemnly.

"*Eureka!*" shouted Valasquez, with a joyous burst of indescribable triumph; "I have not then toiled in vain, I have found the haven towards which my bark of life and hope has always drifted, and away from which it has been so long and cruelly tempest-tossed upon the dark seas of doubt and ignorance!"

"Emptiness of emptiness, *all*;" continued Saint Germain, pursuing his own thoughts rather than

replying to Valasquez ; “ emptiness of emptiness ! Of what avails it, for man to woo science into an infringement of the laws of nature ? what boots it, that his footsteps should have left their traces upon the primæval earth, or, that he should have sucked in prophecy for milk from the bosom of Amalthæa at Cumæ ; or, had the stars for his primer, and the beautiful but sad—sad, because *too wise*—Erithræa for his teacher at Ionia, beneath the first blue of its young sky ? What boots it ? since, *through all time* there doth exist but *one* season of enjoyment, the green summer that God has given us of our *natural youth* ; *then, and then only*, is our heart like that Indian nation, the Ascii, during whose *noon*, objects however dark, cast not the faintest shadow ; for then only, and never after, are those mysterious keys of our being—the passions—attuned to harmony, till even their most jarring, abstract discords at *nature's* skilful touch *blend* and thrill forth into most eloquent music.”

Saint Germain paused, and Valasquez, not daring to come at once to the point, at which he was burning to arrive, rejoined,

“ Yet, surely it is our passions which exhaust us ? are they not the sword that wears out the scabbard ? ”

“ Alas ! no, they always exhaust themselves, but not always their owners ; a memorable practical illustration of this passed us not half an hour ago,

in the person of the Maréchal Duc de Richelieu ; for eighty-five years he has indulged his every passion to satiety, and yet, he has seven good years before him ere he enter the lists with death ; and the latter, will find him no easy conquest then ; whereas St. Bruno died old and worn out at forty, from having successfully struggled against his, all his life. But we are losing time, it was not to analyse these abstract atoms, that we have met here ; like most men, you are eager in the pursuit of your bane, you would exceed the allotted term of life, you would pass the fatal rubicon of *forbidden knowledge* !”

“ Surely,” interrupted Valasquez, mechanically stretching out his hand, as if to clutch the phantom talisman, that was to secure to him the realisation of all his dreams. “ Surely, the thirst for knowledge, if sufficiently slaked, in allaying life’s fitful fever of doubt and fear, never can work evil ?”

“ Aye ! *if sufficiently slaked* ; but this boon is not granted to *mortal* yearnings, for the springs of knowledge have their sources in eternity, and therefore, its waters excite, but *never satisfy* ; they do not quench, but consume !”

“ Yet, have *you* not been satisfied ?”

“ Me !” resumed Saint Germain, “ alas ! NO, for as I have before told you, God gives to man but one season of enjoyment, *the youth of his natural life*.”

“ But *you* have attained perpetual youth,” insisted Valasquez.

“Of form, and look, and outward texture, those poor flimsy trappings of humanity, which are the red earth worms’ legitimate perquisites, and which when defrauded of, it, in its remorseless vengeance, only coils the more closely and undyingly around our immortal part. But I tell thee again and again Raphaël Valasquez, that there is but *one youth of heart*, for which reason the Almighty in his mercy has cast an impenetrable veil over the dark features of the great DISENCHANTER, TIME ! and woe ! woe ! woe ! to those whose sacrilegious hand would rudely raise this mysterious veil, they must brave, and hear the worst.”

“And what is that worst ? oh, for the knowledge of it. I am ready to brave, and bear all things.”

“That worst ! is to live *almost* for ever, and yet to cease to live, from the fatal moment wherein you take up your most heavy burden of spurious immortality ; for, futurity, thus violently, and unhallowedly looked upon, is the real medusa that turns with its cold relentless gaze, every feeling, nay, almost every thought to stone ; you will be as I have been, as I am, and as I am to be, till—till—”

“And what are you ?” interrupted Valasquez ; “for that *I* would be, be it what it may.”

“Truly there is no school like wisdom’s for making finished fools. Poor tyro in occult lore, listen, and you shall learn by me how poor a thing it is to be too rich in knowledge.” Saint Germain passed his

hand over his forehead, which was even paler than usual, and then describing with his forefinger some strange characters as it were upon the air, continued, "Yes, it was even here, upon this very spot, but, oh ! how changed ; that some nine hundred years ago, I stood as you do now, breathless and panting, in this mystic race, cheered on by hope's wild plaudits ; straining every nerve to win the golden cup of immortality ! and arriving at last, as you now want to do, at the goal of DESOLATION. These giant trees were *then* for the most part but infant acorns, hid in the bosom of their mother earth, with here and there a little sapling, stretching out its baby leaves to kiss the sun. I had ran the gauntlet of a young man's life. I had got entangled in the web of its low ambitions and its vague aspirings ; in a word, I had drained the circean cup of pleasure to its loathsome dregs, and through all this rapid journey I had met with but one spot of hallowed ground, for I had loved but once ; but man's love is of man's nature, earthy ; and his mad bigotry of passion accepts no faith but that a martyr offers. What then ? 'tis but the choice to live or die such ; the former's *-mine* Sweet saint ! thou art *too well* avenged ; is not my soul a Jerusalem from whence the glory hath departed ? my heart a dreary wilderness through which memory—that homeless Hagar—ever wanders ; and e'en my mind, my proud unwithering mind ! what is it now, but a Palmyra filled with the gorgeous ruins

of the splendid past ! And again, this very night have I not once more bruised my spirit against my fate's eternal stumbling-block, the key stone of these ruins ? Valasquez, listen to me, and listening *learn*, ere it be *too late* ; for earth's *too late* ! is time's mildew, 'gainst which there is no nostrum ; you love."

" I love !" interrupted Valasquez starting, " no, no, you are mistaken."

" And you untrue," resumed Saint Germain, as calmly as if he had not been interrupted, " for you love Lady Evelyn Howard, *for the present*."

" Hush, for heaven's sake," exclaimed Valasquez grasping Saint Germain's arm, and trembling as if the forest leaves had all been ears, and tongues ; whilst he almost reeled under the terror of the shock of *another*, having thus suddenly descended into the very depths of his heart and rudely bared to sight, and scattered to the indiscretion of the winds, the carefully hidden secret, which *he* had never but once allowed even his own eyes to glance at. " Hush ! I do not even know the lady whose name you have dared thus to placard upon every breeze ; I—I—never even saw her but once."

" Nor does the tinder see the fire, till the spark falls upon it, and consumes it, and Lady Evelyn."

" Count de Saint Germain," interrupted Valasquez, his eye flashing and his cheek glowing, as he drew his sword, " you presume too much upon the folly, the

madness, which has put it in *your* power to offer me this unprecedented—this gratuitous insult; but had you a thousand lives you should peril them all to atone for it.”

“Tush, boy, put up your sword, for as *you* are stinted to *one* life, 'twere a pity to jeopard it; we go not in quest of that which we *have*, nor of that which we know; therefore I *seek* not *your* confidence, but in lieu of it *you* shall have *mine*.”

All that might have been offensive in the mere wording of this speech, was so completely neutralized by the calm sincerity of Saint Germain's manner, the total absence of all taunt, or the slightest shade of sarcasm, not to say the almost paternally kind inflection of his voice, that, impelled as it were by some secret power, at once irresistible and unaccountable, Valasquez sheathed his sword, folded his arms, and remained silently, almost deferentially, awaiting this strange confidence.

“Let me see,” continued Saint Germain, tracing as he spoke a sort of phantom chart on the air with the lash of his whip,—“yes, it *was* *προ πολις*”

“How mean you before the city?” interrupted Valasquez.

“Even so, before the city or rather cities; for, in those days there was neither Seville, Cadiz, nor Madrid, *as they now are*; but there was old Castile, and there was thy Alhambra, oh! Grenada, and bright eyes, sweet voices, and high hearts in each; little feet too, whose echoes were like whispered

music ; and forms, whose motion had such poetry in it as stole away the reason, but lighted up rapture at its frozen obsequies. Purple banners caught the breeze, golden clarions roused e'en the tame and languid air, to fan the flame of victory. Along the green sward rang the chiliad echoes of the hoofed lightning of the Arab steeds ; here a javelin missed, there an arrow hit ; but in all destruction's arsenal, there were no weapons so unerring as the dark glances of starry eyes, shooting down like meteors into each wandering soul, from the close ambush of some gilded lattice. I had been slightly wounded in the fray, and was conveyed to the house of a Moorish chief, he had taken me as an enemy, he treated me as a friend ; and I—I repaid him,—after the fashion of this world,—with ingratitude. He had a fair Georgian wife ; oh ! there are no words of earth can tell the soft, dream-like spell of her surpassing beauty, so radiant, yet so mild ; it was like the sun before he bids the world good night, which even while flinging his golden largess on the earth, and waving his crimson banners o'er the hills, casts such a tenderness in every hue, that 'tis infectious, and we *feel darkly*, though in the midst of light. So it was with thy young beauty most sweet Nérolé ! for, while its refulgent brightness flooded the soul, and circled with its magic gold love's horizon, 'twixt the wide hemisphere of hope and fear, yet was there a tender sadness in thy look, as though a forgotten

angel wandered in thine eyes, and cast its shadow o'er the heart into which thou hadst entered. Well, 'tis the old story, I loved Néroli. Foolish Djalhama ! had you been less kind you would have been less cruel. Could you find none other to minister to my returning health but your own wife ? the poison was not in the cup, but in the hand that tendered it ; was *it* my fault that you thus madly flung your pearl of life into it ?

“Néroli loved not the Moor ; but he was kind to her, and she loved his honour and her own. What cared I for either ? I loved only her, that is, as man loves, with *self* ever paramount, and she loved me ! *I knew it*, for there is a freemasonry of heart which no outward signs can deceive ; all love's telegraphs are electric ; we always *feel when we are loved*, even when we do not love in return ; for love is so devotional a sentiment, that it *consecrates us to ourselves* ; and admiration is an incense, the perfume of which is always sweet ; even if we care not for the worshipper who offers it ; but when we do, *then* indeed does the divinity stir within us, for is not to create God like ? and what a new paradise does love again create for two ! and is it not another divine attribute, not only to hear, but to have the power of granting prayers ? *I knew* then that Néroli loved me, for every thing told me so, the wooing balm of her passing breath, as it lingered on my cheek, the glance that met, or that avoided mine, the touch

that burnt and thrilled 'neath my own, or the cold hand that trembled at my grasp, all, all, told me I was loved, *all*, even to her voice, but not in *words*; and are not such words love's signets, without which no contract is secure? I was resolved that mine should be in form; and after many long ineffectual efforts to make the opportunities I could not find, Lachases, ever vigilant to weave in the darker threads of human life, soon furnished that which I so long had sought in vain. Djalhama was again absent at the wars, Nérolî and I were alone, we stood at the open lattice, she gazing on the night and I on her, the stars above us, the flowers beneath, and the sweet summer breeze sighing unheeded through the soft midnight of her hair.

“ ‘Nérolî,’ cried I, ‘only *tell* me that you love me, and I’ll ask no more.’ ”

“The low faint ‘yes’ scarce trembled on her lip, ere it was kissed, or rather torn off, by mine; heaven and hell! life and death! time and eternity! were in that kiss! bewildered, terrified, she broke from me; no matter, I *had* climbed to heaven, I *had* caught the sacred spark, and with it kindled mine own soul! and from that hour I bravely flung my offal vitals to the vulture fate!

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“Time rolled on; and still between me and Nérolî was the impregnable bastion of her own innate purity, and her plighted faith to Djalhama. Amid all

the subtile tactics of love militant, there is none for sapping and mining the fond citadel of a woman's heart like man's, one constant taunt of '*then you do not love me.*' But for months even this failed ; for Nérolis love was like herself, angelic ; and as an angel I tried to worship her but in vain ; for 'tis the peculiarity of all idolatry, sooner or later, to find its idol's feet of clay, and then destroy it ; and so it was with her ; for alas ! what are a woman's sands of life but love ? and no sooner does the fossil alkali, of man's ever selfish passions mingle with the pure ore of these fine particles, than lo ! from the fusion, the crystal rivers of her heart begin to flow, and he at will may flaw or break the fragile beauty of his own creation !* One evening, the Moor was still away, Nérolis was in her bower, where the starry sentinels alone kept watch ; and love's ever apt accomplice, the great enchantress, nature, had poured through the ambient air, her cunning filtres from the enamelled calyx of unnumbered flowers ; the sternest mind, and coldest heart, might have succumbed under the sweet delirium of their influence, mine were neither.

“ ‘ Nérolis ! ’ cried I, putting aside the fragrant ta-

* On the banks of the small river Belus, glass was first discovered ; a ship laden with nitre was stranded about 2,000 years ago ; some of her crew employed blocks of the fossil alkali, that had constituted their cargo, to support their kettle, in the fire they kindled by the river, and to their surprise soon found rivulets of beautiful chrystal flowing from the fusion.

pestry of jessamine, and irreverently obtruding upon the sanctity of her silence and her solitude, 'I come to bid you farewell, for I leave you to-morrow, it may be for years, or it may be for ever.'

"'Leave me for years, for ever? oh, no, no, impossible!' she almost shrieked, and, as if moved by a spring, she rushed forward and clasped my arm, in the convulsive grasp of both her hands.

"'Even so,' rejoined I calmly; for not only did I derive intense delight and exulting hope, from her overwhelming and unguarded burst of feeling, but in *her* frenzied excitement, *I* found *my* composure and *sang froid*. 'Even so, Nérolî, *dear* Nérolî, for I can endure this torture no longer; oh no, it is impossible to love you, and be ever near you, when you do not, when perhaps you *cannot*, love me?'

"'I do not! I cannot!' exclaimed she wildly; 'oh! I have! I do!--May heaven pardon me, for loving you *too well*!' and her streaming eyes were raised imploringly to mine, as if in *them* was the heaven whose forgiveness she alone sought! With the cowardly selfishness of man's nature, I felt, and took advantage of my triumph.

"'Thanks, sweet Nérolî,' said I, in that nicely blended *amor geloso*, moral Hecla tone, half ice, half fire, which never fails to produce its effect when skilfully enunciated; 'thanks to your gentle tenderness of nature, which leads you in this trying hour, to borrow for your rigid friendship, love's sweet name

wherewith to soothe the death wound of a retreating foe ; thanks most gentle Nérolí, but while I accept with gratitude your kind *intent*, I reject the boon, for love's avarice is boundless ; he must have *all* or *none* ; and so with the latter I depart. Nérolí, farewell, farewell for ever !'

"Thus saying, I imprinted one burning kiss upon her pure white forehead, and again pushing aside the delicate arras of silvery flowers, simulated a strong effort to tear myself from the soft fetters of her still clasped fingers.

" 'Oh, no, no ! my fate is in your hands, decide it as you will ; but *do not leave me !*' gasped the almost fainting Nérolí, as she sank upon the earth, *she was at my feet ! she knelt to me !*

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"Nérolí was mine !

"Oh, the eternal agony of that too happy night the warring elements were the unbidden guests of our unhallowed nuptials ; heaven on a sudden put out all its lights ; the sweet, soft whispering air, which just before had been calm as a child's repose, now moaned like a dirge, swept by the Etesian and prophetic blasts of fate ! The very fiends yelled out their damned mirth, and the dread peals of their infernal laughter were echoed in giant thunders through the murky sky. The large drops fell, as if in agony from the knit brow of night, *these* were the tears, for *every* bridal hath its tears ! and verily

'tis their most real part, sweet Néroli, the angels wept at ours !

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“Well, I must end as I’ve begun ; but there is a galvanic madness in every thought that points that way, which doth resuscitate and lash into living torture all the cold obstruction of my long buried passions. Too soon the Moor returned, like the incarnate spirit of God’s vengeance, to drive us from our Eden ; but even before this, Néroli began to droop ; she was less radiant, and yet perhaps more lovely—for as yet love’s omnipresence kept out the gnome, REMORSE, and her beauty was but steeped in the soft twilight of a coming sorrow ; for even sorrow, all hag though she be when we are wedded to her, yet hath, like every heir of earth, her *one brief moment of unalienable youth*, with its rich dower, *attraction* ; then PITY is her first, fond, gentle love,—but *old*, he deserts her, and she never finds him again. Yes, even before Djalhama’s return, Neroli drooped ; for her pure spirit’s wings were clogged with the earth which had sullied them in falling. Love is aye and ever his own worst traitor, which must be the force of habit ; for from so constantly betraying others, he is sure to betray himself, and doubtless he did so now, in the too anxious glances he was ever sending through my eyes to Néroli. Be this as it might, the Moor *seemed* to take no note of her or me ; he was changed in nothing, save perhaps even a more than

usually friendly bearing towards me, increased tenderness of manner to his wife, and the sudden whim of placing a little Arab boy, who had hitherto been only page to his favourite steed, as chamber page to Nérolí. This imp of darkness, whose name was Jijee, was ever in our path ; not a look could pass between me and his mistress, but what his shrewd, dark, devilish eyes seemed to analyze it with chemical acumen ; Nérolí could not drop a gem or flower, but what the hated Jijee, ere I could touch it, had seized it as a tiger does its prey, and returned it to her. One day, having a note to convey to her, she by agreement dropped her handkerchief ; determined to be in time, that I might place the note within it, I darted forward, but as usual the accursed Jijee had anticipated me, and what was still worse, I lost the note most unaccountably, and also a richly damascined jewel-hilted dagger, (steeped in a most deadly Ethiopian poison), that I always wore ; but at the moment I naturally thought much more of the note I had written to Nérolí, the fatal note ! than anything else. The insidious Arab affected to look everywhere for the dagger, (for of course I took care to say nothing about the paper), and at length he even ended by volunteering to continue his search in my own apartment, where he suggested I might have left it. Too happy to get rid of him, even for a moment, I thankfully accepted his offer. No sooner had the thick gold and velvet tissue curtains of the door way

ceased to undulate from his retreating form, than I approached Nérolí, and was about to put my arm round her waist, but she pushed me away, and her eyes glassily fixed upon the door, her finger on her lip, and her cheeks paler than marble, said,

“ ‘ Hush ! I dread that horrid Jijee ; for Heaven’s sake go now, be cautious, and be here to-night at ten, I’ll invent some distant message for *him*, but for mercy’s sake do not stay another moment here now, for I am half dead with dark forebodings.’ ”

“ There is an omnipotence in a woman’s fears upon such occasions which insures obedience. I quitted her instantly. An hour after Jijee came to me, expressing many regrets that he could nowhere find my dagger, which he said he had even looked for in the holsters of all my saddles. The day wore heavily away ; Nérolí’s fears had infected me ; the sky had no beauty, the air no freshness, the wave no music, the flowers no perfume ; for all these things, nay, all creation was to me but one vast mirror which reflected *her*, and when she was not there, I only “ saw as through a glass darkly ” the vague desolation of empty space. Night at length came ; Djalhama was absent, he had taken the Arab with him ; silence reigned around, that fearful silence which precedes a deed of darkness, as if affrighted nature by force kept in her universal breath, till from its very intensity of muteness it grew audible. I had crossed two courts on my way to Nérolí’s apartments ; the moonbeams

fell partially in a broad track of light, at right angles of the court, while the other half remained in total darkness ; even the bright waters that fell from the gilded lions of the fountains into the marble basons beneath, seemed to trickle stealthily, and not to flow with their usual clear and silvery sounds. I hurried forward, starting almost at the echo of my own footsteps ; I cleared the first flight of low broad stairs so rapidly, that I stood panting at the landing, ere I could continue my way through the corridor to Nérolî's chamber.....At length I reached it. ' Oh ! my prophetic spirit !' even *there* the 'iron had entered into my soul,' and my feet became immovable, and riveted to the marble floor, as if it had been a magnet.

" In the Moorish, as in the Turkish houses, the upper or grand apartment was divided into two, the line of demarcation between which was sacred. One of these divisions, the *Salemlîk*, was occupied by the master of the house, and was open to all male servants and visitors ; the other, or Harem—which word signifies a 'holy place'—is devoted to the women, and entrance into it, (as you are aware,) is interdicted to all men. In the larger, or chief's houses, there is a sort of neutral ground between the two ; this is called MABEÏNN, (literally 'between two,') but even here none save the master of the house has access. As I stood trembling on this forbidden threshold, which I had so often boldly passed before, a sudden

shadow seemed to fall across the Mabeïnn. I felt, I know not why, death struck ! could it be that this shade was conscience, which had strode across my moral Marathon, and like that of Theseus, ‘smote without a blow ?’ Rallying with one desperate effort, I darted forward, and pushed aside the massive curtain ; for in all men’s lives, Fate sends ONE forlorn hope, which they *must lead* on to death or victory ! As usual, the room was redolent of those soft, voluptuous perfumes which seem at once woman’s essence and her atmosphere. The light glanced tenderly and timidly athwart the white alabaster of the lotus-shaped lamps,—all—all—was as usual, save that Néroli sprang not to my embrace. I advanced towards the divan ; there she lay hushed in a gentle sleep, a veil thrown over her ; it was strange, it had never been so before ! Was then the harpy, Custom, already at her work ? and with her foul fatal touch soiling and wearing off the gloss and beauty of love’s bridal suit ? The subtile poison of jealousy began to dart, and burn through my veins ; I was jealous—*jealous of myself* ! a few short hours ago, and *I* was better loved than this ; *dreams then* sufficed to Néroli ;—what business now had sleep to keep his trysting before *me* ? I sat down at the foot of the couch, pouting like a wayward child, determined not to waken her, if she did not waken of her own accord—*if* she did not waken ! oh ! God ! and *I* am living still !—no, not living, but breathing, moving, jostling through this world of cold

and bloodless shades. Mercy, great Heaven, mercy, thy justice is too terrible ! * * * * I sat, it might be, some few seconds, my arms folded doggedly ; but, self-love gradually yielding to love, I took one of her small white unslipperd feet gently between my hands ; it was cold, *very* cold ; I knelt down, kissed all its marble surface, and then placed it in my bosom ; it scarce had lain one second there, ere another curtain before a door-way at the side of the couch was first slowly and then suddenly and loudly pushed back, and Djalhama stood before me, carrying a small bronze naptha lamp, the vivid flame of which spiring upwards, threw out his dark portentous face into such strong relief against the unblemished snow of his white turban, that it seemed to my guilty brain as if before me stood an appalling vision of the last great judgment, with all its glorious disc of pardon and redemption in eclipse ! I started to my feet. The Moor looked slowly round on every side, then raised the lamp first to my face and next lowered it to my very feet, as if to assure himself that I was *all* there, so that no particle of his vengeance might escape him ;—this done, he placed the lamp upon a small tripod by the couch, and its light fell amid the silver scintillas of Nérolî's veil ; and then, resting his right elbow within his left hand, and placing his chin within his right, the fore-finger of which partially hid his mouth, he advanced towards me, and said, in a low, distinct, but painfully hoarse

voice, as if the deadly sirocco of ten thousand warring passions had parched up his throat and lungs :—

“ ‘ Most noble Castilian ! I come to bid you farewell ; for there are more battles for me to play, more lives to win and lose. All I fear is, that you may find it dull in my absence, for things are somewhat changed ; hitherto, such hospitality as my poor roof afforded, was freely offered. Albeit, unskilled in the silken broidery and glittering oripeaux of your more courtly life, *I* may have omitted much that might have caused your time to pass more pleasantly ; if so ? I hope you exceeded your somewhat quibbling Spanish proverb, which says ‘ Consider my house as yours, but never forget that it is mine ! ’ Ha ! ha ! such restrictions are but half courteous, and come of a lame and halting hospitality. I hope *you* tuned this low proverb in a higher key, and made yourself master of *all* ; all, at least, that had the good fortune to find favor in your eyes ? but yes, your being *here*, assures me of *that* ; by the way, ’tis sad to lose that which we prize, whether the bauble be of ore, or metal, of precious stones, or of flesh and blood, a faithful steed, or a faithless wife ! and I am the bearer of good tidings ; your Ethiopian dagger’ on which you set such store, is safe, *safe amongst your other treasures.*’ And, with this fearful and demoniac jibe, he raised the silver veil from Nérolî’s face and form, and, in her heart, that gentle, noble heart ! was plunged *my dagger* to the very hilt ! he

drew it forth, and, gloating with fiendish lust on his revenge, he deliberately drew down the reeking weapon, a paper, through which it had pierced his victim ; and, opening it with the dagger's point, and placing it before me, (all saturated with blood as it was, I recognised here and there the burning words of the last letter I had written to Nérolí), he burst into one short demon laugh, as he exclaimed, in his now almost inarticulately hoarse voice,

“ ‘ Ha ! noble Castilian, *are* the Moors such freebooters as you call them ? own, at least, that Djalhama is honest, and gives to every man his own. Nay, more,’ continued he, pointing to Nérolí’s pale corse, ‘ since you had made your own of this pretty toy this climax of nature’s cunning workmanship, *pray*, keep it ! I am sorry she receives you so much more *coldly* than usual, but, doubtless, ’tis your much prized Ethiopian dagger which has steeled her heart against you. Oh, one more gift before we part—be Jigee, the faithful Jigee ! *yours* to all eternity ! never to quit you more ! but, be aye here and hereafter, *the dark shadow of your shadow !*’

“ With these two infernal jests, he took up the lamp, and retreated through the same door by which he had entered. I flung myself on my now for ever cold and silent Nérolí ; I clung to her icy lips as if I could pour the hot agony of my own life into them ; I called wildly upon her name, but death had wedged his marble deafness in her ear, she heard me not ! *then she was dead indeed !* Ah, then I felt—if aught

could be called feeling 'neath the stunned numbness of my crushed heart), *that nothing could part us more*, that fate had done her worst, she was *mine* ! at least, in death. And from the very depths of my despair, I drew forth this pall-like comfort, and girded up my madness with it through that fearful night !

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“Months had come and gone, delirium had been between me and the past. When I regained my senses, I found myself in my father's halls, on my own bed ; gentle shadows glided round it, they were those of my mother and sister ; no Sabian stars or crescents met my view, but the holy chime of Christian bells sent Sabbath tidings to the weary soul ! happy those, which then and there might find their rest, but mine was not amongst them. Again I left my home, again I became a wanderer ; but this time it was for ever. My sufferings had been so unbounded, that it seemed to me that nothing but boundless knowledge could strike the beam, and make the balance even. I travelled on—on—north, south, east, west,—nor sage, nor magi, but whom I studied under ; spider-like, I extracted poison from all, and each ; and spider-like, I wove the dark web that now incompasses me. Gold ! the red despot of the world ! omnipotent gold ! I made and squandered. Oh, it was great to feel men's conscience and their fate were now my playthings, and that I could toss them to and fro, as boys do marbles ; the *first*, I

mostly found as *hard*, and the latter, (partly for companionship), I made so. I *hated all mankind* ; but *one* poor span of life was not enough wherein to slake what seemed to me *then* my eternal thirst for ill. No! I needed centuries to stab Djalhama through countless generations ; for had I not injured and betrayed him too deeply to forgive him ? for, 'tis ever by the heaping of successive wrongs upon the first, that men solder up the faulty iron of their misdeeds.

“Now, mark the sequel of *my* life, for, men *live* but once ; if, even like me, they exist through many generations, each age hath its pet marvel, which *it* deems the climacteric effort of the mechanism of human intellect, at whose quaint clumsiness of construction, pampered posterity nevertheless is sure to laugh. In the year 807, the all-absorbing wonder of the world was a ponderous time-piece, sent with ambassadorial pomp by the Caliph Haroun al Rashid, to Charlemagne ; this leviathan clock struck the hours by means of the falling of twelve brass balls upon a silver bell, it also had twelve horsemen, who came out at separate doors, one at a time, which they opened and closed again, and the moving power, on what we should now call the main-spring, was worked by a hydraulic machine. Far and near, the world flocked to gaze on this chronological monster, which, however, shared the fate of all other great discoveries for the signal benefit of mankind, and did not fail to be denounced by the legislature, and preached

against by the clergy, as an invention of the devil, to instigate men into impiously wresting from the Almighty a knowledge of the advent and distribution of time.

“The Effendi charged with this important embassy, was a magi, of the name of Kahn-Ali-Kahn, under whom, I had long studied at Bagdad. Him I now accompanied to France, which was then but a crude rank berry, compared to the fair lily into which it has blown and flourished since; but even *then*, as now, there was a suavity and courteousness in its very atmosphere, which made one wear one's load of life more lightly,—a kindly sympathy of manner in her people, which seemed to share the burden with one. But the barbaric splendours of the court of Charlemagne could, by no means, atone to me for the voluptuous *vis inertie* of my eastern life. I grew weary of tilting and wine bibbing, and, above all, I grew weary of hearing our poor friend, Horlogius, (as the Caliph's clock was called), preached and caballed against; and therefore, I became importunate with Kahn-Ali-Kahn, to impart to me the elixir of life, which, I knew, he possessed.

“He shook his head and again warned me, adding, ‘I cannot use a stronger argument, than by reminding you, that though within my reach, I have forborne to incur the fearful penalties the using it entails.’

“Much more did he urge upon my consideration,

but I was deaf to all reason : so, at length, on this very spot, I madly took my curtiſ leap into the gulf of mine own fate !”

“ Oh ! let me do the ſame,” interrupted Valasquez.

“ Stay ; you muſt firſt hear the conditions. Know then, this elixir of immortality is all a juggle, to make you dearly pay, that which you already have ; for all men live on through each ſucceeding age, *paying, in each new lease of life, the forfeits of their laſt*, elſe were the mere accident of birth a foul in-juſtice. But God, who does all things well, takes from us the knowledge of our own *paſt* identity ; or, we ſhould be ſo guarded in our actions in the hope of mitigating our juſt puniſhment, that we ſhould deſtroy that one ſole teſt of our obedience to his laws—FREE WILL—with which he has paradoxically *fettered* round our lives. Again, others, whoſe lives are a ſmooth boiling green, along which fortune rolls her golden balls for them to win, without the leaſt apparent virtue, merit, conduct, or ſkill, on their part, are thoſe, who, in the cruel ſtruggles through ſome paſt but now forgotten fate, did ſo bravely and unrepiningly bear the laſh, that God ſaw good to change the poor ſlaves to maſters ; but *one* life is but a unit in our great account, the good or ill we do in it, is carried on to the next ; and, ſo on for ages, when *it will* be all ſummed up, and the final balance, for or againſt us, ſtruck.”

“ Then, in that caſe, beyond the much to be envied

wealth and eternal youth you possess, you do not differ from other men?" interrupted Valasquez.

"Alas! widely, for I am aware of my own protracted identity, and they are not."

"Well, but still I see but the advantage you have gained over them; for, what a boundless range of feelings, sensations, passions and ideas, must be yours?"

"Ideas, yes; feelings, sensations, passions, no; for, from the moment I imbibed the fatal elixir, all my interior world became fossilised, all, save its moral and intellectual portion, over *those* it has no power; inasmuch, as that the three indestructible pivots, upon which the mechanism of human life turns, are progression, development, and retribution, and time takes the initiative of all three. The worst bad nature that vice ever corroded, in *time* will mellow and purify into virtue; this, I know is esoteric, and not palpable to all capacities, nevertheless, so it is. What think you of the Neros and Caligulas of antient Rome, with the Athenian Timon, mithridating into the philanthropists of modern Europe?"

"I thought, on the contrary, that I had understood you to maintain the undeviating idiosyncrasy of race; and to instance as a proof of it, the vices of the Appian blood never for a moment through successive generations belying itself."

"Of *race*, yes; it never does bely itself," resumed Saint Germain; "for our good and bad qualities,

virtues, and vices, passions, and peculiarities, are the heritage of our descendants, just as much as our lands, houses, and chattels; but *souls* are self-existing, unalienable, and *individual*, each mortal has their *own*, which is theirs, or rather *THEM to all eternity.*"

"Even so," said Valasquez; "I am yet far from comprehending wherein lie the terrible penalties of the great immunities which you have obtained beyond other men; for instance, you say your moral and intellectual powers are inextinguishable, and these alone must, through so many ages, have accumulated for you such a vast revenue of knowledge, as to have more than compensated to you for the extermination of those physiological Jesuits—the passions; to say nothing of your having achieved your great wish of *time*, to satiate through countless generations your revenge."

"Revenge!" exclaimed Saint Germain, "verily that terrible vengeance, then begun, is progressing. When, oh when will it be consummated? but it is heaven avenging Djalhama, not my insanity pursuing *him*; it is Time—the even-handed—working out *my* expiation, filtering my just punishment through my sin. Eternal as you think me, as I seem, and in one way as I am, yet every century must I undergo the lot of mortality; and the addition made to my life, is carried on with terrible interest to my death, whose agony is double that of other men, not the least throe of which is to *know* that even *DEATH* for

me is a mockery ; for *I am the great unsepulchred orphan of the past*, who must live on ; for that matter so must *all* ; but *they* deposit their *self-consciousness* with their shroud in earth, and then are harnessed into some new life, *thinking it new*, and charmed with each wil-o'-the-wisp, hope's *Ignus fatui*, that springs e'en from their own rank grave grass, and fools them through the world, till they return from whence they came. But *I, I*, must keep my orgies even in corruption ; and when death's last fearful rattle tells him the die is cast, and makes him think he's won ! *I* and the fiends laugh out to see him cozened ! for mine is a loaded soul that Nemesis doth claim ; and without a moment's respite, flings all, quivering and lacerated, from its last dread stake into the frail body of some new-born babe, whose suffering wail shrieks out to tell the world it hath another victim. Oh ! the overwhelming *ache* of man's more than mature intellect, clogged with the ineptitude of infancy ; this too hard and glittering marcasite ever struggling to free itself from such soft inconsistent argil, doth only generate a quotient legion of unequal foes. This is perhaps one of the most insupportable stages of my punishment ; could I lay aside my terrible identity, then should I know the smiles and tears, but above all the buoyancy of childhood ; but none of these things are for me, for I am *myself always myself* ! a giant of unlawfully acquired knowledge, fettered by the adamantine bonds of childish impotency. Then

comes the accident of birth ; I am not always in the brilliant position in which you have met me ; and though always possessing the power of creating wealth, and, consequently station, yet from a loathing, an indigestion as it were of its inefficacy to procure happiness (at least for me), I voluntarily submit to all the cold, hard, insult-creating trials, and temptations of poverty ; but even *this* is not the severest ordeal through which I pass. Soul being of no sex, mine sometimes passes into a woman's form, if it be into that of an ugly woman, although she must of necessity become what men modestly term, "*a woman of masculine intellect*," yet upon the whole, my life is tranquil enough, as it is astonishing how little I have to complain of from the perfidy of men, and how much I have to laud the friendship and sincerity of my own sex. But woe is me, when I cloathe myself in beauty as in a garment, and light up the fair temple with my own bright intelligence ; for *then*, not even the most dire misfortunes (which from being a sort of panacea to their envy, self-love, or other bad passions, are passports of security for our intercourse with our best friends) can save me from the venom of malice treachery, and ill-nature, as in either sex my youthful appearance never deserts me ; and as envy, and fretful discontent generally plant more wrinkles and ugliness than even years or grief, to those upon whom these bad passions have set their hideous seal,

my smooth browed sorrows of course can not be real, and I find neither sympathy for them, nor mercy for me. Oh! hard indeed is the lot of woman, as *man*, not GOD hath made it; for God's equal law has he perverted to such foul extent, as to have become, in his relative position towards her, a sort of hydra minotaur, of tempter, judge, and executioner; if it be true that "woe to him by whom the evil cometh," then verily "shall no man living be justified." Women too, like all slaves, are false and treacherous to each other, and from the narrow selfishness of individual policy and personal prudence, renounce all honest pride and *esprit de corps*, to pander to their tyrant's despotism; for it is not only to God, but to man that women have to say *non mea voluntas sed tua fiat*; and as it is generally the most dissolute and profligate men who make the most rigid and tenacious husbands and fathers, (because *then* the omnipotent *my* is in the ascendant;) it is on this account that it is in society morally, as it is in the valley of Gezeen physically. For the moment an animal expires in the latter, the air is darkened with vultures, ready to prey upon it; and in the former, no sooner does a reputation die, than vultures from all quarters, in the shape of particular friends, and especially those ladies of tarnished reputation themselves, are sure not to lose a moment in tearing it to pieces, not even so much as an ovation to their lords and masters, as a peace-offering to the manes

of their own virtue. But inscrutable are the ways of God, and undeviating are the laws of nature. I who have outlived all feelings, sympathies, and affections as a man, resume them all in double force during my female probation, or else I should not be a woman. Oh, then indeed, are my sufferings at their climax, I know men too well, to become their prey, therefore must I of necessity become their martyr; for the woman that *will not fall*, must be trampled through the mire by calumny, or left to perish piecemeal upon the bleak rock of desertion and neglect. None save those who have been so tempted, and who have so resisted, who have gone through the same, silent, bitter, unappreciated, because secret, and unknown ordeal,—can comprehend the refined and subtle tortures of a being, whose affections are ever yearning, and never satisfied; whose warm and generous, and ever gushing impulses, are continually being chilled and driven back, by treachery, misconception, and deceit, to prey upon themselves within the pent precincts of their own heart. There are certain wayward destinies also, which act upon a woman's life like a species of moral transportation; and who may compute the amount of torture contained in the almost impalpable, but not on that account less irritating particles of daily and hourly annoyance, that form as it were the dense, ungenial, climate of *those exiled from their sphere*? Such sufferings are so intense, so commingled with the very

essence of existence, that they remain a mystery and a monument, between the creature who endures, and the Creator that ordains them ; for *they alone* are aware of the force, depth, or extent of the impressions produced by the phantasmagoria of passing events, upon certain organizations, as the happy and well placed of this world, are the *blasé* and unmoved spectators of so much *exterior*, positive, tangible, and material suffering, that they are naturally a thousand times more indifferent, not to say sceptical, about those *interior* and moral tragedies of human life, which often escape the eye of friendship itself, or even the still more penetrating one of love. Nérolí, my for ever lost, but unforgotten love, *then art thou avenged !* for is not my spirit steeped in thine, and have I not quaffed sorrow from its deep sources in a woman's heart, till I have reeled from the alcohol of mine own misery ?

“Next comes Djalhama's turn ; when, as you see me now, I dazzle the world with my exuberance of wealth and youth, and dazzling puzzle which happens about each alternate century, then am I *compelled* to wed one of surpassing beauty, but without feeling one particle of love or liking, or even its false substitute, admiration ; this gem I am also *compelled* to rake from out some dunghill, that the *vas* measure of my injury and humiliation may be the more complete ; then we are married with infinite pomp and pageant, and envy sheds her gorgeous

but ill-omened halo, over our nuptials ; for none can fail to see, thrice happy mortal, that I am ! that all the love is on the side of the fair bride, but gratitude is not in love's vocabulary. Poor wayward urchin, the moon itself he'd spurn, if it were not the *one* particular toy he cried for at the moment. So I remain unmoved, untouched, by this rich argosy of love ; for I who see, alas, the end of all things, see the deep hidden rock on which it soon must split, so I should be mad (had I the power) to freight it with my hopes. But though I cannot love, I can seem that virtue well, and *seeming* is the world's most current coin ; oh ! the wise Greeks were right, the *το πρεπον* or decorum, is every thing, and in the nice decencies of life, I make even scandal dumb. Some few years wedded, more or less, then comes mine own familiar friend, (but always one to whom I had rendered some signal service ; as Djalhama had done to me) and robs me of my wife ! *Then* once more human passion lashes into an empty foam, my torpid pool of life, and I am jealous, darkly, savagely jealous ; but it is not the jealousy of love, that almost sacred madness, which makes of the poor bleeding heart which it consumes, a holocaust, that heaven itself might pity and accept. No, mine is the Laocoon jealousy of self-love, which, with its sacrilegious progeny of hatred and revenge, perishes beneath the serpent coils of its own writhings. Then it is that the sepulchral voice of stern uncom-

promising conscience, calls loudly through my soul, and says,—‘*Thou fool, look back to where time WAS, return to where time is, and then thou’lt wear the world, and its worst sneers more lightly, pick up thy tarnished honour, and gird it bravely on; grateful to think that thy heart, thy life, thy all, was not in it, when it fell, to be crushed and trampled on, like to Djalhama’s!*’ * * * * *

Then, then indeed, does time brim up his glass with retribution’s burning sands; and drift them through fate’s dire simoon, across the still lengthening desert of my life, above which shines *no* solitary star; through which not even *fancied* waters flow; for to *me*, hope denies the kind cruelty of her bright delusive *mirage*. Now learn the much coveted immunities I have as a set off to all this torture. I read in the cramped black letter *grimoire* of men’s hearts as in a fair typed, widely opening book, ’tis for the most part like a Hebrew text, that must be deciphered backwards, and at best resembles the Parsee Zendavesta* which coincides up to a certain point with the Scriptures, but the Mosaic Scriptures, without the glorious sunrise of their apocalypse, for in most hearts there are *good intentions*, which may be considered as the *letter* of the law, (or if you like it

* The sacred book of the Parsees, which is said to have been written by Zoroaster; and in many particulars tallies so remarkably with the Hebrew Scriptures, as to countenance the supposition, that if it really is of such antiquity as it pretends to, the author had obtained a knowledge of the Jewish religion, from Daniel, or some other of the Jewish captives at Babylon and Susa.

better, its commandments graven on a stone tablet), but seldom ripening into action, which is its spirit ; there too, I read eternal passions of scarce six weeks duration, devoted friendships, ending in such deadly feuds, and fretted with such petty spites, that an honest enemy would scorn such paltry weapons. Each two hundred years a light streams out, athwart the darkness of my night, for some deluded being like yourself crosses my path ; eager to plunge into the fearful whirlpool of unending life ! and should they be rash enough to do so, then *I should be free !* but *never* yet after the ten years' novitiate, that the equipollent spirit of life and death allows them, have I found *one* mad enough to rid me of my burden, *nor will you !*"

"Nay, be not too sure," interrupted Valasquez. "At all events these ten years' novitiate seem at least a safe and tempting foretaste, a pleasant instalment of immortality !"

"Aye *that* tempts you all ;" said Saint Germain ; "the more so, that for those years the spirit is your slave, discounting your every wish into quick fruition ; annihilating for you time and space, and willing you from east to west, into all places, and at all times, as fancy's mistian vane may chance to veer."

"There is one thing that puzzles me," rejoined Valasquez ; "which is, that ten years of probation is such a mere grain of sand in the immensity of time through which you have lived, that I do not

see how it was sufficient, comparatively speaking, to have enabled you to judge, whether you would live on or not ; the more so, that in accepting them in the full zenith of one's natural life, how is it possible to distinguish the natural from the preternatural ? that is, how is it possible to prevent their being so blent together, as to preclude a separate analysis of the *pros* and *cons* of either ?”

“ Alas !” said Saint Germain, “ I had not even these ten short probationary years, *but rushed upon my whole fate at once !* and it is not one of the least barriers to my escape, this novitiate I am *compelled* to accord to all who *think* they should like to be my successors. For great and startling events, like that species of great men called conquerors, are terrestrial meteors, which like their celestial prototypes, blaze on the world for a moment, but leave no lasting or useful light ; the whole arcana of physiology consists in a series of rotatory re-actions, and thus it is, that the great moral influences, which regenerate mankind, and revolutionize society, are produced by social under-currents, which are the slow, but sure, and invisible agency, of apparently humble and insignificant means. When the imperial power, and purple pomp of the Cæsars were spread like a mantle over the whole of the *then* civilized world, men deemed that *that* was the greatness and the type which would endure for ever ; and gazing with vulgar wonder upon this blazing, but ephemeral comet,

neither perceived nor dreamt of the *eternal* star of Bethlehem ! and yet, *what are the Cæsars now* ? At most a useless page in history's dead letter. And where is their power that swayed the world ? Long sleeping echo does not even answer *where* ? And later, when Charles V., and his great rival of France, filled the world with their deeds, neither they nor mankind took cognizance of the obscure monk born in Spain, nor of the humble German hierarch ; yet ever since it has been Martin Luther, and Ignatius Loyola, who have divided and governed the world. And so has it been with me, this fatal elixir was the great glory of my past folly ; but from my very presumption, have I learnt humility ; among the wretched, the ignorant, and the lowly, have I acquired its rudiments ; for among the most abject of these, during weary cycles of my interminable life, I have not met *one*, the conditions weighed, the ten years past, who, by going farther on, would set me free.

“ From this have I learnt the great practical truth, that better is a little, nay the very least, which God giveth, than much, however great, that man unlawfully wresteth ; but it was not from my own giant error that I acquired this knowledge ; no, it was from the small, insignificant, almost imperceptible lights and shadows passing over other men's minds, that I matured my own ; it was the acorn constantly falling from the universal tree of life, which had convinced me how terrible a curse was the monstrous

gourd that I had presumptuously dared to graft upon *my* own particular branch of it. So much for my lesson learnt among the lowly and the ignorant; *now* pass I on to a higher school, and seek my substitute amid the learned and the wise—the sybarites of intellectual refinement, where I shall have more trouble and even less success.”

“Nay,” said Valasquez, piqued into contradicting the positiveness of Saint Germain’s assertions, “with all your knowledge, how can you be so very sure of the chances of another’s conduct?”

“Because,” replied Saint Germain, shaking his head, “there are no such things as chances; everything in this world, from the smallest to the greatest, or what we deem such, is immutably decided upon from the first; but not only events, but their results, being mercifully in most instances, and wisely in *all*, hidden from the finite perceptions of men, *they* have set up an undiscerning god whom they call CHANCE, and like the Chinese with *their* idols, heap curses on it when it is against them, and load it with profane and undeserved thanksgivings when it is for them. But when I say that you will not be more willing than the rest to take my place, I do not even use the prescience of which I am so fatally possessed; I speak only according to one of the chief indentures of my bond, which is, that never, till I find a person answering to the first name I addressed to you last night, shall I be sure of having found one willing to

remove from me my whole burden, by taking it upon themselves; and the second name, only, found an echo through your soul, and stirred it into quick intelligence with mine."

"Well but," again objected Valasquez, "you seem to me to exert yourself to the *very utmost* to *dissuade from taking*, rather than to *persuade into taking* the burden of which you are so weary, by adding to the disheartening revelations of its penalties the urgent warnings of your own experience. Surely such a course must militate against your success, and is not only ultra-loyal, but (pardon my freedom of speech) somewhat foolish."

"Foolish according to the wisdom of this world," rejoined Saint Germain, "for to the shallow cunning of men's narrow policy, the honesty which has no clause in favour of *self*, is to them what Christianity was to the Greeks, when preached by Paul at Athens — '*foolishness*;' but have I not told you that *progression* and *development* are two of the inevitable laws of our nature? In every century through which I have dragged my ponderous burden, I have at least worked out those two holy laws, for in every age I have filtered away *some* of my dross; till *now* I *would not* injure or deceive if I *could*, but my nature being purified, I *could not*; so that I have little merit in not attempting to curtail, even by a single hour, God's just judgment, by trying fraudulently to palm off my burden upon another. But even to *me* a

way is opened, where I may prove that I do right for right's sake, and not because I am *compelled* to it ; for virtue's gifts, like all others, are valueless unless they be free-will offerings. You know," continued Saint Germain, "the prophecies of Noël Olivarus,* written in the time of Charles the Ninth, touching the convulsions of this unhappy country ; from that time to the present, they have been scoffed at by the few who are cognizant of them, saying, he did well to place such terrific events so far off, that none might be able to refute him. Let them scoff ! but *I hear God's great army of events marching upon the world ! I see blood*, as from victim-fed reservoirs in the courts of fate, opening their gory sluices upon this now smiling and thoughtless land ; for *I* also have a link in the giant chain which is forging by the reckless profligacy and oppression of its nobles, to turn France into one large national galley, whose ignominious brand may never be effaced. Olivarus, when I consulted him, (for even at that time I tried to be rid of my load), told me that my first opportunity of escape would be caused by a serpent between my robe and the stone which was my stumbling block, and would occur in or about the year

* For this most extraordinary prophecy, foretelling, from point to point, in its utmost minutæ, the French Revolution of 1793, the Consulate, the Empire, Napoleon's battles, abdication, return from Elba, banishment, and death at St. Helena, return of his ashes into France, the revolution of 1830, and the Orleans dynasty, see note (B) at the end of the work.

1793. All this was too dark and too enigmatical for me to make anything of, and I begged of him to leave riddles, and tell me plainly his meaning ; yet nothing further could I elicit from him. But as the time approaches, I see as through a telescope, that a monster will lower upon the world at that period, of the name of Robespierre ;—now, dividing the *Robe* and the *pierre* with the letter *s*, which is serpent-shaped, the prediction of Noël Olivarus becomes plain, would I consent to let my soul slip into this charnel-house of corruption, which in the next generation shall be called Maximilian Robespierre ; and by so doing for one year, open the gates of hell, and let loose upon this devoted country all its hideous population of vice and crime ; I should then at length be able to *escape from myself*, by forfeiting my existence on the scaffold.”

“ But surely,” interrupted Valasquez, “ if such a monster as this Robespierre is to exist, and to unchain hell as you describe, the fearful amount of crime that must ensue from the sanguinary scenes of this infernal drama, of which he is to be at the same time author and actor, your punishment, (supposing you to become him), would of necessity be ten million times greater than it can now by any possibility be ; therefore instead of gaining you would lose.”

“ *That* is a matter of doubt,” returned Saint Germain, “ for when such scourges are sent forth to lash the rebellious world, it is a query whether they are

not used merely as special instruments, additional mortars, as it were, in Heaven's artillery ; and if so, it may be presumed that responsibility will not be one of their attributes. But were it otherwise, and my single soul were brought in bankrupt for all this vast debt of crime, yet should *I* gain ; for in all the stages of retribution that awaited me, through countless generations up to the far—far—distant cycle which *we* call the end of time, that is, till *our* planet is burnt out, I should lose at all events the gnawing sense of my own identity, and that with *me* is the *one* great 'consummation so devoutly to be wished.' All the world suffer, for all the world have sinned, but in their ophthalmia of soul, *they* say, '*Oh ! what have I done that I should be so tried ?*' whereas, did they but know,—were they like me,—were they bowed down by their *undying self-consciousness*, which is the quintessence of concentrated *remorse*, then would their suffering seem but as a thistle's down weighed against their rock of sin, and they would cry with me, '*how many ages must yet pass away, ere my tribulation will have been sufficient to counter-balance my transgression ?*' But you are wrong in calling Robespierre the author as well as actor of the bloody tragedy, which is so soon to have France for its theatre, and Europe for its audience ! The copyright belongs to Voltaire, D'Alembert, and their *clique*, but especially to the former ; however, *he* himself does not dream of the power of his own

spells ; he is not the first dabbler in the black art, who has been scared by the hideous fiend of their own evoking, and he will live to be frightened at the force and extent of his work ; for not a single *bon mot*, shot from the levelling wits of the Café Procope, but may be considered as the nails of some future, but not far distant scaffold ; and not a page of the glittering tissue of infidelity, woven at Ferney, but will form a pall for the victims of those scaffolds !”

Saint Germain paused. Valasquez also remained silent, plunged in the depths of his own thoughts, from which he was only roused by the voice of his companion saying,

“ I thank you for the patience with which you have listened to me.”

“ Patience ! nay, rather say deep interest and sympathy,” said Valasquez.

“ No ; patience is the right word,” resumed Saint Germain, mournfully, “ and interest, if you call curiosity interest ; but sympathy, at least *human sympathy*, is not for me, nor will it be for you if you rush without its pale. The only time that I feel humanly, is when I am *compelled* to lay open the sepulchre of my heart to the view of another ; *then I re-suffer* my past life, and by so doing, *know* that I am still human ; but those who *hear*, listen as to the obsolete legend of some long bye-gone time, whose papyrus passions have lost all their sap.”

This was so true that Valasquez could not gainsay it, therefore he merely observed,

"There is one thing which you have not explained to me; namely, how it is possible to distinguish these ten years of supernatural life, from the unheeded, because familiar mystery, of the daily current of our natural life."

"On the steep summit of a high mountain near Canton well, two ever-gushing springs, *one* of a bright pure diamond water, the other of an equally bright fluid but of ruby red; this ruby water no human means have power to warm; moreover, put the two waters into the self-same vessel, and shake them together with the utmost rapidity and strength, yet no human power can make them mingle.* So it is with this natural and supernatural life; *nothing* may make *them* mingle; through one channel of your soul will gush all your human passions, virtues, vices, faults, and failings, warm from their springs, which, however muddy and earthy at the source, yet if not utterly poisoned, purify in their onward course, till they lose themselves in the vast ocean of eternity, while in another channel, parallel with the first, will stagnate the *reverse side or end of all these things*. Here will lie the high hopes so impetuously rushing onward; at the other side, tangled and perishing amid the rank weeds of obstruction and disappointment,

* Fact.

the friends whose smiles played like sunbeams above the bright waters of your life's youthful promise *here*, will cloud o'er the turbid depths of their own selfishness. And, above all, LOVE, the first best household god of every heart, shall *here* lie trampled beneath his own Idalian dust, when sphinx like he destroys himself, because forsooth his riddle's solved. Here too, the most glowing beauty that ever cast its angel halo o'er the soul, and lit up earth with heaven, shall look but like some lifeless faded form, in one of history's frescoes, traced upon the wall of time. Decide then, *now or never*, if you will dam up every source of present enjoyment, by associating them with the *constant* view of this foul, stagnant pool of the inevitable '*what will be.*' "

Valasquez continued silent for a few moments, and then with a burst of excitement, exclaimed,—“ *I will*, for what are ten short years even of suffering compared with such knowledge?”

“ *Knowledge*, aye, that is the watch word,” said Saint Germain. “ Oh !” continued he, pointing upwards to the deep vault of heaven, where the moon now sailed in cloudless splendour, “ that men would *wait* till they got *there*, where *all* shall be equal in knowledge that are equal in virtue; believe me, *to see God* is to *know all*, and who can do that on earth?”

“ But did you not tell me that I should read in all hearts as in a book ?” inquired Valasquez.

"In *all*, *save one*."

"Tush, the old story, my own no doubt?"

"No, the heart of her you love."

"Ha! then how shall I know if she loves me?"

"As other men know, or think they know, by her telling you so."

"Well, but were I to relinquish my power of reading in all other hearts, could I not obtain the only knowledge I covet, that of being able to read in her's, that is, *if ever I should love*?"

Saint Germain smiled at this Jesuitical clause, but replied, "It may not be; *love's mystery is his life*, as I before told you; once his riddle's read, he destroys himself, therefore be not *you* the rash *Œdipus* that would unravel this great enigma of the world."

Again Valasquez "pondered with his own heart," and was silent for some seconds when he resumed: "But you say this spirit of life and death, for these ten years, will be my slave, transmuting my every wish into golden reality."

"Into *reality*," repeated Saint Germain. "I did not say golden, for few realities are such."

"Well then, even so," cried Valasquez after a few more seconds of deliberation, "let the undiscerning god as you call chance, lay the odds

'I'll set my fate upon the cast,
And stand the hazard of the die.'

So now for the last lesson; how am I to summon

my future slave, this spirit of LIFE and DEATH? let him appear."

Saint Germain sighed; and with a melancholy smile, drew from his bosom a small glittering asp, whose scales were alternately brilliants and rubies, or something that greatly resembled them, only of far superior brightness; this, as he held it by the centre of its body, writhed about, and emitted corruscations of strange meteoric brilliancy through the air.

"Here," said he, "since it must be so, take this OPHIDIAN*, beware of losing or mislaying it, for if you do, *I am from that moment free*, and you must inevitably take my place; for which reason it will be better to wear it constantly round your neck, that it may not be exposed to the legion contingencies of accident and forgetfulness. By wearing it too, you will also derive another benefit, that of being warned by the dart of its tongue, when any imminent danger threatens, either you or the person you most love; in order to summon the spirit who henceforth (till this day, night, and hour ten years), must obey you, you have only to hold it thus. (Valasquez with a palpitating heart seized the glittering talisman), "and," continued Saint Germain, "say

"ÆTHALIDES! THOU EQUIPOLLENT AND UBIQUITOUS SPIRIT OF LIFE AND DEATH! I SUMMON THEE TO MY PRESENCE, TO DO IN ALL THINGS MY BIDDING, APPEAR!"

* A small reptile of the lizard species.

No sooner had Valasquez repeated this invocation, than the same deadly cold and mysterious whirlwind, which had caused him to swoon on the preceding night, accompanied by the same luminous circle, now encompassed him. From the intense and sultry heat which had prevailed a moment before, the forest leaves were stirred with a mighty rushing of some icy vapour, as if the storm king in person had swept through them with his robes of drifting snow; and then again, as this vapour subsided, the atmosphere gradually resumed its former genial glow, and Valasquez, who had involuntarily closed his eyes, now opened them, and beheld standing before him a tall figure, clad in a luminous white vapour as in a garment. There was a solemn and impassible beauty in his features; and his hair, which fell in thick flowing curls over his shoulders, seemed to be formed of a sort of impalpable, half golden, half purple atmospheric tissue, as if it had been woven from twilight; one of his wings which were large, and fell around him like the folds of a mantle, cast out a bright track of mild effulgent light, and the other a long, dark, cold shadow; for one wing was as of snow woofed with sunshine, while the other or left wing, was black as that of a raven. In his right hand he held a golden cup wreathed with flowers, of most unearthly beauty and fragrance, but into the calices of which, from within the golden cup, small black asps were con-

tinually darting their envenomed tongues, from which the flowers shrunk up withering, till they all dropped off one by one. In his other hand was a large, black, extinguished torch reversed. At this apparition Saint Germain stood deferentially uncovered, as if in the presence of a superior, and his head bent and his hands joined as in prayer ; while Valasquez, on the contrary, independent of any volition or premeditation on his part, after looking till he had learnt as it were the exterior of this vision by heart, exclaimed boldly, "WHO ART THOU?"

"I am," responded the spirit, "first thy slave, oh ! mortal, to do thy wildest bidding, he whom the Greeks called *Æthalides*, the herald son of Mercury, whose way lies at once among the living and the dead."

"And which way is the best?" questioned Valasquez.

"I am not here to teach nor to betray, but simply to obey thee, in the matter of thine own deeds."

"But will those deeds, the accomplishment of all my wishes, through thy agency, insure me *happiness*, that *ultima thule* of all men's desires?" said Valasquez.

"I know no more than thou, being no creator ; but like thyself a creature."

"But still if thou hast power to do my will, thou should'st have power to know it," rejoined Valasquez, "without speech of mine."

In the short space of time which this colloquy had occupied, the flowers encircling the golden cup which Æthalides held, (and, which sprung up afresh as fast as they dropped off,) had re-bloomed several times; his only answer to Valasquez' last question was to pluck a leaf from one of the Nenuphars, and wafting it towards him, said,

"To-morrow, oh! mortal, it shall be as thou listeth."

Whereupon he instantly disappeared. For some moments after, they were in total darkness; and neither Saint Germain nor Valasquez broke the silence. At length, when the moon again shone out, the former was leaning against a tree like a man in the last stage of mental and bodily exhaustion, (while his horse, with dilated nostrils and covered with foam, was trembling and neighing vehemently). Rallying with a great effort, he sprang into his saddle, and, perceiving that Valasquez was about to speak, he waived his hand deprecatingly, and said,

"No more of this, and, I must beg you will never again allude to this night till I do; and now," continued he, pointing to the cold gray light of morning, that was beginning to dapple the east, "I must return to Paris; you, no doubt, will remain at the Pavillon d'Henri Quatre; but I hold you engaged to accompany me to Madame de Pompadour's *levée* to-morrow at noon, as *I must* arrange this affair of Monsieur de Nesmond's, and, no doubt, shall

need you as a witness, to back me against Lebel ;” and, with this, Saint Germain dug his spurs into the flanks of his horse, and, taking off his hat, with the scrupulous courtesy of the time, in another moment was out of sight.

CHAPTER V.

“ Qui benè amat, benè Castigat.”

Occasionally altered from St. Augustin, for marital use.

“ What's fame ? a fancied life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us e'en before our death.
Just what you hear you have, and what's unknown,
The same (my lord) if Tully's or your own.
All that we feel of it, begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends.”

Pope's Essay on Man.

IN a large room on the Rez-de-Chaussé, or, ground floor of the Jew Zamora's house, in the Cul de Sac de Guémenée, at the back of the old hôtel de Richelieu, in a room hung with *vert pèrruche*, and silver damask, with a costly *ameublement à la Louis Quinze*, of Bühl, and Sévres china, *commodes chiffonnières*, and library tables, mounted, the former in *or moulu*, the latter, in silver gilt: the velvet-covered mantel piece laden with splendid vases, candelabras, and a time-piece of the same, while a large lyre-shaped, gilded *jardinière*, blooming with choice exotics, filled up the unused fire place and delicious watteaus, were inserted into each medallion-shaped pannel over the doors, and a profusion of luxurious *causeuses*, *boudeuses*, sofas, and *comme il vous plaira* Madame's,

stretched their inviting arms in every direction ; on one of them, sat by a large round table, covered with crimson velvet made to fit it, with a deep bullion gold fringe round it, a lady, whose eyes suffused with tears, rested (with that look of vacancy peculiar to exhausted hysterics) upon an open letter, and a quantity of papers lying on the table before her, one small high-heeled velvet slippered foot, reposed upon a kind of gold brocaded hassock, while the other sank into the thick *Tournois* carpet that covered the *parquet* ; her dress was of changeable light silk, shot with pink, bluish green, and white, reflecting all the colors of the interior of an ormer shell, and, called at the time, “ *vague de la naissance de Vénus.*” This was clasped from the bosom down the pointed bodice, with opal buttons ; over the shoulders, was pinned a very fine and very white *linon-batiste* handkerchief, trimmed with two falls of magnificent Dresden lace ; the cap, *à la tant pis pour vous*, one of those exquisite *chef d'œuvres* of coquetry, which only a Parisian *modiste* can achieve—a something between a smile and a frown, which seemed to say, *resist me if you can ? but love me if you dare !*—was also of Dresden lace, tied negligently with its own lappets, under the chin, and only very partially concealing the magnificent *blonde cendré* hair of the wearer, which was turned up in a large *chignon* behind, with a gold slide, and but very slightly disfigured with brown *maréchale* powder ; the long pen-

dant *engageants* or ruffles, were also of the same costly Dresden lace, and, displayed a beautifully rounded ivory arm, that might have served for a model, the equally beautiful little hands which terminated these arms, were hidden (all, save their tapered-shell-nailed and rose-tipped fingers) by cream colored kid mittens, that color now called *beurre frais*, which were surmounted by broad black velvet bracelets, clasped by small oval miniatures, *chef d'œuvres* of Petitots, set round with pearls. The dress itself was tucked through the pocket-hole, on the left side of the hoop, and displayed a quilted satin *gorge de pigeon* colored petticoat, which, in its turn, was short enough not to conceal the high instep and exquisitely turned ankle, of the small dainty little foot that peeped out from beneath it: while its owner's beautiful head was thrown back against the gilt corner of the high-backed chair in which she was sitting, her eyes fixed, (as we have before stated), vacantly on the papers which strewed the table; her left hand hanging over the side of the chair, where a very small white Pomeranian dog, with large black loving eyes, was busily licking it, (a proceeding sufficient, had it been seen by them, to have excited the envy of all the other puppies in Paris); the other hand listlessly stirred the spoon, in a beautifully mounted *sèvres* cup of half cold chocolate, which stood with some untasted *crôutes d'orés*, on a salver beside her.

This lady was Lady Evelyn Howard ; the letters before her were from her English *homme d'affaires*, and being of a strictly private and personal nature, like all she was in the habit of receiving from the same quarter, had not failed to occasion her much distress, and awaken her too numerous sources of grief. Beautiful as she was, Lady Evelyn de Vere had not been married for her beauty, but for her *dot*, which was very large, she being a co-heiress with her twin-sister, Lady Maud. Their mother had died in giving them birth, and their father, Lord Athenreagh, who knew that they were rich, and saw that they were beautiful, thought that he, and nature had done everything for them that they, or the world, could either desire or expect ; and though loving them dearly, troubled himself no further about them, than to find them a fitting *chaperon*, to launch them into society ; by which he understood one, whose rank and fashion were indisputable. And as far as regarded those two qualifications, he certainly could not have selected a more fitting person, than Lady Glensborough, who was *la sommité des sommités* ; and whose house was the focus of the *élite*, especially of a certain *clique* (for every age, town and country, *has its clique*) of autocratic men, composed for the chief part of the most distinguished profligates, and *mauvais sujets* of the day, with a few variations and exceptions, in favour of talent. Among Lady Glensborough's clique were to

be found, Pope, Swift and Arbuthnot, Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, Horace Walpole, and by way of *plastron* his uncle "Pigwiggen," Edward Montague (when he was *out* of prison and *in* England), his friend Taaff, of turtle and pine-apple celebrity, and though last, not least, (at all events to Lady Glensborough, whom the scandalous chronicle affirmed had been his *maitresse en titre* for three years) the handsome, fascinating, but thoroughly worthless and dissolute Vernon Howard. No sooner had Lord Athenreagh intrusted his beautiful daughters to this dangerous and unprincipled woman, than she marked poor Evelyn for her prey, and resolved to repair the shattered fortunes of her paramour, which had been wrecked at the gaming table, by securing to him the hand and dower of Evelyn. The plot was by no means a difficult one, for Evelyn de Vere was too young, and too pure minded, to see in Mr. Vernon Howard, aught beyond the handsome, clever, captivating, and above *all devoted lover!* which he appeared to her; while on his side, *blasé* as he was, the surpassing beauty of Evelyn, made him feel for her, as much as ever a *roué* is capable of feeling for any woman, namely, a strong desire not to let her escape him. Lord Athenreagh, it is true, had some vague idea that Vernon Howard was not exactly made of the stuff calculated for the wear and tear of domestic life, and therefore put in his caveat, at a very early stage of the business, which however,

he was flattered by Vernon, and kissed by Evelyn, into withdrawing, only wisely continuing to closely tie up, the greater part of his daughter's fortune upon herself. But Maud de Vere, whose deep, earnest character, made precocious beyond her years, in this instance by her unbounded affection for her sister, saw with a prophetic eye, the misery Evelyn was wedding herself to; but Evelyn was eighteen, and in love! and a heart of eighteen labouring under that terrible epidemic, thinks it a proof not so much of devotion as of *common justice*, to hold a contrary opinion to the whole world, when the whole world's opinion is injurious to the object of its affections. And consequently this epoch of the sisters' lives was commemorated by the first quarrel they had ever had.

"I do believe Maud," said Evelyn tauntingly, with a flushed cheek and a flashing eye, as she gave a last look at her glass, preparatory to joining Mr. Howard at the opera, and fastened into the bosom of her dress, a diamond love-knot, his first gift after they were affianced—"I do believe you are in love with Vernon yourself, or you would not be so anxious for *me* to break with him. Ha! ha! ha!" continued she with a forced laugh; "I could forgive you much more easily for *that*, because I could understand it, than I can for eternally abusing and maligning him as you do; it is unchristian-like, it is unwomanly of you sister, and, and, I hate you for

it—I *do*,” concluded she, rushing from the room, and slamming the door after her.

“Evelyn! Evelyn!” sobbed Maud, following her, and flinging her arms round her neck, as she overtook her, on the first landing; “only unsay that you hate me; and love Vernon Howard as much as you please, I’ll never, indeed *I never will* say another word against him, I’ll only pray that *he* may love you?”

Evelyn, who at the beginning of Maud’s petition was too happy to be reconciled to her, and was mingling her own tears with her’s, re-kindled at its termination.

“*Pray!* that *he* may love me!” repeated Evelyn indignantly; “why you must be mad Maud, he *does* love me, *that* I cannot be deceived about, so pray, don’t waste your prayers, upon such works of supererogation.”

“Oh yes!” said poor Maud, apologetically. “I know very well that he loves you now; for who could help loving you Evelyn? I only meant that I hoped he’d be worthy of you!”

“Take care sister mine!” cried Evelyn, bursting into a joyous laugh, as she took Maud’s chin in her left hand, while looking archly in her eyes, she held up the forefinger of her right menacingly; “*take care*, for you know we are as like each other as two drops of dew upon the same flower, so you cannot rate your, I’ve no doubt, *charming sister*, the Lady

Evelyn de Vere, so *very* high, as to think the all accomplished Vernon Howard scarcely good enough for her, by hoping he *may* be worthy of her, without running considerable risk of *over-rating* her *equally charming* sister, the Lady Maud!" and so saying Evelyn ran down stairs laughing, and Maud returned to her room sighing.

A fortnight after, Evelyn became the bride of Vernon Howard, to find herself his forgotten and neglected wife six months later; for Lady Glensborough had resumed, or more properly speaking had *continued*, all the omnipotence of her empire over him; for the influence obtained by an artful, clever, beautiful, and *bad* woman, over the mind of an unprincipled man is generally boundless; indeed for this purpose she does not even need beauty or talent, provided she possess in their full force, the first and last qualification. Unfortunately, Evelyn still loved her unworthy husband, and was angry with her father, (who was the principal trustee to her marriage settlement) because he would not allow her to shew her dignity and her magnanimity, by ruining herself to supply her shameless lord and master's incessant and rapacious demands for money. Wearied out with these family contests, she had quitted England, and with her sister, established herself at Paris; where, as the Duc de Richelieu had told Valasquez, notwithstanding her most exquisite beauty, she was not, what in social slang is called

the fashion, for in society men seem agreed to act upon the system of—

“ If she be not fair for me,
What care I, how fair she be ?”

And with an admirable nicety of compensation, which however is far from being premeditated on their part, *make* the reputation of the women whose *characters* they ruin. The papers now lying before Lady Evelyn, and which had caused her tears, were fresh demands for money on the part of her husband, and a peremptory refusal on that of her father, transmitted through her lawyer.

“ *If he even wrote to me direct*, but no, it is evident he has separated all he ever cared for, my fortune, so completely from its living incumbrance, that he does not even remember my existence !” murmured Evelyn.

Here the door opened from the bed-room, the velvet *portière* was pushed aside, and Mademoiselle Augustine, her ladyship’s *soubrette*, made her appearance. Evelyn hastily dried her eyes, and patting the importunate little pomeranean on the head, said, “ poor Fifine, good Fifine, didn’t I notice her ?”

“ *Pardon Madame*,” said Mademoiselle Augustine, drawing a card from one of the pockets of her rose-coloured silk apron, “ but this lady will *not go away* without seeing *mi ladi*, she says she is sure Madame will see her when she knows who it is? *Oh ! la*

belle créature !" continued Madelle Augustine, with a shrug and a complacent glance in an opposite mirror at her own *toilette*, which was *jolie à croquis*, "*Oh ! la belle creature ! mais ! comme elle est fagoté !*"

Lady Evelyn took the card, and read—

"The Countess of Coventry."

"Lady Coventry ! Maria Gunning ! oh, certainly, admit her by all means," said she, rising, and hurrying away the papers scattered about the table, which she locked up in a *secrètaire*, and put the key in her pocket.

A few seconds after, a tall figure, completely muffled in a black mode cloak and hood, entered by another door from the ante-room, but flinging off the hood, and throwing herself into Lady Evelyn's arms, discovered the lovely face (though somewhat disfigured with violent crying) of the beautiful Lady Coventry.

"Dear Maria, what is the matter ?" said Evelyn, gently disengaging herself ; "tears so soon, you so young, so beautiful, -and so happy, as we all thought, and, as you wrote me word."

"Well, yes—happy," said Lady Coventry, bursting into a fresh paroxysm of tears, and sinking down upon a sofa beside Evelyn. "*So, I am happy, and so I ought to be :* or, else I should be very ungrateful, I'm sure, when *my lord* was so good as to marry me,

which I shall never forget.* And, don't think that I am making any complaint of *my lord*, for, it is all *my* fault, as you shall hear ; but two such dreadful things happened last night ; and, if you don't help me, I don't know what I *shall* do, for, *my lord swears* he'll separate from me, and, never see me again ; *and what will the world say ?* what will it think of me ? after *my lord's* goodness in marrying me ? Oh ! oh ! my heart will break."

"Really," said Lady Evelyn, with difficulty suppressing her laughter ; "when I look at that beautiful face of yours, Maria, I cannot help thinking your gratitude to Lord Coventry a *leetle* preposterous ; why, there is Elizabeth a Duchess ! and *she* is not one half as grateful to her sposo as you are to yours."

"Nor has she the same reason to be," said Lady Coventry, drawing herself up with a most ludicrous expression of conscious superiority ; "for, it is well, known, that Hamilton never could have made up his mind to marry her, if *my lord* had not set him the example by having had the goodness to marry me."

"Well," rejoined Lady Evelyn, having recourse to her handkerchief, and affecting a cough to cover

* For poor Lady Coventry's unbounded gratitude to "*my lord*," for marrying her, and for his amiable little conjugalities, in the following anecdotes about the fan and the rouge, see Horace Walpole's letters to Sir Horace Mann.

the laughter, which she really could no longer control. "Well, but what is the cause of your present distress? and, what can I do to help [you? for, if it is in my power? I need not, I hope, tell you, to consider it as already done."

"Thank you dear," said Lady Coventry, kissing Evelyn's forehead, "but, remember I'm not complaining of *my lord*; for, indeed, he is much to be pitied, for he has had a great deal to try and provoke him since we have been in Paris."

"Really, how, not jealous, I hope?" interrupted Evelyn, "for, I am sure you have given him no cause."

"Oh, no," sighed Lady Coventry, "not jealous, quite the reverse: for he says the people here seem scarcely to look at me, (and indeed he has overheard me called dowdy by several), whereas, as he says, not only in London, but *throughout England*, one heard of nothing *but* the Gunnings; and lately Hamilton wrote my lord word, that a shoe-maker at York had made two guineas and a half by shewing to the common people, at a penny a-piece, one of the shoes he had made for Elizabeth. Now *it is* provoking, poor man, to have married a woman solely on account of her beauty being talked so much of, and then to bring her to a place where no one says a word about it. But I must make haste and tell you what brought me here so early. I must tell you that when I first arrived in Paris, my lord had forbidden

me to wear rouge, although it was all the fashion ; and I did not at all care about it, as indeed I think it very ugly for people who like me have a colour of their own, and so I never did wear it ; but I am not very well just now, and do look rather pale, and last night there was to be a great ball at the Cossé Brissac's, and you know how the old Duchesse laughs at, and ridicules the English ; still I did not care for that, and never thought of putting on rouge, but when Dagé had dressed my head, he declared that if I did not let him rouge me a little, he would pull it all down, as it was compromising *his* fame as an *artiste*, to send one of his works only half finished into the world in that way. So after stipulating with him that he should only put on a very *leetle*, (as my lord had a particular dislike to it), I submitted ; and really I could not help thinking that I *did* look better, my eyes looked so brilliant, and even my lord (who of course knew nothing of the rouge) said he didn't know when he had seen me look so well, for that I looked more like Maria Gunning than I had done since I had been in Paris ; and all the evening he seemed quite pleased with and proud of me, till, unfortunately, at supper he overheard that horrid Montague (Edward Montague, you know, Lady Mary Wortley's son) say to that odd, mad Mr. Taaff, ' How much better Lady Coventry looks, now that she wears rouge like other people, for before she had not a fair chance amongst all these painted women.'

Whereupon my lord, who had had a little too much wine, in his hurry to rise, upset a *casserole de petits poix aux yeux doux* all over the table, and spoilt his own new suit of pansey-coloured brocade, and coming over to the other side of the table to me, took a napkin, which he steeped in a glass of water, which the Duc de Grammont (who was sitting next to me) had just been drinking out of, and washing my face before every one, cried out in a loud voice, swearing a great oath, ‘that *he* would have no painted doll of a wife, and that I should leave *that* to those French Jezebels.’ I thought I should have died with fear, for all the men’s hands flew to their swords, and the Prince de Craon muttered something about *ces manants d’Anglois*, which luckily my lord did not understand, or I’m sure he would have resented it; for it was, you will allow, particularly rude and ill-bred to make such an allusion to an English nobleman.”

“Nay,” my dear Maria, interrupted Lady Evelyn “I must say that I think Lord Coventry’s opprobrious epithet of Jezebels. applied to so many French peeresses, and under the roof of one, was a little more ill-bred, offensive, and provocative, than the Prince de Craon’s retort of *ces manants d’Anglois!* which Lord Coventry might flatter himself he had well earned.”

“Ah! there it is,” pouted Lady Coventry, “as my lord says, the English who remain any time in

France are such fools that they always side with the French against their own country.’

“I accept the compliment,” said Evelyn, laughing, “as I’m sure folly’s cap must be very becoming, when it is put on and decorated by such bell(e)s as you.”

“Ah, I’ve no doubt you are saying something clever, Evelyn, and therefore ill-natured ; for my lord says clever people are always ill-natured, I remember his saying so one night when he wanted me not to dance with Horace Walpole ; but never mind, I know, though you *are* clever, that you are kind-hearted, or else I should not have come to you in all my troubles this morning ; but I must make haste, or my lord will be angry again, if I am not back in time to accompany him to Mesmers. Well, no sooner had my lord washed the rouge off my face, and said what he did about French Jezebels, than my Lord Albemarle * must needs look as black as midnight ; and taking my lord by the arm, (while he offered me his to take me down stairs) said, ‘ *Lord Coventry, your carriage has been some time announced.*’ My lord was *so angry* all the way home, and continued so for an hour afterwards, that I fainted : for, *entre nous*, Evelyn,” continued poor Lady Coventry, lowering her

* Anne Keppel, Lord Albemarle, the then English ambassador at the court of Versailles, and more celebrated for his colossal debts than for his diplomacy ; but his princely style of living grew into a proverb at Paris.

voice, (“ I have hopes of becoming a mother,) and when I came to myself, I found my lord rummaging in all my pockets. ‘Where is your fan?’ said he. I then remembered having given it, at the beginning of the evening, to Madame de Esparbès, who had admired it very much, and had forgotten her own, and as she was going to meet the king at supper, at Madame de Pompadour’s, had not time to return home for hers. Oh! *then* it was that my lord really *did* fly into a rage; he stormed, he swore, he tore his ruffles to shreds, and flung down his diamond repeater on the floor, and stamped upon it. ‘What, madam,’ said he, ‘you have given *that* fan away? *the* fan that *I* gave you?—gave you too before I did you the honour of marrying you; very well—very well, madam, now I know how to estimate the regard you entertain for me; but as *you* have no respect for me, I must have a double portion for myself; and all I have to say is, madam, that you either get back that fan from the French ——— Jezebel—yes I may and *will* say Jezebel here in my own room, where, thank God, I am again a free-born Englishman, and have not my Lord Albemarle to come his ambassadorial airs over me; well then, harkee, madam, you will either get *that* fan, (which you *ought to value more than your life—more than your life, do you hear me, madam?*) from the Jezebel who *swindled you out of it*, or you and I part, never to meet again; I separate from you, madam, I put you away! so choose

between me and this d——d French woman.' I flung myself on my knees before my lord ; I conjured him, in the name of our unborn child, to have pity on me ; but he pushed me away, and told me not to approach him till I had got back the fan, and so saying, he rushed from me, and locked himself into his dressing - room. Now really, Evelyn, poor Madame d'Esparbè did *not*, as my lord called it, in the least swindle me out of my fan, for I gave it to her quite of my own accord, nay more, I even *pressed her to take it* ; so how to ask for it back, I really know not."

"And you want me to ask Madame d'Esparbè for it? is not that it?" asked Evelyn.

"Not exactly," replied Lady Coventry,—for the most *gauche* and silly people have a vague glimmering of tact, when their own immediate or vital interest is concerned—and Lady Coventry had an intuitive sense of the terrible ridicule both she and "*my lord*" would be subjected to from the *Espiègle Parisienne*, should the cause of her wanting back her so earnestly pressed gift transpire.

"Well, but you want the fan back, do you not?" said Evelyn, who perceived her friend's hesitation and dilemma.

"Certainly I want it back," said Lady Coventry, again bursting into tears, "since my lord will not live with me on any other terms ; but this is what I was thinking—and yet I scarcely like to ask you, as

I know you are very straight-laced, and seldom or ever go near her."

"Who? Madame d'Esparbè?" interrupted Lady Evelyn.

"No. Madame de Pompadour."

"Why? but what has she to do with it?"

"You know," resumed Lady Coventry, "that her word is law with Madame d'Esparbè; now I thought if you *would but go* to Madame de Pompadour, and entreat her to get back this unlucky fan, without entering into any particulars, but merely saying, that I had given it by mistake, not perceiving that it was one I value very much, having been a love-gift of my lord's."

Lady Evelyn considered a few minutes, and then said, making a very pretty and captivating little wry mouth:—"Well, there is no use in calling oneself a friend, if one can only sail together in smooth water, and '*part company*,' (as papa would say), at the first '*squall*;' neither is there any use in my being a sailor's daughter if I cannot manage to weather a storm; so cheer up, Maria, I *will* go to Madame de Pompadour this very morning, this very minute, nay more, I'll do the thing handsomely, and take Maud with me; that will flatter her, and put her in good humour, for I have never allowed my sister to cross the threshold of the Hôtel d'Evereux before; but for the short time my mission will occupy, it is to be hoped its moral *malaria* will not be very injurious to

her ; besides, when one is at Rome, one must do as Rome does, and all Rome, alias all Europe, especially the *Anglo-Romans*, go to Madame de Pompadour's. So *vogue la galère !* I'll go too for the nonce."

"Dear Evelyn ! how kind you are," said Lady Coventry, embracing her. "I'm sure my lord ought not to say that *all* clever people are ill-natured."

"And is it *vice versa* too ?" laughed Lady Evelyn, "for if so, I'm sure 'my lord' must be the cleverest man in Europe ; but Maria, I've been thinking that if we say that you gave Madame d'Esparbè that fan by mistake, you should send her another in its stead."

"Well, I was thinking so too," said poor Lady Coventry, with a very vacant, disconsolate look ; "but I really dare not do so, for my lord is so very angry if I give away the least thing, as he says, if he married *me*, he did not marry *all* my friends and acquaintance."

"Ah, yes, it does so often happen," said the wicked Evelyn, with ludicrous solemnity, and a deep sigh, "that one's friends and acquaintance are so greatly to be envied from being so much better off than oneself ! *mais révenous à nos moutons*—or at least to the sheep upon our fans, of which I have a most beautiful pair, the property of an enamoured shepherd and shepherdess, upon my last Watteau ; which are all perfectly at your service to send to Madame d'Esparbè." So saying, Lady Evelyn rang

the bell, which, ere Lady Coventry had concluded her thanks, was answered. "Jennings," said the former, "let Lady Maud be told that I wish her, (if not otherwise engaged), to go with me for some dress visits this morning; and order the *coach* immediately, and the servants are to wear their state liveries, as I am going to the Hôtel d'Evereux; also tell Augustine to wait in my room, as I am going to dress, and she may put me out my *crépuscule des montagnes* lustering night-gown,* and my suit of pearls and sapphires."

A few minutes after, Maud De Vere made her appearance; and so exact and perfect was her likeness to her sister, that had it not been for the difference in the colours of their dress, and a knot of black ribbon which Evelyn always wore upon the left sleeve of every dress, when they went out together, it would have been quite impossible to have distinguished them asunder.

Their mutual salutations over, Lady Coventry soon put Maud *au fait* to the affair of the fan, and passing over as lightly as possible the sorry rôle of "*my lord*" in the business, expatiated at length upon Evelyn's kindness, in order to put an end to which, the subject of her eulogium said:—

"You won't mind remaining in the *coach*, shall you, Maria? while Maud and I are besieging the

* What in modern parlance would be called an evening or dinner dress. All full dress gowns were at that time called night-gowns, while what we call such were denominâted bed-gear.

Pompadour ; for once armed with credentials from *her*, I should like to go on to Madame d'Esparbè's, and get you the fan, so that I might be *sure* you *re* turned home in peace."

"Oh dear, no, I shall not mind it in the least ; on the contrary, I shall like it, for, as you may suppose, I shall be *so* anxious to know whether you succeed, for I really dare not go home without it ; indeed, my dear, dear, kind Evelyn, I never can sufficiently——" and here poor Lady Coventry was recommencing her thanks, when the door opened from the bedroom, and Mademoiselle Augustine announced, with all the solemnity of office, "*que la toilette de mi ladi était tout à fait prête.*"

A quarter of an hour after Evelyn was herself quite ready ; and the ponderous gilt *coach* a short time from thence, announcing its own arrival by the terrible noise it made in rumbling through the Porte Cochère. The three ladies descended, and the coach steps being lowered by three snowily powdered and brilliantly laced footmen with satin muffs, (as it was summer), which were more in the way of *sachets* to perfume their gloves than anything else, and bouquets so enormous, that nothing in our degenerate days *can* they be likened to, save the unique and immortal one of "THE PROUD YOUNG PORTER," in "Lord Bateman's" establishment ; "*the loving ballads,*" and not the present peers *bien entendu*. No sooner had the word of command of "*à l'Hôtel*

d'Evereux," echoed through the court, than like the aforesaid "*proud young porter*," (although on a very different occasion, as poor Lady Coventry felt much more like Lord Bateman's "*other bride*," being sent "*back in a coach and three*," than "the fair Sophia," triumphantly forcing her way into Lord Bateman's presence,) "*away, away, and away, vent*" they !

CHAPTER VI.

“ Phryne had talents for mankind,
 Open she was and unconfined,
 Like some free port of trade ;
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,
 And agents from each foreign state
 Here first their gentry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
 Whether the Italian, or the Dutch,
 Spaniards or French came to her ;
 To all obliging she'd appear :
 'Twas ‘ Si Signor,’ ’twas ‘ yaw Mynheer,’
 'Twas ‘ sil vous plait, Monsieur.’

Obscure by birth, renowned by crimes,
 Still changing names, religion, climes,
 At length she doth subside ;
 In diamonds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of battered jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair,
 (Which curious Germans hold so rare),
 Still vary shapes and dyes ;
 Still gain new titles with new forms ;
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms
 Then painted butterflies.”

POPE'S IMITATION OF LORD DORSET.

FROM the entrance of what is now the Place de la
 Concorde to the Hotel d'Evereux, (the present

Elysée Bourbon* in the Champs Elysée), there were to be seen every Thursday and Sunday morning about noon, (those being the days of Madame de Pompadour's *levées*,) such a string of state carriages or rather of gilt coaches and sedan chairs, five deep, as rendered the then terribly ill-paved streets of Paris, almost impassible to those less favoured mortals who were not honoured (?) with the *entrée* of the Hôtel d'Evereux, and who, moreover, were from necessity not choice disciples of the peripatetic school of philosophy, and truly it requires so much of the latter commodity to wade through dirty crowded, ill-paved streets, that every man so compelled is very like to "*become his own Aristotle.*" It was neither at the Tuilleries or the Louvre, nor yet before the gilded gates of the Versailles, or those of the Palais Royal, and ambassadors, or home and foreign ministers, that the equipages of all the *haute volée* of society, and diplomacy, were to be seen, but before the doors of the *primum mobile* of all these, Madame de Pompadour. Through her agency,

* *On a changé tout cela !* Since this was written, it is now the Elysée National ; but who knows, ere this is printed, it may be the Elysée Quarante Francs, not only as an ingenious enigma of the names of the present president of the French republic, *Louis Napoleon*, but also as a method of *insuring that sum at least* to the republic, which is so constantly giving change. But what further changes of name, this very charming residence may incur, before these volumes are *published*, it is quite beyond the powers of human calculation to guess at. Perhaps the Elysée Impérial, the Elysée *tout ce que l'on veut*, or the *Elysée sauve qui peut !*

or rather by her fiat, were treaties with foreign powers ratified or violated. Was a commission in the *Monsquetaires*, *noir*, or *gris* vacant, it was neither priority of merit or birth that obtained it, but the good fortune of having the favourite's influence. Had some poor shopkeeper of the Rue St. Denis incurred the bastille, either for having demanded the payment of his long standing bill of some *grand seigneur*, or cudgelling Lebel in the act of carrying off his daughter for the *parc aux cerfs*, there was no legislative justice to appeal to ; it was at the feet of Madame de Pompadour that the distracted wife or mother, had to throw herself to sue for *protection*, (for mercy and justice were, it is true, to be found according to their alphabetical rank in the columns of the *Dictionnaire de L'Academie Française*, but were utterly unknown out of it), and was she not *retained on the other side*, this protection they might be fortunate enough to obtain ; for, in playing at royalty, patronage was one of Madame de Pompadour's favourite moves, from its being perhaps one of the best, if not *the* best type of *power* ; and when the state and the revenue were not totally drained, (which they generally were,) by the abuse she made of her vicegerent omnipotence, in favour of her own shameless and insatiate relations, she was no niggard of royalty's best privilege ; not indeed that *she* ever laboured under that plethora of *givingness*, (for *generosity* is too god-like a quality to be profaned,)

and good nature, which distinguished her successor Madame Du Barri, who, at all events, possessed the one virtue, and it is no small one, of never repaying evil with evil. On the contrary, *she* was the first always to intercede for her enemies and traducers, and that with such *cordial sincerity*, that she generally obtained the mercy she sought. Not one of the organizers or actors in the numerous conspiracies got up against her, had ever paid the forfeit of their ill-will, by an imprisonment of long or short duration. How different from the luckless wight, who had the misfortune even *unintentionally* to offend the imperious Pompadour; imprisonment and confiscation were often among the least of the penalties inflicted upon them. But what enhanced Madame Du Barri's clemency was, that it was by no means negative or passive, but was accompanied by *real* generosity, that, which includes true elevation of soul, proved by self-sacrifice; for Louis Quinze was too eminently selfish and insensible, not to possess in a supreme degree *the master* vice of all narrow and shallow minds,—AVARICE, with its small change of stinginess. And if anything could endanger her empire over him, or cause it to totter to its fall, it was the constant and *daring* demands upon his coffers which she made, not only for objects of charity, for which *he* was incapable of sharing her sympathy, but what puzzled and exasperated him infinitely more, *to heap benefits upon her worst enemies*. How often when

stamping with rage upon some scurrilous and disgusting *brocheur* against du Barri, Louis Quinze has seized a pen, to write a *lettre-de-cachet* for its author, as the most aggrieved party threw her arm round his neck, that beautiful arm which would have been a powerful arm for virtue itself! and, taking the pen out of his hand, and filling it with kisses instead, said,—

“ *Voi tu la France!* the writer of that I have found out is starving, and so are his family; and, poor wretch! he has been made a tool of; I can well guess by whom. If you send him to the bastille, not only will all his family be ruined, but, who knows but he may write more libels against me than ever: so, to please your little *Jeanne*, don't write a nasty *lettre-de-cachet*, *I hate them*, but write an order to the Contrôleur général for a pretty little pension of a thousand crowns for him.”

“ *Mais tu es folle Jeanne*” was always the beginning of the king's refusal; but, he was generally forced, at the end, to *obey*. Poor du Barri! may the evil thou didst, have perished on the scaffold with thee, and the good, (which was *much even out of thy very evil*) rise to Heaven as a memorial, *recommending thee to mercy!* that mercy which thou never withheld while here, may it be returned to thee above! I am no theologian, but if I have read my Bible aright, this poor Magdalen approached nearer to a Christian woman than many of those immaculate virtues, en-

shrined for their better security in gorgon caskets, who then, and now, not able to find stones enough for the purpose, in the exterior world, had, and have, recourse to their own hearts to lapidate her, as the Chevalier de Boufflers said, "since it *was* the destiny of France, despite the salique law, to be governed by Lais's, Venus and the Fates, owed the country a du Barri, to atone to it for a Pompadour ;" for the latter was the worst sort of courtesan, a *courtesan at heart* ; with her, *all* was the cold calculation, the filthy lucre of her loathsome trade, every feeling, every sentiment, every principle, nay, even every other vice, was sacrificed, by turns, to that one great autocrat of all vice—AMBITION. Wealth, was with her, the means of every end ; therefore, gold to her was always welcome, no matter how foul the sewer from whence it flowed. Commercial speculations, those great arteries of nations, were far from being as well understood then as they are now ; and yet, even now, what fatal blunders are daily making in this branch of financial anatomy ; but *then*, both England and France were suffering from the effects of those two fearful monetary Saint Bartholomews, Law's scheme and the South-sea bubble ; and, as in the case of its sanguinary sectarian prototype, persons of different religious persuasions divided into closer, more private, and personal *cliques* than heretofore ; so, after Law's great national bankruptcy, commercial speculations in France had almost entirely

The bubble was, apparently, 1720. See

dwindled down into the secret machinations of individual monopoly; enterprises, the patents for which, were obtained through the abuse of the royal prerogative, while money and credit, their marrow and sinews, were furnished chiefly by the Jews and their dupes. Transactions of this description were an immense source of wealth to the favorite; and, however flagrant the speculation they might inculcate, it never deterred her from embarking in them, provided sufficient and certain gain was guaranteed to her. Like all ambitious people, Madame de Pompadour was the omnipresence of *her self*; and, far worse sacrifices she daily offered up to the idol ME, than the pecuniary ones just alluded to; for, jealous and alarmed as she was at even the shadow of a rival to her *power* near the king, Lebel, himself, was not more villainously zealous and undaunted in ministering to his horrible vices. In short, it may be truly said, that beyond her bland and captivating exterior, she had unsexed herself of every womanly virtue and grace, contriving, at a later period, to pollute even the holiest of human sorrows—that of a mother for the loss of her child; for not only was her first gush of grief at the death of little Alexandrine more a burst of rage, that one of the chief springs of the complicated mechanism of her vast ambition should have snapped, and so endangered the rest; but, for years after, when the forgotten and mercifully taken child slept calmly in its quiet and sinless grave, every

bad and vindictive passion of her mother found vent in a violent fit of tears, which were always sacrilegiously voted a tribute to the memory of her child, and not only gained whatever present point she had in view, but obtained the most servile flattery and attention from her royal puppet ; for, *Louis Quinze*, like all weak and grossly selfish men, whether under the despotic sway of mistress or wife, would do, or accede to anything, to get out of the bore of tears and temper, those so frequently moral *synonymes* in the home department of female administration. Moreover, all people of weak intellect and strong passions, who have seldom any *feeling* of their own, think it incumbent upon them to get a reputation for it, by shewing a vast concern for that of the *one person in authority over them*, especially when it is duly announced with all the “pomp and circumstance” of scenes and hysterics. But even the premature wrinkles, the discolored skin, and the false teeth, that these unamiable and unwomanly vices entailed upon Madame de Pompadour, were also laid to the charge of poor little Alexandrine. Not only was the Marquise a sort of diplomatic Saint Paul, having *the care of all the cabinets upon her* ; but not a single affair or *contretemp* in society from a *déjeuner* to a duel, or an infringement of etiquette to an imprisonment for life ; in short, no one event, from the greatest to the smallest, (as we have seen in the matter of Lady Coventry’s fan), could be adjusted

without the mediation of Madame de Pompadour ; for which reason, the wits of the day had given the Hôtel d'Evereux, the sobriquet of "*Le Ministère de l'intérieur et des affaires étrangères*;" while La Muette, where most of the commercial schemes were set on foot, they called "La Bourse." The reception rooms at the Hôtel d'Evereux were on the ground floor, and were reached, from the vestibule, by four immensely wide and snowily white marble steps, covered by way of carpet with deep blue (but not purple) velvet, embroidered with gold *fleurs-de-lis* ; for Madame de Pompadour affected regality in all things ; rising from out these steps was a double row of white carara marble pillars, fluted with gold, and richly gilt Corinthian capitals, and, on each step, and from the broad projecting surface of the wall, were gilt vases of the rarest and most fragrant exotics. Here bloomed, in all its native luxuriance, the wild myrtle of Syria ; there breathed forth its perfumed sighs the delicate rose of Palestine, with its red buds and white flowers, as if even *they* grew pale and sickened at a further knowledge of life. Here, too, even the classic Acanthus, so little prodigal of its flowers, deigned to bloom, solemnly grand, as if Tully's breath still stirred its leaves, and listening senates heard the immortal echoes they returned. Even that stern republican of plants, the Centenary Aloe, here donned all the gaudy pride of its double jubilee, and, from its rarity, "shone out

the *pink of fashion*." The hall was *literally* lined with *laquais* in the Pompadour livery, which only differed from the royal livery by being *orange* and purple, instead of scarlet and purple ; and was so far infinitely more costly, that not only were the garters buckled with diamond buckles, but the piece of gold lace that went through them was also tagged with brilliants ; and the clocks upon the curiously fine silk stockings were embroidered in gold. Beside this legion of footmen was another squadron, of what now a days would be called servants in plain clothes, but which, in those days, were certainly anything but plain, as they consisted of the most costly lace and embroidery. This regiment of servants arose from the fact, of no strange domestic ever being permitted to cross the threshold of the Vice-regal Hôtel d'Evereux ; as the favorite piqued herself upon having sufficient attendants, had her guests amounted to as many thousands as they did hundreds. Each of the two large ante-rooms which preceded the *chambre à coucher*, where she received, were also filled with pages and gentlemen ushers ; the costume of these pages was, blue velvet and silver, with a small gold salver, upon which, was a napkin trimmed with the most costly *point d'Alençon*, (by way of badge) ever in their right hand, in case any card or letter had to be presented to their sovereign lady. Each of these pages was invariably preceded by a gentleman usher, with snow white

gauntlets edged with silver lace, (then called *blonde argentée*) and, bearing in his hand, an equally snow white wand of frosted silver; this usher always approached Madame de Pompadour, and, in a low voice, informed her that a page had either a letter to present, or a person to announce. Each of the folding-doors of this suite of apartments at the Hôtel d'Evereux, including those of the bed-chamber, were of beautifully fillagreed gilt bronze lined with plate glass; but, as massive velvet curtains (again *fleur-de-Lisée*) hung on either side, no room was visible from the other but by the joint agreement of their respective occupants. Nothing was perhaps more emblematic of the times than the incongruous mixture of the most over strained regal pomp and court etiquette with all the *sans gêne* and licentious *laisser aller* of a *petite maison*, which presented itself upon entering Madame de Pompadour's *salle de reception*, alias bedroom. The bedstead itself of Sèvres china, mounted in silver gilt, in an alcove of looking-glasses and blue *fleur-de-lisée* velvet. The sheets and pillow cases of exquisitely fine Holland, called, at the time, *toille des bois*, and trimmed with the most costly *valenciennes*; which, with the counterpane, (that was of blue velvet lined with white satin, embroidered with golden *fleurs-de-lys*, and the royal arms of France in the centre), was always left in a sort of studied, and therefore, by no means, ungraceful disorder. Near the bed, stood a colossal

nautilus shell, of frosted silver, filled with rose water and *eau de ninon*, this was the bath; and the linen belonging to it was also trimmed with the most delicate lace. The *prie Dieu*, which, like the coverlet, was of blue velvet, glittering with the armorial bearings of France, was, with the *fauteiuls* and *tabourets*, studded with diamond headed nails,* while the footstools of the same velvet were mounted (no doubt by way of *devise parlante*.) upon large silver gilt crowns, which gave the Prince de Soubise an opportunity of *every day* repeating the same *fade*, and fulsome compliment, "Ah! Madame, happy France, to have her crown at your feet." On the right hand side, along the wall, from the bed, ran a large white marble slab, supported by golden eagles, and, covered with gold basons, ewers, *flacons*, and candelabras, while, on the left hand, almost in the centre of this very large room, and, opposite the bed, was the toilette, with its magnificent *guipeur* over blue satin, its gold mounted looking-glass with its filigreed frame of birds, branches, and temples, and its profusion of large coffer-shaped gold boxes, with strings of Orient pearls, *rivières* of diamonds, emeralds, rubies and

* This appears to have been the last chef-d'œuvre of extravagance achieved at the time, as *all* the chairs of Mademoiselle Guimard, the actress, had large diamond nails, while her bedstead, toilette, wardrobes, &c. &c., were of the most costly blue bird pattern Sévres china; the combined gift of *four* of her adorers, of the highest noblesse in France; which gift being elaborately mounted in massive silver gilt, caused their respective ruin.

sapphires, falling over their sides, in most admired and picturesque disorder ; while, at each side of the table, was a large hat-shaped, or Florentine, gold filigree basket, filled with the freshest and most exquisite flowers, which, put to shame the borrowed sweets of all the essences by which they were surrounded. Before this toilet, sat, but half turned away from it, Madame de Pompadour, one tire woman, arranging an imaginary pin in her hair ; another, smoothing an anonymous pucker in her sleeve ; and a third, arranging on the arm of the chair an apocryphal *peignoir*. While the tutelary deity of the place, not to *seem* idle, or, perhaps, to give *a color* to the many extraordinary things she said and heard, held her own rouge in one hand, and the hare's foot in the other, which played the part of sceptre by no means badly, whenever she was "*graciously pleased*" to motion to any of her attendant satellites with it to advance or retire ; the favored few among the former were generally honored with a seat in her immediate vicinity, while those among the latter, stood in bevvies round the room. From the opposite side of the alcove to that where stood the washing slab, was an immense large Indian screen of Japan, mother of pearl, and gold, inclosing, as it were, the toilet table, and excluding every possible draught from the door ; so that each arrival had to walk down this very long room, behind this screen, and then walk up it on the other side, before

they were ushered into the presence of this semi-regal lady. Upon *the* particular morning which the reader has taken the trouble of accompanying us to one of these levées, Lord Albemarle was in possession of the *fauteuil*, on Madame de Pompadour's right, his feet elongated, with the most perfect *sans gêne*, his diamond snuff box and "*clouded cane*" in his right hand, while his left was buried in his point lace *jabot*, and his well powdered head leant back, whispering something in the lady's ear, to which her reply was a rather affected little laugh, a threatening shake of the hare's foot at him, and a half loud exclamation of "*Est il malin !*" Next to Lord Albemarle, upon another chair, turned almost so as to face that of Madame de Pompadour, was Lord Bolingbroke, then at Paris in pursuit of his second wife, the Marquise de la Villette, Madame de Maintenon's niece ; while, over the chair of the *Dame du Château*, leant the old Maréchal Duc de Richelieu, who called himself *her editor*, from the honorable fact of his having placed her in her present position. The lady being again engaged in listening to a whisper from Lord Albemarle, which, this time, no longer elicited a laugh, but, on the contrary, a frown, with a half uttered—"Is it possible?" Lord Bolingbroke, not to be *de trop*, turned to the Duc de Richelieu, and said,

"Really, Maréchal, I wish you would give me your receipt, for I remember you, all last winter,

severe as it was, with the same thin stockings you have now, scorning *even* a velvet coat; and yet, you are younger than any of us; decidedly, nature favors you in a most peculiar manner."

"It is true," replied the Maréchal, with a self sufficient smile, and the running accompaniment of a lengthily respired pinch of snuff; "it is true that, that amiable old dowager, has not been more cruel to me than the rest of her sex; but, with regard to my *chausseur*, I have one very simple expedient for defying cold or damp, which is quite at your service, it is nothing more than wearing socks of some sort of fish skin, that of the sturgeon, I believe, prepared with Indian gums and spices in some peculiar manner, which Zamora the Jew gets me from Petersburg."

"So, that you really *are* our Triton?"

"Frons hominem præfert, in piscem definit alvus,"*

laughed Lord Bolingbroke.

"*Excuséz,*" rejoined the Maréchal, "but as my nephew, Fronsac, took the trouble of informing his tutor, at only ten years of age, when that old pedagogue was tormenting the poor child about the classics—I never learnt Latin, which has not prevented my being on the best possible terms with all the prettiest women in France;" and this speech, he terminated with another pinch of snuff.

* Human the upper parts, a fish below.

"*Ah ! ce coquin de Fransac,*" said Lord Bolingbroke, with a more genuine laugh than generally echoed through those rooms.

Here a tremendous crash was heard in the courtyard, and, amid a Babel of voices, rose paramount some very distinct English "*d—ns*" and *awkward rascals.*"

"*Ciel,*" cried Madame de Pompadour, "what is the matter?"

Those who had hastened to the windows, informed her that the noise arose from the breaking of a carriage window; out of which carriage, four servants were lifting a most extraordinary monster, and, that from a basket which had been upset, pine apples were rolling all about the court."

In the midst of the various conjectures, as to the why and wherefore of this extraordinary scene? Madame d'Esparbè, who had her *entrées* at the Hôtel d'Evereux, now made her appearance through a side door, near the alcove of the bed, laughing to that degree, that she found poor Lady Coventry's fan exceedingly useful to hide her face; that luckless fan, (as her last new toy) being the one selected by her for her morning's *toilette*.

"*Ah ! Chère Henriette,*" said Madame de Pompadour, transferring the hare's foot to the same hand that held the rouge, and, extending the other to her friend; "You are just arrived; *de grâce*, tell me what is the occasion of all this uproar in the court."

“Why, my dear,” replied Madame d’Esparbè, as soon as she could speak for laughing, but still pressing her left hand against her side, “it appears that some of your numerous slaves have sent you, as a pretty little *galanterie*, a whole *ménagerie*, consisting of two most extraordinary looking bipeds, who seem to be acting as bear leaders to another huge animal, even fatter than themselves; they seemed savagely angry with all the servants, at a large basket having come undone, and its whole contents, a quantity of pine-apples, running races round the court. De Grammont, who happened to come up at the moment, declared that the two bipeds were Englishmen; but I did not think what they were saying sounded like English, and still less like French. However, de Grammont says, that the English have no tongues, and, consequently, no language, all their powers of articulation being limited to two sounds, oh! and d—n! and that they only pretend to have a language, and to understand each other out of national pride! Is it true, Milord Albemarle, *que vous autres Anglois* have no language?”

“None at least, Madame, in which to express our admiration of French wit and beauty,” replied Lord Albemarle, rising from his chair, and bowing to the very ground.

“*Très joli!*” said Madame de Pompadour with a patronising little tap on the ambassador’s arm, blushing at the same time for her friend’s ill-breed-

ing, as she often had occasion to do for that of her lover. “ *Très joli, on voit, Milord, que votre diplomatie ne vous fait pas faute ?*” and then, in order to change the conversation, she added, taking Lady Coventry’s fan out of Madame d’Esparbè’s hand :

“ Oh, the pretty fan ! I’m sure *Henriette*, from your description, that *ce bon* Monsieur Taaff has returned to Paris, laden as usual with pine-apples for me, and turtle for his majesty, who is so fond of it ; and I have no doubt, that the other stranger was his *chef*, as he is always obliged to bring an English cook with him, as they alone know how to dress turtle.”

“ At all events, belle Marquise,” said Lord Albemarle, “ it seems that Madame d’Esparbè’s portrait was not so flattered as to prevent your recognising the original.”

“ *Original, c’est bien le mot !*” said the Maréchal de Richelieu, “ *Car ce drôle de corps de Taaff en est le Prince !*”

“ I wonder if he *has* brought an English cook with him !” soliloquised “ *the all accomplished St. John*,” with an intensity of look and tone, which proved, that at least *some* of his “ thoughts in exile” had been bestowed upon gastronomy.

“ Lo ! your wonder solves itself,” said Lord Albemarle, looking down the room, up which were advancing, by forced strides, the subjects of their conversation. Taaff, so well known then, so little known

now, for *tempus edax rerum* ; and therefore it hath devoured both Taaff and his turtles, the celebrity of the one and the calipash of the other. Taaff, we say, had attained that monopoly of height which amounts to awkwardness ; his shoulders were high, and all his limbs loosely and clumsily put together, terminating in very flat splay feet, so that George Selwyn was wont to compare him to a giblet pie, saying that he always appeared to have many more legs, necks, and wings, than belonged to *one goose*. His face had not two consecutive features, his eyes being ten times too good for his nose, and his mouth three times too bad for his very fine teeth ; in short, it appeared like a little colony of ill-assorted marriages ; nevertheless, there was such a strong expression of goodness, and good-nature in it, that it acted like a loadstone, even to the most polished substances. His brown lanky hair was badly, that is scarcely, powdered ; and amid this galaxy of splendid brocade, velvet, embroidery, and jewels, he seemed as if, hastily banished from the paradise of his morning slumbers, he had rushed for shelter into that lanky, badly made, loosely hanging, mulberry-coloured *cloath* coat, the skirts of which now flapped against his calves, waging a sort of civil war with his sword, which, with the blustering insolence of its calling, was every moment attempting to force its way between them, and by so doing imminently endangering its wearer's equilibrium. And the huge steel but-

tons about it, instead of embellishing, only made it look like an ambulating *bûffet* of pewter plates. After him he towed another personage, of equal but very different sort of *gaucherie*; for awkwardness, like vulgarity, has a hundred different genus's, and a thousand different shades. This person, who was no other than Edward Montague, Lady Mary Wortley's eccentric son, had only the somewhat pedantic sort of awkwardness, or rather *want of ease*, which the affectation of living out of the world is sure to engender in men, who, like Edward Montague, even carry into their solitude all the profligacy of dissipation. As Taaff approached nearer to Madame de Pompadour, he began to spur on his strides, by a little sort of hop, which considerably increased the mirth of the spectators.

"*Ah, cher Monsieur Taaff!*" exclaimed the lady, extending both hands to him, "I knew it was you."

"*Bone jour, Madam le Marquesse, bieng aise vous voir encore,*" said Taaff, seizing both the proffered hands, and shaking them as one pugilist would those of another, preparatory to a *set to*; and then added, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "*c'est tout droit,*" (a free translation we presume of *it's all right*), "*jay le tortoo, (tortu or turtle) pour le roy.*"

"Really," said Madame de Pompadour, in vain trying to stifle her laughter, and turning to Lord Albemarle the better to conceal it, "your excellency is not half grateful enough to Monsieur Taaff,

for so nobly vindicating the fame of your English *cuisine* in France. His majesty says they must really be a great people if all their *plats* are equal to their *soupe à la tortu*. Even Monsieur de Béchamelle, after in vain trying to detect a fault in it, has been unable to suggest a single improvement. So I repeat, my lord, that you are not half grateful enough to *ce bon Monsieur Taaff*."

"*Ah, Madame*, I fear that gratitude like charity, begins at home; and you see Taaff," continued Lord Albemarle, "as you have never brought *me* a single turtle, in all your numerous journeys, *I* owe you nothing."

"Then egad, my lord, I'm the luckiest man in Paris," rejoined Taaff, his large ears growing as red as cherries, quite as much at his own temerity in having uttered a *bon mot*, as having blurted out so home a truth. And his confusion was only increased by compunctious regret, when Lord Albemarle being the first to join in the laugh at his own expense, good-humouredly held out his hand to him, saying,

"Well, at all events, Taaff, *I owe you one for that*. Ah! how do, Montague?" continued he, addressing that half evaporated looking individual. "As you are staying in the same hotel, can you give me any tidings of that mad brute Coventry? after the disgraceful scene he favoured us with last night at the Cossé Brisacs."

"Only that he finished it by storming his poor

wife into a fainting fit, when he got home," replied Montague.

"Poor thing! I pity her," rejoined Lord Albemarle, "silly as she is, with her eternal gratitude to *my lord*, for the honour he did her in marrying her; but I must say, our government, if it means to support the dignity of the nation, at foreign courts, ought to provide in every European capital, where they send a plenipotentiary, an amateur mad-house, or refuge for destitute English good breeding; for, no sooner do any of our beloved compatriots quit a continental town, but it is sure to swarm with their posthumous barbarisms."

"Pooh! pooh!" cried Taaff, "only send *them to Coventry*, instead of letting Coventry come abroad, and it will be all right."

"Ha! ha! ha! which of the sisters do you think the handsomest?" said Lord Albemarle to Montague.

"Oh! Lady Coventry, by a great deal; she's gloriously beautiful!"

"But so silly."

"I don't dislike silly women, they are always the most tractable," rejoined Montague with a laugh.

"But she is so totally uneducated," persisted Lord Albemarle.

"Ah! that runs in the family, and arises from their exceeding honesty and generosity," said Taaff.

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Lords Albemarle, Bolingbroke, and Edward Montague, in a breath.

"Why," replied Taaff, holding out his right hand at arm's length while he spoke, and apparently gazing with as much admiration upon a large hole in his very shabby ruffle, as another man might have done at one of those superb diamond rings then so much in vogue, "I was both at school and at college with two cousins of hers, Arthur and Langly Gunning, and from both, they not only *took away nothing*, but did not even make the slightest use of one of the things which their sire had lawfully paid for."

"Ha! ha! ha! by Jove, Taaff, you are coming out in a new character; where have you picked up all the wit which you have lavished on us this morning?" said Lord Bolingbroke.

"Perhaps, my lord, I may have robbed *you* in the crowd?" bowed Taaff, "as we have not yet heard the sound of your voice."

"Bravo, Taaff, well hit;" cried Lord Albemarle, "for

" 'As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;
Their want of edge from their offence is seen,
Both pains us least, when exquisitely keen.' "

"Ah, here come," said Lord Bolingbroke, "two Houris, who, in *my* opinion, beat the Gunnings hollow."

“ Who are *they* ?”

“ Why Vernon Howard’s wife and her sister.”

“ They certainly are transcendant !” said the three men simultaneously ; “ but which is which ?” asked Montague, “ for though differently dressed, it is impossible to distinguish one from the other. I never saw such an extraordinary likeness in my life.”

“ Yes, they are twins, but the one in the *crèpuscule des montagnes* coloured dress is Lady Evelyn, Howard’s wife ; and the one in the white lustering, with blue *aile de zéphyr* *ponpons*, is her sister, Lady Maud de Vere,” said Lord Bolingbroke. “ Besides,” added he, “ Lady Evelyn always wears a knot of black ribbon on her left shoulder, to distinguish her from her sister—at least she used to do so as a girl, when I was in the habit of meeting them at Lady Glensborough’s.”

No sooner had the page in waiting announced to Madame de Pompadour the names of Lady Evelyn and her sister, than a look of delighted surprise, which she found it impossible to suppress, lit up her face, and a sort of nervous pleasure fluttered round her heart, as round that of some humble inferior, when distinguished by the public and flattering notice of their superiors ; and in truth, among all earthly distinctions and lines of demarcation, what could be more superior to a woman of Madame de Pompadour’s stamp, than one like Lady Evelyn Howard, of real virtue and unblemished reputation,

of genius, science, rank, wealth, beauty, fashion? She had always a brilliant and numerous attendance, but, as may be imagined, notwithstanding the despotism of fashion, the really good and spotless of her own sex, only paid her angel visits, "few, and far between." Involuntarily she rose from her seat, and extending a hand to Evelyn and Maud, said in the exaggerated strain of compliment then so prevalent,

"Ah, no wonder the morning has been so lovely; I see it is the beautiful Lady Evelyn Howard, and her equally beautiful sister, who have shone upon it like two additional sunbeams; but it would be still more kind, if you sometimes came to me of an evening."

"I had a favour to ask, Madame," replied Evelyn.

"Ah," interrupted the old Maréchal de Richelieu, looking at her as Jupiter may have done at Antiope, "famed as the Hôtel d'Evereux is for the *rigid justice of its decrees*, yet no doubt *la belle 'ladi'* is aware that it is *not quite* an Areopagus, where petitions are *only* heard at night, for fear that judgment should be biassed by the beauty of the petitioner."

"*Silence! Monsieur le Duc,*" said Madame de Pompadour with a frown, fearing that the old Maréchal's usual style of conversation might shock Evelyn into never returning; "silence! and advance that chair for *mi ladi*; here, *chère lady*, continued she, placing her hand upon the chair, while every one

else fell back, "only let me know if there is anything I can have the pleasure of doing for you."

No sooner had Evelyn taken her seat beside Madame de Pompadour, than Maud, who had fallen back with the rest of the circle, received at one and the same time the chair and the salutations of Lord Bolingbroke.

"I perceive," said he, leaning over the chair he had just abdicated, "that when once perfection is attained, nothing can add to or diminish from it; but I may be allowed to felicitate Lady Maud de Vere upon her most charming *toilette*."

"Ah yes," replied Maud, unaffectedly casting a quiet glance over her really pretty costume; "*Vertaud* dresses me, and I think she *has* good taste."

"At all events she has a most attractive *affiche*," said Lord Bolingbroke; but perceiving that this direct and personal compliment tinged Maud's beautiful cheeks with a somewhat deeper dye, he added, "Is this your *début* at the Hôtel d'Evereux?"

"My *début*," said she, "therefore I shall trust to you to be my *siffleur*, and make me *au fait* to all the people; who, for example, is the person on your right, talking to Lord Albemarle?"

"Oh, that is Edward Montague, Lady Mary Wortley's son; I wonder you never met him at Lady Glensborough's, he is one of her men."

"He is so seldom in England, you know."

"True."

"Is he like his mother?"

"Why he is, and he is not. You are aware, I suppose, that Lady Mary is in Paris just now?"

"No, I was not."

"I know it to my sorrow," said Lord Bolingbroke, with a shrug, "for she has intrusted to my especial care about the contents of three milliners' shops to take back to Lady Mar—"

"Do tell me about Lady Mary," said Maud; "is she as clever and agreeable as they say?"

"Clever, decidedly," rejoined Lord Bolingbroke, "but I confess that

"Though Artemesia talks by fits
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke:
'Twere well if she would pare her nails,
And wear a cleaner smock!"

"Ah," laughed Maud, "I'm afraid that wicked wit, your friend Pope, has corrupted you! and that you espouse his quarrel?"

"Well, as a *pis aller*, I'm not sure that I would not rather do *that* than espouse Lady Mary. Do you know—" continued Lord Bolingbroke, lowering his voice, (rather *à propos de bottes*, it must be confessed, but evidently to make the opportunity he was sure of never finding with Maud de Vere, who detested her brother-in-law with that deep, strong, prophetic, magnifying power of aversion, which nature, as a safeguard, seems to have implanted in every

sister-in-law's, daughter-in-law's, and son-in-law's breast;) "Do you know that poor fellow, Howard, is in a terrible scrape? he lost ten thousand pounds to Glensborough three weeks ago at Wills's, on a beggarly game of ombre; his father won't pay another *sou* for him, and unless your angelic sister comes to his assistance, I really don't know what he will do."

"I am astounded, my Lord Bolingbroke," replied Maud, with that sort of petrifying dignity which she so well knew how to assume, "that you should have ventured to mention Mr. Vernon Howard's name *even to me!* but I must beg—nay, command, you not in your ill-judged zeal for your very worthless friend, to outrage my sister's feelings by even *alluding* to him or his difficulties, which are as unprincipled, as hopeless, and as uninteresting as himself." And here Maud's fan (which generally had a *sinecure*,) became violently agitated.

"Ten thousand pardons, dear Lady Maud," said Lord Bolingbroke, bowing over his hands, which he had crossed supplicatingly on his breast; "nothing was farther from my intention than to offend, much less to wound; I am fully aware of what just cause of complaint your angelic sister has against the person I ventured to allude to; and yet methinks, the man's insanity of bad taste, in neglecting such concentrated perfection—a masterpiece, which the gods themselves would scarcely be worthy of—to follow

in the wake of a Glensborough, whom he might be sure of hereafter, that is, if he persists in going to the d—l as he is now doing.”

“Ah! my lord,” said Maud, shaking her head, “I wonder when men will leave off their cruel *persiflage* of *calling* us angels, and, treating us like slaves; I begin to think,” continued she, with an arch smile, “that *your* friend, Lady Mary Wortley Montague is right; and that the Turkish women are the only ones who are really *free* and well treated; at all events, for *them* the tariff is laid down and never swerved from, they *have* all they are promised, without fraud or chicanery.”

“You can hardly call that fraud or chicanery, most beautiful Solon,” replied Lord Bolingbroke, “which has not fraud or deceit for its intent, and men, while they are vowing eternal love, religiously believe that they *shall* love eternally.”

“Strange, that the ever changing practical experience they have had to the contrary, should not enlighten them into a little more good faith,” retorted Maud, somewhat sarcastically.

“The fact is,” said Lord Bolingbroke, laughing, “that the language of love and the genius of the Hebrew language, coincide remarkably in one particular; when the Hebrews mean to imply, that a thing *certainly will be*, they substitute the *present* for the *future* tense; therefore, instead of saying

‘the Kingdom of God will come,’ relying on the certainty of that event, they would say ‘the Kingdom of God *is* come ;’ so, in like manner, Love, to make sure of his future, always confounds it into a *synonyme* with his *present*.”

“ Well,” laughed Maud, “ *à mauvaise cause bon avocat*, and you have clearly proved love to be such a perfect Jew, that he over-reaches every one, himself included !”

Here their conversation was interrupted by Madame de Pompadour’s rising, and everybody’s doing the same, as if she had been genuine royalty.

“ *Chère Henriette*,” said the *vice-queen*, beckoning Madame d’Esparbè towards her, “ here is this *chère bonne miladi Howard*, who has come not indeed from *miladi Coventry*, who, of course, does not like to take back what she has given ; but to say, that *ce belle ladi* is greatly distressed at having given you last night, by mistake, at Madame de Cossé Brisac’s, a fan, which was a *gage d’amour* ; and wants to know if you would have any objection to accept *ce beau Watteau* (which is infinitely handsomer,) in its stead ; for,” continued Madame de Pompadour, “ look here, at each rivet are two exquisite little *Petitots*, set round with brilliants ; one of the miniatures is *Ninon*, and the other, *La Châtre*. So, in giving up that very ordinary fan for this magnificent one, *c’est bien le cas de dire à ce*

*pauvre Lady Coventry, 'ah! qu'el bon billet a La Châtre!'** ha! ha! ha!"

"Why, yes," said the Maréchal de Richelieu, with a shrug, "poor La Châtre's bills are, I believe, those always in the most general circulation at Paris."

Madame d'Esparbè, who had by this time perfectly convinced herself that the fan now offered in exchange, was worth, at least, three times as much as the one given her by Lady Coventry on the preceding evening, advanced towards Lady Evelyn with a graceful curtesy, and, as sentimental a look, as it was within the utmost stretch of her features to assume, and said, with a profound sigh, as she presented Lady Coventry's fan to her,

"*Un gage d'amour! Ah! Madame, ça se comprend si bien.*"

"Yes," replied poor Lady Evelyn, innocently,

* A common saying in France when any one is taken in while reaping a seeming advantage; and, which had its origin in the following circumstance. When the Vicomte de la Châtre was Ninon de L'Enclos' lover, he was obliged to absent himself upon military duty for three months; from the multiplicity of his predecessors, he feared his successors, and, by way of guarantee against so much dreaded an event, the poor Vicomte made Ninon give him a promise in writing, drawn up in the form of a bank cheque, that, for the interminable space of three months she would remain faithful to him. However, poor La Châtre had scarcely been a fortnight away before the Marquis de Villars supplanted him; and, on the first evening of his inauguration in drinking to Ninon's health at supper, he was startled by her going off into an immoderate fit of laughter, as she raised the glass of champagne to her lips, and exclaimed, "*Ah! qu'el bon billet a La Châtre!*" From thence the proverb.

and totally ignorant of the way in which she was about to lower Lady Coventry in public estimation. "Yes, it was a gift of Lord Coventry's to her before their marriage."

"*Ciel ! de cet honneur de Coventry ! SON MARI !*" cried Madame d'Esparbè, as if an adder had stung her, and, holding the splendid fan she had just received before her face, as in the act of shutting out some loathsome object. "*Fie donc ! est il possible ?*" and then going off into an unrestrained laugh, added—

"Well, decidedly, there are only you English who wear their sentiments wrong side out."

"Perhaps, Henriette," said Madame de Pompadour, again blushing for her friend, and, kindly taking Evelyn's hand, and pressing it within both her own, with what Burke has so happily designated "*that unbought grace of life*," which the French then so eminently possessed, and which they have not yet *quite* lost; though, thanks to their Anglo-mania, it is greatly diminished. "Perhaps, Henriette, true sentiment is so fine a tissue, of such pure and unalloyed gold, that, like that exquisite Damascus brocade, only manufactured for the sultan, it has no shreds or inequalities, so, that being equally beautiful on both sides, it is merely a matter of choice on which side it shall be worn."

"You forget, belle Marquise," said the Maréchal de Richelieu, "that when this said pure gold tissue

is imported into France, it is then additionally embellished by being embroidered with choice bouquets, called, à la Pompadour."

"Ah, then," said Evelyn, gracefully curtseying her *adieux* to the *dame du Château*, and, delighted at carrying off Lady Coventry's fan so successfully; *then* there can be no doubt, *qu'à La Pompadour c'est le plus beau côté.*"

"*Mille et Mille grâces charmante miladi!*" cried Madame de Pompadour, seizing both Evelyn's hands; and, more delighted at anything in the shape of a compliment from *her* than at all the rest of the adulation daily lavished on her.

Maud followed Evelyn, and Lord Bolingbroke followed Maud; and all three descended the white marble velvet covered steps, into the vestibule of the Hôtel d'Evereux. Lord Bolingbroke, after he had ordered Lady Evelyn Howard's *coach* to be called, loudly vociferated for his own, "*Buckingham*," as he affectedly persisted in calling his sedan chair, because those gilt cases for human beings had been invented by George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and yet, why not a Buckingham as well as a Brougham? indeed, for our own part, we think it was a very *ugly* business, when all England altered their carriage, to ape that of the latter named noble lord; and that the "chair" had infinitely the best of it when the handsome Duke lent it his countenance. "*So much for Buckingham.*"

CHAPTER VII.

“ Car il entrevit, bientôt la belle Eve, et s’en éprit comme se prennent les esprits Mélancoliques, et Médatifs, *L’et nunc et semper et in secula seculorum* de la liturgie est la devise de ces sublimes, Poètes inconnus; dont les Œuvres consistent en de magnifiques épopées, enfantées et perdues, entre deux cœurs ! ” — *Balzac*.

As Lord Bolingbroke was still calling for his “ Buckingham,” and standing between Lady Evelyn and Lady Maud, the contents of a very magnificent gilt and enamelled coach, with gorgeously harnessed, high stepping, thorough-bred English horses, which had just set down its contents at the Hôtel d’Evereux) entered the vestibule; which proved to be the Comte de Saint Germain and Raphaël Valasquez.

“ By the rood ! or rather by the wand,” cried Lord Bolingbroke, “ here comes one of the wonders of the world, though neither the Colossus of Rhodes, the sepulchre of Mausolus, the palace of Cyrus, the pyramids of Egypt, the statue of Jupiter, the temple of Diana, or the walls of Babylon, but the far-famed

Comte de Saint Germain himself ! compared to whom Methuselah, in the parochial returns of chronology ; will be registered as having died a baby. And Narquile, his mysterious Arab page too, ever in the back ground of the picture."

" Oh, *do* shew him to me," said Evelyn ; " how I should like to know him."

" Would that I were the favoured mortal to whom the envied privilege were granted, of so easily and so speedily realizing all Lady Evelyn Howard's wishes," bowed Lord Bolingbroke ; and then added after he had descended two steps to meet Saint Germain, " Ah ! my dear count, delighted to see you ; so much so, that I really don't know how to make the pleasure reciprocal, unless in constituting you my debtor for life, by presenting you to these two ladies : *Monsieur Le Comte de St. Germain*, Lady Evelyn Howard, her sister Lady Maud de Vere."

Saint Germain bowed gracefully to the two ladies, and then turning to Lord Bolingbroke, said in the purest English without the slightest accent, but with all the high flown gallantry of the time :

" Well, my lord, since you *have* usurped the office of St. Peter, and introduce people to heaven, I cannot be so selfish as to enter Paradise alone, and leave my poor friend here at the threshold, so pray show the same favour *ex officio* to Don Raphaël Valasquez."

" Most happy," said Lord Bolingbroke ; and Va-

lasquez, whose eyes had been riveted on Maud, ever since he had entered the hall, was, in his turn, presented to the sisters ; but beyond a profound bow, he found it impossible to improve upon the opportunity, so unexpectedly offered to him, though so eagerly demanded of Æthalides by him ; that very morning his soul was so plunged into the profoundest depths of Maud's deep, earnest, yet most loving eyes, that Evelyn in her darker dress, seemed to him but as Maud's shadow, he was a long time before he could understand her as a separate incarnation ; and then he was angry with her for having stolen Maud's image, an image, whose reflection he would have confined to his own heart. And in the intensity of his idolatrous monopoly, he parodied the aspiration of Caligula, and wished that all the mirrors in the world had but one frame, that he might shiver them at ONE BLOW, and so prevent their stereotyping this hallowed Odyssey of *his LIFE* ! All this was felt, thought, and weighed, in the electric flash of a single instant, for there are *moments*, which fall into the heart, *containing the quintessence of our whole lives*, and from that mysterious alembic, distil drop by drop, the fate and feelings of our future years. Maud, on her side, found no more words than Valasquez. On seeing him, her heart had made a sudden bound as towards one, long lost now found, and then it was still, and hushed, in its own luxurious happiness ; for, however exteriorly people

may meet for the first time, yet from the moment they love, they *feel, that they have long been linked and blent together* in that mysterious inner world, which forms the nucleus of every life, that soft shadowy world whose *vague* is more definite and *real*, (because innate and self-existing) than all the *positive* of outer life, which is but a rough mosaic of hard fragments, that world in fact of which mind is the kingdom, and imagination the sovereign. Through this wide world Maud and Raphaël had long sought each other, like those white sea birds, which, soaring high in the heavens, seem to fill their wings with sun-light, only to cast it down upon the bosom of the waters. So their bright shadows had often fallen like stolen rays from heaven, upon the vast deep of their own hearts. No wonder then that, when they now met in the corporeal forms of the exterior world, that their spirits recognised each other, and mingled in a single glance; no wonder either, that each spirit thought it had now found its rest; the mistake was the more natural, as their *dream* had just begun.

The whole of that morning Valasquez had been in a state of feverish excitement. Saint Germain's warning to him about his love for Evelyn, coupled with the fatal termination of his own loves with Nérolé, seemed to croak like a raven at Raphaël's heart. But still love, with his axe of gilded sophistry, was ever in advance, hewing down every impediment raised by principle, or stumbling block

pointed out by fear. When, therefore, he discovered that the image he had worshipped was personified in Maud, and that Maud was free ! the intoxicating delight that thrilled through his soul, was alas ! not even the reaction of virtue, but the intense avarice of passion, the autocrat selfishness of love, exulting over the exclusiveness of his monopoly, like those magnates in the Catholic church who have a separate altar to themselves, where the tapers are ever lit, on which the offerings are always laid, before which the incense is always burning, but at which *none but themselves* are allowed to kneel. Here then had Valasquez, in his wild fanaticism of heart, found his most ecstatic visions realised ; the vestal deity without a worshipper, the love without the lover, the sacred chaplet of hopes and prayers, which none had ever told or pressed before. But we must return to the rest of the group, still standing on the steps. Evelyn was too well bred to broach any but the most common-place topics to Saint Germain, and did not, like "*Sa Majesté très Casserole*," (as the Comte always called Louis Quinze,) immediately begin setting him to excavate Brantôme and Froissart, so that the *on dits* of the day moved in rotation between him, herself, and Lord Bolingbroke.

"By the bye," said the latter, "I heard it whispered about here to-day, that poor de Nesmond, who was *Chevalier de Guet*, last night got into some scrape in a street brawl, and slept for change of ill luck at

the bastille; but I should scarcely think it could be true, for two reasons:—first, and that might suffice, he is one of the Pompadour's *enfants chéris*; and next, his Imperial Majesty Dagé did me the immortal honour of dressing my hair this morning, and had it been the case, I think *he* would not have failed to announce it, as he says de Nesmond owes him for thirteen duchesses, ten marchionesses, three-and-twenty countesses, and two grizettes a day for three years; thereby signifying the quality and number of his conquests on those days when he, Dagé, condescended to turn their heads, by having turned the Vicomte's curls."

"It is, nevertheless, so true," replied Saint Germain, "that I have come here this morning expressly to try and see what effect Quesnay's favourite remedy of *counter irritation*, may have upon the king, by setting *La belle* at him to counteract Lebel; for, unfortunately, he it was who was de Nesmond's antagonist, and the latter has wounded him in the arm in this midnight encounter."

"Then, I fear," said Lord Bolingbroke shaking his head, "that the poor Vicomte has but a bad chance!"

Here Lady Evelyn Howard's coach was loudly called through the vestibule, as stopping the way, and Saint Germain and Lord Bolingbroke, each offering her their hand to conduct her to it, for leaning then was not the fashion, Valasquez tendered his to

Maud, and all gloved though they were, both of them trembled as their hands met.

No sooner was Evelyn within sight of the carriage, from the window of which lent Lady Coventry's pale and anxious face, than she held up the fan triumphantly.

"Ten thousand million of thanks, my dearest Evelyn !" cried the enraptured beauty, seizing and pressing it to her lips. "I can never be grateful enough to you, for now I really feel as if I was married again."

"Well, my dear, all I can say is," rejoined Evelyn with a laugh, "if you are not more grateful for your widowhood, than to go and marry again immediately, you did not deserve to have it."

The three gentlemen after having seen the sisters into their carriage, bowed their *adieux* and retired, Lord Bolingbroke ordering his chair to the Café Procope, and Valasquez, much to his annoyance, re-ascending the steps to accompany Saint Germain to Madame de Pompadour, on his mission about Monsieur de Nesmond ; for he felt as if it were sacrilege to *think* of Maud in *such* a crowd, and had need to be alone, to breathe freely the rarified and intoxicating atmosphere of his new existence. As Evelyn's carriage was about to drive off, Taaff and Edward Montague shuffled up to it, bowing to Lady Coventry, who, after she had introduced them to her two companions, began stammering out some awkward

excuses about the scene at the Duchesse de Cossé Brissac's on the preceding evening, concluding with this pithy sentence :

" Well, I know it was very wrong of me to provoke *my lord* in public, and I'm sure that ill-natured old duchess, and all the French, thought that I had disgraced myself."

" On the contrary, my dear Lady Coventry," said Taaff, having recourse to his pocket-handkerchief to hide the broad smile that lit up his whole face, " on the contrary, since *you* alone in the whole affair got off with *flying colours*."

" La ! do you think so ? well I'm very glad—but—"

" Decidedly," interrupted Taaff. " Thanks to *my lord*, who had the worst of it, and there was the *rub*."

" Oh, I know what you mean now ; about the rouge," pouted Lady Coventry.

" The fact is," said Taaff good-naturedly, " Lord Coventry does not wish to become the covetous man, for fear of turning the whole world into the envious man, and having found you all

‘ That youthful poets fancy when they love,’

He did not wish you to become

‘ All that painting can express.’"

" No, I know he does not," said Lady Coventry, whimpering, " and therefore it was very wrong of me to do it ; but I'll never put on rouge again as long as I live, and so I hope my lord will forgive me."

“I’m sure he will,” said Taaff, “if you only determine to keep within the *pale* of his authority.”

Perceiving that Taaff would have willingly gone on amusing himself, at poor Lady Coventry’s expense, for three hours longer, and that Edward Montague was gazing at her with as much intense admiration as if she had been talking pearls and diamonds, Evelyn bowed to them both, and ordered the carriage to drive on to the Hôtel de L’Ecu d’Or, which was the one at which the Coventrys were staying.

Meanwhile, after a two hours’ conference with Madame de Pompadour, Saint Germain and Valasquez left the Hotel d’Evereux; the former in possession of her promise that, whether the king liked it or not, or whether Lebel lived or died, Monsieur de Nesmond should be released from the Bastile that night.

CHAPTER VIII.

———“Longas in flectum ducere voces.”

Virgil.

“Ah ! crudele genus, nec fidum femina nomen !

Ah pereat, didicit fallere si qua virum.

Tunc ego nec cithara poteram gaudere sonora,

Nec similes chordis reddere voce sonos.”

Tibul. lib. iii. Ei. 4.

“ ‘No man would live his life over again,’ is an old and true saying, which all can resolve for themselves. At the same time, there are probably *moments* in most men’s lives, which they would live over the rest of life to *regain*.” *Lord Byron.*

UPON the same night on which Saint Germain had procured the Vicomte de Nesmond’s liberation from the Bastile, between the hours of eleven and twelve, the former alone, on foot, and closely muffled in a long riding-cloak, pursued his way up the Rue de Bétizy, which at that time was still in existence, in exactly the same state it had been in on the fearful night of the St. Bartholomew, save that the lower part of the Hôtel Coligny,* was then let out into large warehouses, or rather cellars, to druggists and distillers, and the upper stories into garrets to the poorest and lowest sort of people ; in short, from its

* The same that was afterwards known as the Hôtel St. Pierre.

grass-grown court to its ponderously-leaded roof, this once magnificent hotel was in every way shorn of its beams ; and if the spirit of the murdered admiral ever haunted its desolate immensity, it must have been as De Thou describes him, returning from his visit to the Duc d'Anjou, on the fatal morning of the 22nd of August, with "*pedes iter faciens lentius incedebat.*"* It was to this house that Saint Germain was now going, but when he reached it, he was obliged to lean for support against the pillar of the old torch-extinguisher ; a shudder came over him, the icy drops of mortal agony rolled from his forehead like rain : the *last time* he had stood at *that* door was with the wise and benevolent De Thou, then a young man of nineteen, arrived at Paris for the first time in the suite of the King of Navarre ! the *last time* he was in *that* street, he had heard the great admiral's dignified, but feeble voice, saying to the plebeian monster, Bême, ere the latter plunged his hired steel into one of France's noblest hearts : "*Young man, you ought to have respected my age and my infirmity ; but you will only shorten my life by a few days or hours.*" The *last time* he had entered *that* court, he had sickened at the hoarse, broken voice of the Duc de Guise, drunk as it were with blood, calling up to know *if the deed were done* ? he had seen, at this royal butcher's order, Coligny's mangled corse thrown from the window into that

* Thuani Historia, iii. 122.

very court ! he had heard the former question if the disfigured mass before him was really the remains of his victim ? and when, with his own merciless hand, he had wiped away the blood from the great man's face, and could no longer doubt, he had seen him kick that noble head with his sacrilegious foot, and order his band of assassins "FORWARD." Here, too, on the fatal night of the 24th, had he seen the helpless infant of the woman Charpentier playing with the beard of its murderer, and Monsieur de Nançay, the captain of the guard, in vain trying to rescue it ! Well might De Thou, when he came to this horrible epoch of the history of the fearful times in which he lived, revolt from dipping his pen in so much blood, and let it drop,—to fill up the hiatus at a later period with these prophetic words of Statius :*

"Excidat illa dies ævo,
Nec postera credant
Sæcula—nos certe faciamus
Et obruta multâ
Nocte tegi patiamur crimina gentis !"

"Tush, fool that I am," exclaimed Saint Germain, wiping the large drops from his forehead. "*They* have long attained to their glorious rest ; and even the wicked Catherine and the weak Charles have passed to *their* dread account ! the former ever struggling on through countless ages in an unfathomable sea of human blood, her self-constructed hell !

and the latter's poor, feeble, halting, vacillating, thread-bare soul, lacerated in endless agonies against his mother's foul treachery and fellifluous deceit, now turned into black gigantic rocks in that infernal sea!—of *all* that doomed crowd—the murdered and the murderers —*I alone remain!* my hearing as acute, my sight as clear, as when on that accursed night, flushed from the demoniac banquet at the Hôtel de Ville, I rushed to the windows with the fiend Catherine and the fool Charles, and looked out upon the *Place de Grève*, to see Cavagnes and Briquemant, after the treacherous mockery of their second *trial*, sitting on their hurdles, awaiting their certain death! which, unjust and ignominious as it was, was better far than life under such a dynasty! ———under *any* dynasty? — oh! horrible vitality of memory! it seems, too, but yesterday since I accompanied Madame de Tombonneau on foot, with Phillipe de Mornay and Rochefoucauld, to de l'Hôpital's house at Vignay, on the night that La Rochefoucauld was not to be fooled by Charles's '*petit foucauld's*' and other '*baliverneries*' as he called them; and now, now, *they* are all mute and cold as these stones upon which they then trod so stealthily, for fear of arousing their slumbering fate—for all men's fates slept lightly then—and *mine* sleeps still; but *I* must wake, and watch each plunge of its grim, ghastly night-mare. So courage! that I may vault into the saddle of my destiny, and not fall short of it in the foul, stagnant

gulf which stands between the present and the future!"——Saint Germain slouched his hat over his face, drew a long, painful breath, and then gave one loud knock upon the ponderous door, which instantly turned on its rusty hinges sufficiently wide to admit of his entering, which he did, and passing the once grand staircase, (the iron splendour of whose balustrades still displayed the arms of Coligny—the glory of their gilding passed away), he traversed the desolate court till he came to a narrow staircase on the opposite side, which had once led to the servants' apartments from the offices, but now conducted to those miserable garrets in the very roof, tenanted as we have before said by the lowest sort of rabble. A dim, rank oil lamp flared at this entrance, just sufficient to make "darkness visible;" the stone of these stairs was so worn, that their inequalities became almost dangerous, being indented into deep grooves here and there, the size of small basons; the banister was composed of a thick but old and very dirty cable. Without touching this feeble and uninviting support, Saint Germain now ascended these steps, slowly, yet clearing four at a time, till he reached the fifth story, where he could not stand upright, on account of the gable-end of the roof, which skirted the right side of an old, worm-eaten, unpainted oak door, from beneath the bottom of which, athwart its jagged and pointed ends, streamed a faint light; from a broken bull's eye in

the roof the night-wind blew coldly down ; Saint Germain bared his now burning forehead to its refreshing breath, and after inhaling it for a few seconds, he arranged his dress, and with it that exterior calm which never appeared to forsake him ;—these preliminaries settled, he gave three sharp, distinct knocks upon the old door before him, when a hoarse yet shrill voice from within immediately answered,

“ In a minute, my master—in a minute ;” and then a loud yawn was heard, the creaking of a bedstead, and the sound of a person, whose movements were anything but sylph-like, springing to the floor. Two minutes after, a rusty iron bolt was slid back inside the door, which was then cautiously opened, and the dim rays of a small night-lamp, standing on a joint-stool by the miserable flock bed opposite the door, discovered the hideous form of Marie Cadel, by no means embellished by her night costume, which consisted of a blue and green striped woollen petticoat, a very dirty and much patched knit red worsted *camisole* or jacket, and a red and yellow cotton handkerchief tied round her head, from which her coarse gray hair was escaping in all directions over her black and shrivelled neck ; her naked feet were thrust into two old slip-shod shoes, and no sooner had she opened the door sufficiently wide to let Saint Germain pass, than she hastily shut and re-bolted it. Opposite to the flock bed, which this

Hecate had lately pressed, was another, but it was not only untenanted then, but had evidently not been slept in that night; as on a high-backed chair beside the dying embers of the fire sat and slept the beautiful Corella. Her head was thrown back, her mantilla over it, but not so as to cover her face—her bare and beautiful arms were crossed upon her bosom, pressed to which, in one of her hands, she held the sprig of heath, which Saint Germain had worn and lost after leaving Ramponneau's the night before. He perceived it at a glance, and gave a melancholy and contemptuous smile, as people are wont to do when they are hearing professions of devotion and attachment from those whose deceit they have proved—whose friendship they have “weighed in the balance, and found wanting.” Still his eyes wandered over Corella's form—in spite of himself as it were—paying their forced tribute of admiration to the exquisite vision of beauty before him, rendered still more strangely, nay, almost awfully beautiful, by the ignoble and incongruous frame-work with which it was surrounded. It was even *strange* to *him*, to whom all things were familiar, for it was as if a star had fallen from heaven into chaos! a rich carcanet from the neck of a vestal queen into her city's filthiest mire! or an image of the Madonna amid the orgies of Tartarus! Slowly withdrawing his gaze, Saint Germain turned from Corella with a sigh, and taking off his gloves and flinging them

upon a large, heavy, worm-eaten, dresser-like oak table in the centre of the room, he drew the only chair it possessed, (except the one in which Corella was sleeping) to it; and seating himself in it, took off his hat, which he laid beside his gloves, shook back his luxuriant curls, threw off his cloak, and, folding his arms, commanded Marie Cadel to listen to him—

“Heaven! and Saint Médard!” screamed the beldam, holding the lamp before his face, “It is not Monsieur Lebel!—but—yes—it is—it must be all right; of course you come from him? as no one else living, except my master Zamora, knows where to find us; so now to business, as I had the honour of telling Monsieur Lebel last night, and for the last time, Zamora, who is not a Jew for nothing, won’t take a *denier* less than the two thousand louis; so if you have not got them with you, you may as well go back to those who sent you, for the girl is not to budge from this at one *sou* under; but if you have them, chink them out, and let us hear their pretty music. You need not be afraid of disturbing the game,” added the hag, pointing to Corella, “for, knowing the trouble we should have with her, I took care to send her into dream-land till twelve o’clock to-morrow, when she may wake up and enjoy all the beauties of the scenery of the *Parc aux cerfs*!—ha! ha! ha!”

“Ha ! ha ! ha !” echoed in fiendish yet grotesque sounds, as if from underneath Corella’s bed.

“Mercy upon me, what was that ?” said Marie Cadet, seizing a brandy bottle and rosary from the chimney-piece at the same time, and pouring out a glass from the former, which she swallowed at one draught, while she began muttering an “ave” over the other.

“What was it ? an echo,” said Saint Germain calmly. “Did you never hear one before ? but again I say listen to me, I am not Lebel, neither come I from him, nor yet from his employer, but I come to take Corella, and that by my own authority.”

“Your own authority, forsooth, I like that, and marry, who may you be ? to put between the king himself, and upset all his plans, with no more care than if they were a set of nine pins.”

“Who I am is of little import,” replied Saint Germain, “but,” added he, withdrawing an embroidered satin letter case, from a side pocket, within the breast of his coat, and selecting a slip of parchment from it, folded in four, with two leaden seals appended from it, by means of one crimson and one purple ribbon, and containing several signatures, and two or three printed stamps, being nothing more nor less than the arms and seals of the holy inquisition, “but, what I have power to do *does* concern you ; so pray gratify your very legitimate curiosity, by glancing your eye over this document ;” and he

handed the parchment across the table to the old woman, who had no sooner perceived the seals, as Saint Germain withdrew it from the letter-case, than she had begun to shudder ; and now both her withered hands trembled so violently as she seized it, that it was some minutes before she could decipher the contents, when she began muttering half aloud :

“ The woman calling herself Marie Cadel, and now in the employment of the Jew Abdias Zamora at Paris, but born at Estremadura, and baptized in the holy church of San Antonio, with the names of Mariquita-Estella Jossé y Cayda, shall, at the sight of these presents, instantly deliver up to the bearer, the Señora Rosèida de Pajaio, the daughter of Don Aschanio-di Alcantaro, and Donna Inez his wife, or be instantly summoned before the tribunal of our holy inquisition, there to answer for having stolen away the aforesaid Sènorriña Rosèida, the sole heiress of Don Aschanio, at the age of two years, selling her to the Jew Zamora ; and, for the last six months forcing her under the name of Corella, to follow the calling of an itinerant cantatrice, in all the *cafés* and *cabarets* of the aforesaid city of Paris, and furthermore—”

But here the hag let drop the parchment, and falling on her knees before Saint Germain, exclaimed wringing her hands, and in the most abject tone,—

“ Ah ! most noble Señor, anything, everything you please ; consider yourself master here ; only

command, and mine be it to obey. But, but,—indeed, sweet sir ; yon hussy, no, I beg her and your pardon, I didn't mean that. If I give up the Señora Rosèida, or if I detain her, either way, she will be the death of me ; for on the one side I have the holy inquisition, mercy, my joints crack, and my bones feel crushed to a jelly at the very thought of it ; and, on the other hand, Zamora will think no more of flinging me into the Seine with a paving stone round my neck by way of necklace, than he would a kitten, when he hears that Corella is gone ! and the two thousand louis that he made so sure of for to-morrow morning are not forthcoming."

"As you appear to entertain certain prejudices against cold bathing, and are equally wanting in faith as to the efficacy of the stretching and shampooing system, carried out by the doctors of the holy inquisition, I really see nothing for the good of your health, but travelling, change of air, and change of scene ; for which reason I have provided you with a passport for England, and a carriage to convey you thither, which now awaits you at Saint Denis," said Saint Germain, handing her the passport as he spoke.

"England !" shrieked Marie Cadel, "what shall I do there, in a country of Huguenots and heretics?" (and here she piously crossed herself.) "How can a poor woman like me, who cannot speak their jargon, tell them what I want, or find out what they want?"

“ You shall want nothing from them or they from you ; for, in order that you shall no longer pursue your infamous calling, here are eighty guineas in gold ; every three months the same sum shall be transmitted to you ; but the moment you relapse into any of your present iniquities, or hold any communion with such as Zamora, for the same purposes, that moment this pension shall cease.”

The old woman's eyes almost sparkled at the sight and sound of the gold, as she stretched out her hand to seize it ; but with the insatiable cupidity of long habit, thinking to drive a still better bargain, she laid it down, and shaking her head, said with a sigh :

“ Ah ! most noble Señor, it is evident *you* have not had much to do with the *fair sex*, or you would know how subject we all are to vapours, or low spirits, which are sure to be brought on by our being made to act against our will ; now I am particularly troubled with this complaint, and I do believe you are signing my death warrant, in banishing me to a country where the only national amusements are, praying, and hanging ; and where the climate consists of smoke, fog, and frost, or, by way of change, rain, hail, and snow. For I once heard a sermon at Madrid, in which the archbishop told us that, ever since the English king, Henry the Eighth, had cut off the head of the church in the way of business, by forswearing his allegiance to the pope, and his wives' heads for amusement, the sun has been *so*

angry, that he has never been to England *once*, which is the reason I suppose why the English pass their lives in running after him all over the rest of the world. But I have other reasons for not wishing to go to that *desert island*. Once from under *my care*, I fear that sleeping beauty there may blab, and so in time get me into trouble with Don Aschanio, and Donna Inez, who, no doubt, would pursue me to the uttermost ends of the earth, and—”

“Do you not know,” interrupted Saint Germain, “that in stealing the child, you killed the mother, who died of a broken heart three months after, and Don Aschanio, having been the following year (least he should marry again), denounced by his amiable brother to the holy inquisition for some imaginary offence, lingered in one of its dungeons for six months, and then died raving mad. So you see you finished your work most completely.”

“*Madre de Dio !*” exclaimed the hag, clasping her hands, her shrivelled and disgusting lips turning livid, while her under jaw trembled, “is it possible ? and, that I should have done all this for that wretch Don Enrique, who, instead of making me as rich as an *hidalgo*, for the rest of my life, as he promised to do, went and denounced me to the inquisition, so that I had to fly for my life, and a nice life I’ve had of it ; for, with the exception of the inquisition, which being a Jew he has no influence with, Zamora requires quite the same hard work of villainy in

his service ; and truly in the devil's service there *are no* holidays ; and he is about as generous a paymaster as Don Enriquo, and yet," continued Marie Cadel, filling out another glass of brandy, and attempting to whimper, "it is not in the nature of anything in a beard and whiskers to comprehend what the feelings of a grandmother are ; they are even stronger than a mother's, aye, as much stronger as the best Cognac is to Ramponneau's *Macon*, at four *sous* a bottle ; and here have I been slaving all my life, in order to give a future career to my poor Xintro, whom, I suppose, nature intended for a pedlar, by the pack she fastened on his back, and I've no doubt his wits are safely wrapped up in it, as they are not in his head. And it is for that reason that during his minority, I was glad even to let him fill a very subordinate situation in the household of Zamora, as professor of errands, knife-grinding, breakage, short commons, and *souffre douleur* general ; but now he is nineteen, and it is not right to let him waste his energies in trimming flower-pots, feeding starlings, and winding silk for pretty mistress Zillah, not that I am afraid of the women making a fool of him, as nature has been beforehand with them, but it is my duty to see after his interests, and make him as happy as I can."

"Glad to hear it, granddam, glad to hear it, for I've work for you, granddam, better than trimming flower-pots, feeding starlings, or winding silk ; wind-

ing plots, granddam, winding plots, that no one else has sense enough to wind but poor Xintro, *who* is now *good* Xintro ! *dear* Xintro ! and who would not be wise with *that* ?”

This was all uttered in a hoarse, rapid, broken voice ; and then, after a loud shake, such as dogs give themselves, Xintro issued from under Corella's bed, and after jumping round the room on all fours, with the exact movements of a frog, he sprang upon the table, and, seizing Marie Cadel by the shoulder, gave her a letter, and said, “ read this, granddam, and you are to do it quick, quick !”

“ Deuce take the imp, how he frightened me,” cried the old woman, shaking off the dwarf. “ That's the way he does,” added she, addressing Saint Germain, “ he'll make half his journies through Paris over the tops of the houses, and never meets with a single accident, which is more than can be said when he goes like other mortals through the streets ; for there he is always getting knocked down and run over ; however, Naught is never in danger, for, like any other worm, cut him in two, and he only seems to have the more life in him. Well, what is it, my cherubim without wings,” continued she, patting his hideous head ; “ but never mind the wings, as the preachers say, there is compensation in all fates, and you *can* sit down and rest yourself, my Xin, which is more than the poor cherubims have the means of doing, however much they may have the

inclination. What is it? tell granddam, what she is to do for her Lily of the valley?"

"What's written here? quick, quick," said the dwarf, pointing with his skiny finger to the letter he had given the old woman, and, apparently little touched by the caresses and flattering epithets bestowed on him.

"Ah, but," said Marie Cadel, as she wiped her spectacles with her petticoat, previous to perusing the letter; "Have you brought me any sunbeams from Zamora? for my resources are getting very low, and need replenishing," continued she, taking up the brandy bottle, and, looking at it through the light.

"None from *him*," replied Xintro, shaking his head, and making a noise like the ricket of a pheasant; "you know, granddam, *he* always pays *to-morrow*; but this from *her*, and double this, when you have done all that's in that letter;" and the dwarf sighed profoundly, two large stag-like tears for a moment rolled like light through his dim eyes, and his head sank on his shoulders, as he flung at the old woman a small but well filled silken purse, through whose green and silver net work the closely piled bright gold pieces were visible.

"Poor fool!" soliloquised Saint Germain, looking almost tenderly at the dwarf, "thou, even thou, too, art stirred and deitate with this eternal mystery of love, which runs like wild-fire through the world,

lighting up the darkest souls, purifying the foulest, and beautifying even such as thou ! and, oh ! it is well, that mortals are thus sometimes fed with angel's food, or else, would they grow too weary in earth's barren wilderness."

"Ha ! ha ! master Zamora ! now I think *your* turn is come !" cried Marie Cadel, rubbing her hands as she laid down the letter she had been reading, and thrust into her bosom another letter that she had found within it. "Zillah, your beautiful Zillah ! that Lebel was never to dream was in 'existence, and who was to be married to her rich uncle, your rich brother, old Isaac Zamora of Antwerp, (your coffers and his having long been enamoured of each other), to play you such a trick, as to turn Christian, and under your very roof, attend all Louis Racine's profanities just to meet a foreign gallant, who, for aught she can tell, may be already provided with a wife, though, of course, he tells her he is not. Well, well, let me see, how can I manage it, and I going *beyond seas* ; and, yet it would grieve me sorely to go without paying you, master Zamora, since you will not pay me ; ah ! I have it, *she* is quite as anxious to keep your dainty Zillah out of Lebel's way, that is, out of his master's way, as you can be ; to be sure, this heretic gentleman, for I'm sorry to say he *is* a heretic, that Zillah is so much interested about, is in want of a terrible large sum of money ; and, unfortunately, this atrophy of the purse having such a universal

epidemic among the gentlemen of the present day, it does not always excite the commiseration and sympathy it deserves, *L'autre* would not have hesitated ; but this one, though, for good reason, she sets great store by *Louis Quinze*, yet, loves *Quinze Louis* infinitely more, much less fifteen thousand ; then too, I am no great scribe, pooh, never mind, people can always decipher their own interest, however badly scribbled it may be, or in whatever tongue."

And, as she concluded this monologue, she took down from the high mantel-piece an old small leaden inkstand with one very short stump of a pen sticking in it, next from between the mattresses of her bed, or, more properly speaking, from between the flock bed and the paliass, she drew forth an old black leather portfolio, filled with discoloured letters and papers, of all sizes and qualities ; from among them, she selected a sheet of paper, which might have been called fair, inasmuch as that it was not written upon. Next, she filled out another glass of brandy, and these preliminaries ended, she drew the joint stool from the bed side, seated herself before the table, and seizing the pen almost at its very nib, between her horny fingers, began making a most disagreeable noise over the paper, which, ultimately, terminated in about six lines of some very apocryphal hieroglyphics. When she had finished her labours, and strewed some of the wood ashes over them from the grate,

as she was folding it, an unlucky jerk of her elbow upset some of the contents of the glass of brandy on the paper.

“Ah!” cried she, pouring it on the floor, “the two sources of life, brandy and blood, are soon spilt; but no matter, *she’ll* know at once by its not smelling of *rose musquée*, that it does not come from a *talons rouge*, so that will spare her a disappointment. Here Xintro, my lily, listen to thy granddam’s last request, though, I am happy to say, it is not her dying one.”

But the dwarf gave no sign of attention or intelligence; like an arrow that is sped and spent, he appeared both powerless and motionless.

“Xintro, my cherubim,” cried Marie Cadel, in a louder key, laying her left hand on the dwarf’s right shoulder, and tapping his left cheek with the elegant *billet-doux* which she had just concluded, and, whose secrets she had placed under the formidable guardianship of a large yellow wafer; “Xintro, here is mistress Zillah’s business all at a stand-still, if you do not rouse up and finish it.”

“Zillah! what of her?” said the dwarf, springing to the floor. “I know it all, and the wisest can’t know more than all—can they? Well, I know she don’t love me,” added he, putting up his hands, and stopping both his ears, “because I’m a fool—and a dwarf—and a hunchback—there—there—there, I don’t want to hear all that, but I can do for her what the

king could not do, she told me so; and then, I shall be greater than the king, and when I'm greater than the king, it will be a rare day for Paris: for, do you know what I'll do? still what the king could not do, and all for *her*! I'll put my body (because it's the least) into the great bell of Saint Germain L'Auxerrois, and my soul into the great bell of Nôtre Dame, and, both body and soul, shall ring out such a peal for Zillah's wedding, that the bridegroom shall die of fear, and the angels shall come down from Heaven to know what is the matter! and when they hear it is I, clever Xintro, greater than the king, who has done all this, they will be so pleased, that they shall make me beautiful as themselves; flinging me this great wealth of Heaven, less grudgingly than Zamora does a *sou*, when he is pleased with me. And when I have put my beauty on, and let its graceful folds fall round me like a mantle, made of the blue of a deep summer sky, whose lining is the sun, oh! then will Zillah love me, *but love me back* as if she'd *always loved me*; and, arm in arm, we'll then go flaunting by the river side, and, for a merry pastime, I can play at foot-ball with the dead bridegroom's head, until it rolls into the water, and goes down—down—down, and, she or I, will *never see it more!*"

"Ah, very true, and very likely to happen, my Cupid," said Marie Cadet, with a yawn; "but, in order that you may not be baulked of this pretty

little game of foot-ball, and ring down the angels the sooner, and, that the good Parisians, who dearly love a *fête*, may not be kept waiting for such a gala; you, I say, must do all mistress Zillah's bidding."

"Do! have I not done all? well, I'll do it over again, if *she* says I must; and yet, I'm very tired, and *very* cold," said the poor dwarf; in confirmation of which, warm as the night was, his teeth chattered in his head.

"No," resumed Marie Cadel, "you must take this letter either to —, yet, I fear," added she again seizing the pen, and, re-inclosing the first letter she had written, in another sheet of paper, "that he never will understand all this from me, so I had better send the letter to Zillah, explaining my plan to her, and let her get the letter conveyed, and she will be sure to take care that it reaches its destination."

So saying, she wrote her instructions to Zillah upon the sheet in which she had re-inclosed the letter; and, after sealing them, she again addressed herself to the dwarf.

"Here, *mon petit courrier des dames*," said she, "give this letter to Zillah, as soon as possible *to-night*, mind you, if you can; and —"

"To Zillah?" interrupted Xintro, his attention now firmly fixed; "then I must see her to-night;" added he, seizing the letter, and concealing it in his vest.

"Aye, that must you ; and now," continued Marie Cadel, putting the right sleeve of her red knit jacket before her eyes, in place of the tears which, even she thought ought to be there. "Good bye, my lily, you will be alone in this wide world of Zamoras, and Don Enriquos ; or, of Jews and Judases ; to speak in plain French, without your poor granddam to counsel, to console, or to castigate you, as your necessities may require ; and, alas ! alas ! as there is nothing so empty as good wishes, all I have to leave you, as a stock in trade wherewith to begin the world, is my blessing ; and the only friend I regret in Paris, this bottle."

But without waiting for either, and accompanied by a loud peal of thunder, which had burst open the small lattice window in the gable just above the old woman's bed, and vivid rays of forked lightning, which now illumined the whole garret, Xintro sprang like a cat through the window, and darting almost as rapidly as the lightning itself, from tile to tile, and from gutter to gutter, was soon out of sight.

Saint Germain, who for the last few minutes had been plunged into a profound reverie, now roused himself, and passing his hand tightly over his eyes, as persons are wont to do who unwillingly quit their visions to grapple with unwelcome realities, he bade Marie Cadel prepare instantly to quit her present abode, and set forward to the Porte Saint Denis,

where a vehicle was in waiting to convey her to Calais.

“Ouf!” said the old woman, with a sort of school-boy shake of resistance, all the while making her preparatives for travelling; which in justice we must confess were of a far shorter and simpler nature than those of the “*fair sex*” generally, with whose amiable little weaknesses and witcheries she was so fond of assimilating her own peculiarities, as all Marie Cadel’s cap-cases, imperials, *cartons*, and dressing-boxes resolved themselves into one large blue and red-checked cotton handkerchief, which she had spread upon the table, and into which she had tossed a couple of shifts, which certainly were not of *toille des rois*, neither were they trimmed with Dresden lace; but as all things have their uses in this world, they might have done admirably to repair the main-top-sail of the vessel in which she was to cross the channel, should any accident chance to befall it. Next into this *wardrobeial* ark (into which every thing entered in pairs) were thrown a couple of pairs of stockings, which even Queen Elizabeth, unspoilt as she was in *those matters*, would scarcely have pronounced to be “*marvellous dainty wear*.” When her whole *trousseau* had paired off in this way, she placed the before-mentioned old black leather portfolio upon the top of them as a *sur tout*, and having secured the four corners in two very gordian knots, and concealed the bag of guineas in her bosom, she gave another

sonorous “ouf,” adding, as she put her arms a kimbo, and looked Saint Germain full in the face—

“Look-’ee, Señor, I am not sure now, that all this is not some plot laid by a set of *Freloquets*, to compromise my reputation with Zamora; we poor women have such uneven odds against the machinations of your sex; and no later than last night Corella was conjured away from me before my very eyes; and how she got back at last, not knowing her way about Paris, any more than a tame jack-daw, remains to me a mystery, for nothing could I get out of *her*; as even before I sent her to sleep she has appeared in a dream ever since, and has done nothing but look at and kiss that sprig of heather which she still holds, all of which makes me think that the devil had a hand in the business, and that this is some charm he had given her; and so now I should just like to know, my master, what security I have that all this is not some plot to spite either Zamora or Lebel, or to commit *lèse majesté* in stealing away yonder pretty sleeper, for whom the king was to pay, as kings *ought* to pay, and the end of which will be, that I shall have to pay for all.”

Saint Germain’s only reply to this harangue was to unrol the subpœna of the holy office with one hand, while he pointed to the door with the other; and this was sufficient, for with a most audible shudder Marie Cadel seized her bundle, merely saying to Corella on her way to the door—

“Ah, poor little fool, you know I always sent you to mass, and instilled virtuous *maxims* into you, for it's astonishing how fine *sentiments* get one on in the world, for virtue without them is like what an inn would be that had no sign, who is to know what the house is without? Indeed, fine sentiments are like the bill of fare of the same inn, every thing may be wanting in the *larder*, down to the commonest necessities, provided all imaginable good things are duly set forth in the bill of fare; and, above *all*, remember our good old Spanish proverb, ‘*La probeza no est villeda, mas es ramo le picardia,** so get rich, if you would be honest.’”

And with this, and an “*addios Señor*,” she disappeared, slamming the door after her, resolving, in her own mind, to make her escape to the Spanish frontier; but no sooner had she reached the street and crossed the threshold of the Porte Cochère, than two *gens d’armes* seized her, and addressing her by name, commanded her to follow them to the Porte St. Denis, which she at first stoutly resisted, but finding all her struggles, both of speech and action unavailing, she at length yielded, and passing a hand through an arm of each of the *gens d’armes*, declared, with a hoarse laugh, that it was quite impossible any longer to resist *l’amiable galanterie de ces Messieurs*, merely requesting, as they hurried her into a *fiacre* that they had in waiting at

* Poverty is not baseness, but it is a branch of knavery.

the corner of the Rue Fossées St. Germain, to be permitted to stop at a post office, as she had a love letter to forward, and the young man would be in despair if he did not receive it ; “ Since inexorable fate, gentlemen,” concluded the hag, (“ which has nevertheless taken your two captivating forms,) will prevent his having the unspeakable happiness of seeing ME ! ”

After Marie Cadel had closed the door of her late habitation, which she had now left for ever, troubling herself very little about her arrears of rent, as she knew Zamora would have to liquidate them, and therefore only wishing for *his sake* that instead of the miserable garret she was deserting, it had been one of the whilom splendid suite of apartments on the other side of the court, that his *coffers*, at least, might the more deeply feel her departure. The blue and lurid lightning continued to flit in fantastic zig-zags round the room, illuminating for less than an instant every crevice of this miserable garret, and playing like a halo round the angelically beautiful face of the sleeping Corella. Still Saint Germain had relapsed into his reverie, from which neither the intolerable smell of the expiring lamp, which the old woman had left upon the table, nor the total darkness which reigned around, (except when the lightning occasioned a momentary flash,) seemed to arouse him. He had remained in this deep absorption, unconscious of all exterior objects for more than half

an hour, when strains of such exquisite yet subdued melody burst from Corella, that they at once roused him: he sprang to his feet, and perceiving the darkness they were in, touched the spring of a ring he wore, and immediately the diamond of which it was composed darted forth rays of such intense brilliancy, that the whole room became as fully illuminated as though a thousand wax lights had been burning round it. Corella, as if affected by this sudden blaze of light, turned her head so as to conceal her face more within the folds of her mantilla, and her voice gradually mellowed into the deep minor of an old Moorish ballad, which even at that time was so rare in Spain, as to have been almost unknown for the last three centuries; the Moorish words of which she now distinctly sang, and whose *refrain* may be translated as follows:—were

*Oh, thou gentle summer air,
Be thou kind, as thou art fair,
Learn to murmur like the dove,
And bear my soul unto my love;
Hear my vow, and hear my sigh,
Tell her without her I die,
MIRAMOLIN * I would not be,
So SHE but deign to look on me;
But if her heart be like Sierra Nevada,†
Then woe! woe! is me, and woe to Granada!*

At this air, at these words, Saint Germain's whole

* The great Moorish chief and first king, who reigned with unrivalled splendour in Africa, when the Moors first took possession of Spain.

† The snow mountains opposite the Alhambra.

being was convulsed like an embodied earthquake. Nérol! burst from him in an agony of conflicting tortures, and rushing to Corella, he placed his hand before her mouth, to hush the sounds that were issuing from it, as he exclaimed,—

“ Oh, no, in mercy not that, not that !” and as he spoke, a dark shadow fell between him and her ; and if a shadow *can* grapple, *that* shadow surely grappled with Saint Germain till he grew dark as it.

Corella struggled, but still she did not waken ; but a slight uneasy murmuring succeeded the plaintive and mysterious strains, which had stirred Saint Germain into such a fearful paroxysm of excitement, and being still under its influence, he wildly tore off her mantilla, strained back her hair with both his hands, gazed breathlessly with open mouth and widely distended eyes, on her beautiful and unconscious face, and meeting no answer to his burning thoughts there, rudely seized her delicate wrists, and clenching them convulsively, (till the intensity of the pain he excited caused her to knit her brows and utter a low and lengthened moan,) he frantically exclaimed—

“ Oh, not *again* ! thou canst not die *twice* ! Nérol ! *my* Nérol ! answer me, does not the deep undying love of *ages* deserve *one* word ? Other men count by years, and note them by their own incessant change ; but *I*, have not I loved thee through *one* vast cycle, wrought from out eternity ? My heart

stood still at *thine*, and when *thine* stopped, alas ! the main spring of *my* life was snapped, and never since, through all these weary long revolving years, have its mute pulses pointed to *one* hour of love !” And again Saint Germain gazed wildly in Corella’s face, which he held within his hands, till suddenly they dropped powerlessly down,—he staggered like a man faint from the loss of blood flowing from a wound, or reeling under a violent and sudden blow, and leaning against the wall, closed his eyes for some seconds, and then murmured with the phantom calmness of exhaustion—

“Oh, memory, thou pitiless necromancer, wilt thou *never* cease from desecrating the hallowed sepulchre of the past ? and with thy sacrilegious sorceries kneading death’s long-mouldered dust with these blood-like, elastic, but impermanent fluids, into the warm and yielding semblances of life ! out upon thy unsentient shadows ! and leave me in peace the stony mystery of my being free from the maddening mockery of these saxifragous spells. I *have no* life in life ! then why, with thy wizard and galvanic filtres, stir into form and motion the marrowless tenants of the tomb, till from their power *to torture*, I must needs believe *they live* !”

A deep sigh which burst from Corella aroused Saint Germain to a consciousness of where he was and what had brought him there. “I’m glad I do not know his name,” murmured she, “I can love

him as well without a name, and I should be sorry the spirits of the air of this world should ever steal it from off my lips; and in heaven the angels will know who I pray for, so that my prayers *are* but heard!" and with another sigh she ceased to utter further sounds.

Saint Germain passed his right hand through his luxuriant hair, and the fingers of the other across his eyes; and with these two gestures seemed to fling the past from him, as a lion would shake the dew from off his mane, and folding his arms, he looked firmly round, as with the heroic bearing of a conqueror he appeared resolutely to plant his standard on the *present*!

"Poor girl!" said he, looking at Corella calmly and critically, as he would at a beautiful statue, save that the insensibility of the marble was *his*, not *her's*, "thou art *very* beautiful, and *holy* as beautiful; for on the pure shrine of thy young heart thy vestal lamp of life *still* burns, and before it kneel those twin seraphs, (doomed to an early death) INNOCENCE and LOVE; since now, as ever, around them hover that fell triumvirate of passion, sin, and sorrow, gloating with a serpent eye upon their future prey!"

"He told me that my horizon was bright," again murmured Corella.

"Aye, as all horizons are at their base, but capped with clouds," answered Saint Germain. "But the night wears; and what fate has decreed, *that* must I

do:" and so saying, he passed one arm round Corrella's waist, and the other under her ancles, to lift her from the chair. As his hand pressed against it, her heart beat more quickly, and her sweet breath came, like a kiss stealing through a sigh, across his cheek; he felt the electric fluid of *her* love for *him*—*passing over him, for it could not enter into his soul nor mingle with his being.* Again he replaced the beautiful burden, and looking intently on her, exclaimed,

"Oh! for *one* hour of *human* life, that I might *feel* thy love, or even thy loveliness, which albeit will be longer-lived; but *no*, it may not be: TIME, like an elephant, has trampled down my heart, and crushed its every throb!" And once more Saint Germain took her in his arms like a child, and covering her with her mantilla, to protect her from the night air, carried her carefully down the narrow and broken stairs; and when he arrived at the last step, previous to crossing the court with his sleeping burden, he turned the luminous facets of his ring inwards, so that he quitted the Hôtel Coligny in the same profound obscurity in which he had entered it; merely stopping for half a second before the porter's lodge, till in answer to his cry of "*cordon*" the ponderous door once more turned upon its rusty hinges, to admit of his gaining the street; at the end of which, one of the huge *Berlines*, or travelling carriages of the time, was stationed, with four post horses, which,

like the same poor weary, wretched animals of the present day in France, looked ready to drop from exhaustion even *before* they started upon their journey. In this carriage were seated an Abbé and a sister of charity, evidently awaiting the arrival of some other person or persons. No sooner, therefore, was Saint Germain in sight, than the Abbé alighted, and helped to place the still sleeping girl in the carriage beside the nun, who put one arm round her neck to draw her towards her, so as that her shoulder might serve as a pillow to Corella; after which, Saint Germain drew the Abbé aside, and said in a low voice not to be overheard by the postillions,

“You will have the goodness, Monsieur L’Abbé, to give this letter to Madame—the superior of the Convent of the Visitation at Caën; it contains all my instructions touching the young person just confided to your charge—Mademoiselle Roséide de Pajesse—for the next two years, and you will remember that, from a recent illness, she has had a slight alienation of intellect, which has taken the turn of fancying herself an itinerant singer under the care, or rather in the power, of a horrible old woman; she also fancies that her name is Corella, instead of Roséide, the orphan daughter of the late Comte and Comtesse de Pajesse; from these fancies you must try by gentleness and care to wean her.”

The Abbé, who had been all this time standing with his hat in his hand, bowing at the conclusion

of every sentence Saint Germain had uttered, now with a lower bow than all the rest, observed,

“And Monsieur le Comte would not prefer that Mademoiselle should finish her education *in* Paris? at the Sacré Cœur, for example?”

“I have quite as great a respect for the Sacré Cœur, Monsieur L'Abbé Gontrin, as you have; but having had the honour of formerly being personally known to the Marquise de la Chétardie, the present superior of the ‘Visitation’ at Caën, I prefer that Mademoiselle de Pajesse should finish her education under the auspices of that exemplary lady.”

“Of course—it is just as Monsieur le Comte pleases; I merely ventured to suggest the Sacré Cœur for his approval or rejection,” said the Abbé, returning Saint Germain's bow of adieu, and getting into the carriage, which, amid the loud cracking of the postillions' whips, then drove off, while Saint Germain pursued his way on foot, out of the Faubourg bearing his name, till he came to the Place Louis XV., which was then an unfinished open space, much incumbered with building rubbish, which had been greatly added to by the recent erection of the equestrian statue of that monarch, surrounded by the virtues, which still ornaments this square, and which gave rise to so many pasquinades at the time, such as that all Paris might see that Louis XV. trampled all the virtues under foot, and the following, which was among the best,

"O la belle statue ! ô le beau piédestal !

Les vertus sout à piéd, le vice est à cheval !"

Saint Germain paused, and turning his back upon the Champs Elysée, looked forward through the darkness, and gazing upwards at the statue of the then reigning monarch, exclaimed with a sort of prophetic shudder :

"Horrible to think that your long comedy of vice, will be succeeded by so terrible a tragedy of crime. Even *now* I see the thirsty earth of this fated and unfinished ground, drunk with the blood of thousands, and unable to contain its cannibal libations, disgorging them into yon recoiling river. Even *now* I see thy lovely head, daughter of a long line of kings, roll from what *then* will be the only permanent institution in France—*its scaffold* ! and the imperial fluid of thy delicate veins, turned into mire to splash its lowest rabble ! and yet of mere abstract horrors, I have seen worse than this, for have I not still with all the acute *reality* of the *present*, unsoftened by one single shadow of the past, the sounds and sights of the Saint Bartholomew before me, and the, if possible, worse, because more prolonged, more systematic, and more minutely detailed, horrors of the siege of Paris, when men turned ghouls, and sought their revolting food within the grave, living upon the *dead* ! In short, when gaunt,

* Oh, the beautiful statue, the fine pedestal,
Virtue on foot, and vice on horseback !

relentless famine, fate's most destructive despot, reigned supreme, and banished nature even from her greatest, and her last stronghold *a mother's heart* ; and women did devour their own children, not with kisses, but with hunger ; and dead dogs' bones were prized as gold, that they might be ground down, and travestied into bread, to lure on the flagging life of scarcely breathing men. *All this have I seen, all this have I suffered, and yet it is not enough.* But men will never learn, their ignorance is great, because their faith is little. Truly said the blessed Redeemer of the world, " If they believe not Moses and the Prophets, neither would they believe one risen from the dead ;" else might *I* teach them ; I could weep for very pity, to think that not a human ant in all those houses, in all this city, but thinks that *their* particular grain of sand is the universe ; and so in sooth it is to *them*, their daily quantum of love, hate, fear, sorrow, treachery, disappointment, success, ambition, loss or gain, all form some epoch, era, crisis, or revolution, in *their separate and individual* world. *I* smile at the littleness of their greatness, because I have seen the infancy, youth, maturity, decrepitude, and dissolution of nations ; and I know that all abstract eras are *nothing* in themselves, but in proportion to the *moral influences* they leave after them. Posterity cares little for the under current of intrigue that preceded the passing of the magna charta, or of John's feel-

ings when it was wrested from him, or the personal triumph of the bold barons who wrested it; but they care much for the immunities it has secured to them. The victims of the Saint Bartholomew are now only thought of as so many hundred dead bodies; but the horrible influences of Catherine's treachery and Charles's weakness, extending far beyond the terrible devastation, and unnatural outrages resulting from the *league*, lived long after them. What would future generations have cared that Mazarin should have stinted Louis Quatorze in food, and clean linen, had the only results of the Cardinal's parsimony been, the monarch's capacity for despatching, as a *prelude* to the rest of his dinner, fourteen plates of soup, and never wearing the same shirt twice, but requiring seven hundred and thirty of those garments, for the annual supply of his toilet. But France *does* care and long will owe the crafty Italian a grudge, that his meanness should have been the germ of the *grand monarques* boundless extravagance and sensuality; and his injudicious and tyrannical restraint imposed upon Anne of Austria's son, as well as upon herself, the latent cause of '*L'état c'est moi!*' The preceptors of princes have a fearful responsibility, for *a monarch is the fate of millions*. But if nations are so long and hard to teach, what wonder that individuals should be so? if men, instead of always magnifying them, would but lessen their present evils, by comparing them

with their past, all human grievances would soon find the level of their insignificance, because of their *instability* ; for all *abstract events* have merely a chronological importance for good or evil. How often do the tears of the child, become the smiles of the adult ? In riper years we laugh at the trifling *causes* of our infantine disappointments ; not so at the *motives* of those causes, for *motive* is the soul of all action, and though unknown or unperceived at the time of the act itself, lives for ever, and its fatal or salutary moral influences, endure long after the mere *act* was forgotten. Thus the man or woman laughs, it is true at the idea, that being refused a cherry or a toy, could make them some few years back so very miserable ; but not so if the cherry or the toy was refused them through injustice, temper, or caprice, or from an unfulfilled promise, for then the evil influence of those faults have, in some way or other, given a fatal colouring *to all their after life*. In like manner, though neither the same gifts nor games that made us so supremely happy as a child, could impart a single joy, when that great moth *maturity*, has eaten off the gloss of our hearts ; yet the kind word and kinder look, that procured or accompanied those trifling gifts and childish games, linger *for ever* in the bottom of our bitter cup of life, and, when stirred by memory, makes even its worst gall palatable. But these are thoughts for *men* ; and what am I to them, or they to me ?

I cannot change them, nor they me; and yet I would serve them if I could, even though my recompense should be the same that it has ever been to all who have essayed that difficult task."

Here a carriage coming along full gallop, obliged Saint Germain to step on one side, and effectually roused him from his reverie. Having an appointment with the Vidame de Poitier, he gathered his cloak about him, and turning down what is now the Rue de Rivoli, but was then the Rue Malplaquet, repaired to the Hôtel de Lusignon, the doors of which were ordered by their eccentric master to be open to him at all hours. There, in the vestibule, he found Narguilé, his Arab page, awaiting him, who, after a profound Salam, or rather prostration, presented him with a large packet, highly perfumed with amulets, and enveloped according to the Moorish custom, in a silk and silver brocade.

"Ha! at last," said Saint Germain, glancing his eye rapidly over it, "is the courier gone?"

"No, *Cid*, he waits."

CHAPTER IX.

" His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more,
Nor will life's stream for observation stay
It hurries all too fast to mark their way :
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch—not take,
Oft in the passion's wild rotation toss'd,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost ;
Tired, not determined, to the last we wield,
And what comes last is master of the field."

Pope, Moral Essays, Epist. I.

BEFORE a pleasant house on the Mall in Saint James's Park, about eleven o'clock in the day, stood a carriage or rather coach, elaborately gilt and emblazoned, the steps of which were lowered ; and one of the two footmen, stood at each side of the door, awaiting the arrival of an old gentleman who came slowly, and with infirm steps down the garden, leading from his house into the park, and getting but badly along notwithstanding the aid of two servants, and a large pear-shaped, gold-headed cane. This old gentleman was Lord Athenreagh, who, a

few weeks before, had had a paralytic stroke, which had considerably aged him, and in some degree impaired his intellect; but there is an intellect of heart, commonly known by the name of benevolence, which nothing can deteriorate where it has once attained to any degree of pre-eminence. And this it was which had made Lord Athenreagh keep his attack of paralysis a profound secret from his daughters, though his own man, (who had lived with him upwards of fifty years, having been sent by his mother to sea with him when only a midshipman), strongly urged that the young ladies might be informed of it, as he was very sure they would not remain an hour abroad if they knew it.

“No,—and for that very reason they shall not know it, Latimer,” said Lord Athenreagh; “for poor Evelyn is unhappy enough in having such a husband, and Maud poor girl! is unhappy because Evelyn is so; therefore, in heaven’s name, if Paris is pleasanter than London, as every one says it is, let the poor things stay there; forsqualls come on soon enough; and an old hulk like me, must be content to go into dock when it’s time’s come, and not expect to tow all the small craft after it.”

So silenced, Latimer dared not disobey orders; but he dreaded Evelyn and Maud’s displeasure, in keeping them ignorant of their father’s state of health, quite as much as, on the other hand, he did the admiral’s, as, from long habit, he always called

his master. According to a custom, very common among naval and military men at that time, Lord Athenreagh always wore his uniform, and his star and ribbon of the Bath, even of a morning, reserving the Garter alone for dress and great occasions; on the morning in question, upon which we have seen him, slowly walking towards his carriage; this was his costume, save that his toilet, always scrupulously neat, was, perhaps, a little more *soignée* than usual, certainly, an additional fall of powder had frosted his hair, and something like pleasure twinkled in his kind, though, lack-lustre eyes.

"Thank you Tarlton," said he, to the butler, when that functionary, with the aid of Latimer, had almost lifted him into the carriage, the latter, following and taking his place opposite his master. "Thank you, let me see—my letter—oh, yes, I have it—and my spectacles—"

"In your left waistcoat pocket, my lord," replied Latimer.

"And my snuff-box?"

"In your right waistcoat pocket, my lord."

"Oh, thank you, much *obleged* to you, it's all right; now, to my Lady Glensborough's."

"Lady Glensborough's," shouted the tallest of the two footmen, over the great gilt raised pie, which, in those days, was called a carriage; for, being the greater man of the two, *cubittically* speaking, he had

established it in to a right to give the word of command.

Though all London was aware of Lady Glensborough's real character, and, more especially, of the shameful part she had acted in Lady Evelyn De Vere's marriage; yet, Lord Athenreagh was only aware that all London went to her house, as she gave, what at that time, were called the best "*assemblies.*" It is true, he had heard certain scandalous reports about her, but those he attributed to envy, as she was undeniably, a very beautiful and fascinating woman; and his answers to the two old dowagers, who had undertaken to enlighten him on this subject, was "Then more shame for you to go to all her '*assemblies,*' and to take your daughters there;" and, when at last, some other "d—d good natured friend" undertook to condole with him upon Lady Glensborough's iniquity, in getting Evelyn to marry her paramour, Vernon Howard, he flew into a violent passion, for, with his pureness and singleness of mind, *that fact* was sufficient refutation of all the scandal about that lady and his son-in-law; for, like all persons of few ideas, Lord Athenreagh's brain was of weak digestion, so that he never could admit but of one notion at a time; but of *that* one, he was so tenacious, that it was next to an impossibility, after it had once got into his head, ever to get it out; his idea was, that no woman who really loved a man, would be zealous to promote his marriage with ano-

ther; and, so far, he was right; no woman who really loved, *would*; but love *à La Glensborough*, he was far too right-minded to understand. From this out, another idea took possession of him, namely, that poor Lady Glensborough was a martyr to calumny; it was not *her* fault if Evelyn's marriage *had* turned out badly; and Vernon Howard was not even in England now, another strong proof of her innocence; and, therefore, it behoved him, Lord Athenreagh, to shew her, and above all, to shew that hasty slanderous envious world, how highly *he* estimated Lady Glensborough's character in every way; "and had I a hundred daughters, my dear Duchess," said he, one day, to the old Duchess of Marlborough, "I don't know *any one* to whose care I would so soon confide them as Lady Glensborough's."

"Nay, confine your *if* to fifty," replied Sarah, with a toss of her head, "for then, in case Lady Glensborough should find fifty Vernon Howards for them, like the daughters of Danaus, they might do you the favour of murdering their husbands."

"Well, you will at least, allow that she has the most perfect manners of any woman in England?" persisted Lord Athenreagh.

"Aye, very likely," said the Duchess, blowing out one of the two candles which burnt before her, saying that the light hurt her eyes, (for this conversation had taken place *in her own house*), "very

likely no one complains of the *manner*, it is the *matter* that is in fault there."

If ever the eastern idea of the angels taking the black drop out of the heart of a mortal at their birth, had been practically illustrated, it was in the instance of Lord Athenreagh; and without this black drop, a man can have few hatreds, and fewer prejudices; of the former, he had none; of the latter, but two; the first, (and by far the strongest), his idea of the inferiority of the army compared to the navy, and his aversion to "*Papists*;" with this clause in regard to the latter, "that certainly, poor creatures! they were more to be pitied than blamed, as they were *brought up so*; and there was a great deal in *that*. And now, acting fully up to his profession, of deferring to Lady Glensborough's judgment in all points, poor Lord Athenreagh was pursuing his unconscious way to Arlington Street, as the innocent bird walks into the mouth of the rattlesnake; that morning he had received a letter from Maud, asking his consent to her marriage with Raphaël Valasquez, setting forth his good and noble qualities, with all the eloquence of love, and all the force of truth. Moreover, from the time he could think for himself, he had renounced the Catholic faith, and therefore, she was sure her dear, good, kind papa, could have no possible objection, especially as he was *very* rich, too rich indeed, for Maud did not know the use of so much money; oh, yes, she forgot all the millions

who were *not* rich ; and, so she was very glad, as with so many to provide for, it was impossible to have too much, or indeed, enough money. This was accompanied by another letter from Valasquez himself ; written in admirable English, exempt from all the “wrotes” for written, and “wases” for were, of which, even Pope, Swift and Gay themselves, were then guilty ; and not omitting a single shot in any victory, of which Lord Athenreagh had been the hero, even when those victories had been at the expense of Spain.

“Egad ! this seems a proper sort of fellow enough,” said Lord Athenreagh, his eyes twinkling with delight, when he had finished the letter ; and *no* papist — *that’s good*—e-hem—e-hem—Raphaël Valasquez—don’t much like the name, a little too like that of a Spanish galleon for an English admiral’s daughter ; and sure enough, by what he says, and by what Maud says, he seems to have the doubloons for ballast ; but, if the girl likes him, and he’s all she says ?—But, for that matter, Evelyn liked that rascal Howard, and to hear *her* talk about him, one would have thought nature could not afford to make another man so perfect, and so had thrown the mould overboard. Ah ! that’s the way with them all when they are in love—well, well, it’s so long since I’ve been on that station, that I know nothing about it ; I must ask Lady Glensborough, I’d as soon think of sailing without a compass as of embarking in an

affair of this sort without her advice ; clever woman, clever woman, and so attached to my girls, all ill nature what they say of her ; I don't mind it, and I'll show them I don't ;" and thereupon, Lord Athenreagh hastily finished his chocolate, and rang, to order the carriage to the door instantly, in order to go to Lady Glenborough's, whither we will follow him. The coachman had received orders to drive *fast* ; and had, therefore, improved upon the usual family coach pace, by, at least, three snail's gallops and a half, still, Lord Athenreagh declared, that he was not going three knots an hour, and was obliged to have frequent recourse to those particular paragraphs in Valasquez's letter, which spoke of a certain brilliant action which he had fought off the coast of Malabar.

" Ah ! yes ! that was when I commanded the Prince of Denmark, and a first-rate vessel she was," soliloquised Lord Athenreagh, and then Raphaël's letter was again folded, and complacently returned to his pocket ; and the check was once more pulled, and the coachman received fresh injunctions to make haste. At length, they reached Arlington Street ; but, unfortunately, Lady Glensborough lived next door to Sir Robert Walpole ; and that very morning a huge cart load of packing-cases had arrived from Florence, viâ Deal, from Sir Horace Mann to his friend, Horace Walpole ; and the street was

so cumbered, that no carriage could get quite up to Lady Glensborough's door, as a copy of Guido René's Cleopatra and a Bianca Capello by Titian, *stopped the way*.

"Never mind," said Lord Athenreagh, "I'll get out;" and accordingly out he was lifted, somewhat more carefully than were the marbles and bronzes by the porters out of the cart next door, though Mr. Walpole himself stood in his dressing-gown and slippers, his hair unpowdered, a newspaper in his hand, and a little Pomeranean dog at his heels, at the entry, superintending their unpacking, and every minute calling to the aforesaid dog "*Patapan*" to come away from this, that, and the other.

"Ah, good day, Mr. Walpole; glad to see you; thought you were down at—I forget the name of the place; but that pretty toy you think of buying from Mrs. Chevenix"—

"Strawberry Hill?—No, my lord, which I'm glad of, as it has procured me the pleasure of seeing you, though I'm scarcely fit to have that honour, for, as you perceive, I'm not yet dressed, having been up at a fire in Goodman's Fields, till four this morning. Magnificent sight! I doubt if twenty ships of the line giving a broad-side all at once could have produced a finer effect; but I will not keep you standing, for I see that you are now, as ever, the favourite of the Fates, and that while I am fain to put up with the stale portraits of long departed beauties," con-

tinued Walpole, pointing to the packing cases that strewn the pavement, "you have appointments to keep with living ones, who infinitely surpass them, were it only from the fact of their being alive."

"Ha, ha, ha! cunning dog!" laughed Lord Athenreagh; "talking of *my* poor little *rendezvous*, when *you* live next door, and can have as many as you please."

" 'The nearer the church the farther from God,' you know; and I suppose it is the same with all the divinities, as it is really an age since I have seen Lady Glensborough; so, to make my peace with her, do give her these lines, which I have just been sent, upon the rumour of her friend and *mine*, Pigwiggins, being about to be made a peer.'"

Lord Athenreagh took the lines* in question,

* Here are the lines written upon Horace Walpole, Sir Robert Walpole's brother, (better known then as Pigwiggins,) when there was a report that he was to be created a peer.

"Take a man who by nature's a true son of earth,
By rapine enriched, though a beggar by birth,
In genius the lowest, ill bred, and obscene,
In morals most wicked, most nasty in mien,
By *none ever trusted*. yet ever employed,
In blunders most fertile, of merit quite void,
An ape in the senate, abroad a buffoon;
The scorn and the jest of all courts but his own,
A slave to that power which ne'er made him a friend,
And proud of that cunning which ne'er gained an end;
A dupe in each treaty, a Swiss in each vote,
In person between a baboon and a stote;
Such our ministry's found, and they're sure to commend him,
But as sure does the curse of each good man attend him,

while Horace Walpole, with the good breeding of the day, which extended itself to old men as well as young women, (aye, and to old women, too,) offered Lord Athenreagh his arm, and after having conducted him as far as Lady Glensborough's drawing-room door, (with a slower pace than even Latimer adopted,) ran down stairs again to superintend his beloved packing cases, and all his bronze beatitudes.

Lady Glensborough was in her dressing-room, and between dressing and breakfasting, was trying to answer a long letter she had (by the same post which brought Maud's to her father,) received from Vernon Howard, filled with the most passionate protestations of everlasting love, and sanguine hopes of soon, very soon, being able to pay Lord Glensborough the ten thousand pounds he had staked, and lost to him on a single game of ombre, at Wills's, two months back ; but touching the how or when he was to obtain this money, Mr. Vernon Howard preserved a discreet silence, merely launching out into ecstasies at the prospect of so soon being able to return to London, and once more "*breathe out his soul at the feet of his adored Lucy, the only woman he had ever loved!*" Lady Glensborough was in the act of again conning over

Thus fully prepared, add the grace of the throne,
The folly of monarchs and screen of a crown ;
Take a king for his purpose, without ears or eyes,
And a long fool's cap roll stuffed brim full of lies ;
These mingle together, and then you shall hear,
That the thing which was ass, has become now a peer."

Modern diplomacy could shew a *pendant* to this portrait !

this *abstruse* passage in Mr. Howard's letter, as a theologian might some paradoxical dogma in the Fathers, which [not knowing exactly how to interpret, found it on that account somewhat difficult to believe, when a knock came to the door, and a servant announced to Mrs. Bridget, her maid, that Lord Athenreagh was in the drawing-room, and if it did not disturb her, wished to speak to her ladyship on particular business. At this unwelcome interruption, Lady Glensborough thrust Vernon Howard's letter into her bosom, and the one she was writing to him into a green ivory and silver desk, (a present from a correspondent,) which she locked, and at Lord Athenreagh's name blushing actually through her rouge (for Lord Glensborough had by no means the same aversion to that *then* thought indispensable addition to a lady's toilet that Lord Coventry had ; and indeed if he had, it would only have been a deception the more that he would have had to submit to ; and when one lives upon them, one more *can* make no great difference.

“ Plague on the tiresome old man, what *can he want at such an hour ?*” muttered the lady, with any thing but the tone and look of an angel ; and then turning to her maid, said aloud, “ *Dear Lord Athenreagh ! I must not keep him waiting. Bridget, give me another Belinda, for this is all rumped.*”

Ever since the “ Rape of the Lock” had appeared cambric *peignoirs*, trimmed with lace, which before

had gone by the ungainly name of "wrappers," had been called Belindas, in reference to the heroine of that most charming poem, being described as

"First robed in white the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered the cosmetic powers."

And strange to say that the fashion of this name had not even passed away with the old reign; and from the same cause (the popularity of the above poem) there was not a puppy dog in England, at least in London, that did not answer to the name of "Shock." The *peignoir* arranged, a very pretty little morning cap was most becomingly and coquetishly put on; and Shock (much against his will) was called from the pillow, where he was sleeping with a degree of profundity that would have made the fortune of any philosopher who had applied it to scientific purposes, and bade to follow his mistress, who was too good a diplomatist not to know the invaluable resource of a lap-dog, and, above all, of a lap-dog's ear, in every knotty or difficult pass of conversation. With a last look at her glass to see that her "*charming woman*" face (which she never entered the drawing-room without,) had all its delicious expressions duly harmonised, Lady Glensborough opened a door of her dressing-room which led into a boudoir that terminated the suite of reception rooms. Traversing this boudoir, she went into the third drawing-room next it, where Lord Athenreagh was seated in a *bergère*, and advancing

towards him with her blindest manner, and taking him by both hands, which she gently pressed, so as to frustrate his attempt to rise, said--

“Dear Lord Athenreagh, how *very* kind of you to come to me at this early hour, when you were sure of finding me at home; and I think the more of your *prévenance* just now, as you ‘rise upon the ruins of another’s fame,’ for my ‘bear and ragged staff,’ as I call Swift (on account of the Grub Street legion he always has about him when he is in London) half promised to breakfast with me this morning, and the wretch never came.”

“Well, my dear lady,” said Lord Athenreagh, smiling, “of *course* I behave better, for heaven knows *I* am not *Swift*, as, though Horace Walpole was good enough to give me his arm, I was nearly half an hour getting up your stairs. Oh, by the way, here is a portrait of Pigwiggin, that he has sent you.”

“Well, never mind, dear Lord Athenreagh,” said Lady Glensborough, coaxingly, “you are slow and sure, and that is much better; but as you sent me word that you wanted to speak to me on business, we had better guard against being interrupted; and if my *ourson* should take it into his head to come at last, he must wait in his turn.” And so saying, Lady Glensborough rang the bell, which was no sooner answered, than she said to the servant, “Should Dean Swift, or, indeed, any one else, call this morn-

ing, don't shew them in here, but into the front drawing-room, and I will go to them." "Now, my dear lord," added she, as soon as the servant had closed the door, "I am all ears,—I hope it is news of dear Evelyn and Maud that you have for me."

"That is it, and good news, too—at least of Maud, for Evelyn, poor thing ——"

"Ah! indeed it *is very* sad," interrupted Lady Glensborough, with a deep sigh, and casting up her beautiful eyes with a look she had studied from Correggio's Magdalen.

"Wretches!" thought Lord Athenreagh, "to accuse that woman, who feels so deeply for my poor Evelyn;" and then added aloud, taking Lady Glensborough's hand, and pressing it within both of his, "Never mind, dearest Lady Glensborough, what's done cannot be helped, and it was neither your fault nor mine, and we must now only hope for compensation in Maud's marriage."

"Is Maud going to be married?" exclaimed Lady Glensborough, with a look of well-acted delight, for she had resolved in her own mind that Maud never should marry if *she* could prevent it; and then being just the sort of girl to die for love, (if that complaint did ever really kill???) her fortune must go to her sister, and then sooner or later Vernon Howard must benefit by it; such, at least, were the testamentary arrangements which this amiable lady had made for Maud de Vere.

“Yes, my very dear Lady Glensborough, and *well* married too, if all these letters say be true; read—read.”

And Lady Glensborough took the proffered letters, and read each of them twice over—Lord Athenreagh narrowly watching her countenance during the perusal; but it would have required a much keener sight, both moral and physical, than he possessed, to have seen a single feeling approaching to the truth depicted in the involutions of that impassible face.

“Poor girl!” said she, letting the letters fall listlessly on her lap, and soliloquising as if in spite of herself. “Poor girl! so fond of him as she appears! it is a thousand pities; true, indeed, ‘the course of true love never *yet* ran smooth.’ What a fatality, that it should be this Valasquez of all people in the world.”

Now Lady Glensborough had never even heard the name of Valasquez before, except when Lord Glensborough had at a sale of some of the late Duke of Marlborough’s things, purchased two Spanish pictures, by the artist *nearly* of that name; but this exclamation was merely a match thrown at random into the combustible chaos of poor Lord Athenreagh’s mind, and she had not long to wait for the desired explosion.

“What,” said the poor old man, trembling violently, “do you then know anything against this Valasquez?”

"Why not exactly against him," replied Lady Glensborough, boldly, "that is—at least—others—might not think it against him, but I fear *you* would; he is always conspiring with the Jesuits—and—"

"The Jesuits?" interrupted Lord Athenreagh, "why Maud says, and he says himself, that ever since he could think for himself, he has renounced popery."

"Ah! my dear Lord Athenreagh," said Lady Glensborough, shaking her head; "I should have thought that a man of *your penetration* would have known that once a papist, always a papist; but it is not only that—but—"

"But what? my dear Lady Glensborough, you alarm me."

"The fact is," said Lady Glensborough, jesuitically, with another profound sigh, "poor Evelyn's unfortunate marriage makes one dread anything like—in short makes one perhaps exaggerate—everything—even mere trifles that—that in any man who was not a pretender to our dear Maud's hand doubtless would only appear instances of the common-place gallantry of the day, especially in one figuring at the very dissolute court of Louis XV.—however—"

"D—n it! beg your ladyship's pardon, but it is enough to make one swear. I see it all,—a libertine and a papist," exclaimed Lord Athenreagh, with the clear perception of a man who is shown a whale

through a magnifying glass; "yes—yes—he shall have no daughter of mine."

"Nay, dear Lord Athenreagh," soothed Lady Glensborough, in her most siren voice, "you know we must never believe more than half what we hear; and I earnestly hope that all I have heard may be too bad to be true."

"Zounds! Madam, and suppose it is, and suppose the fellow to be only *half* a papist, and only *half* a libertine; don't you think that two such halves will make him on the whole no fit husband for my daughter? No, no, one sacrifice is surely enough in the family; let my poor Evelyn continue a warning, for with my consent she never shall serve as an example to her sister to plunge into the same misery."

"But, dear Lord Athenreagh," remonstrated Lady Glensborough, caressingly leaning over his chair, and laying both her hands, which were clasped together, on his shoulder, "let me *intreat* you to do nothing rashly; consider how fondly attached poor Maud appears to be to this Don Raphaël; and at least do not go and totally reject him merely from what I have *heard*!" (*said* would have been the proper word, but *that*, from being the truth, Lady Glensborough studiously avoided,) "but at least write to Paris, and make more minute inquiries about him first, for so *répondu* as he is in society

there, you can have no difficulty in finding plenty of people who can tell you all about him."

"And who am I to ask? Maud of course would say he was an angel, who doubtless, from the weight of his superhuman virtues, had made a rent in the clouds, and tumbled down to earth at her feet; and if he is so rich, that fellow Albemarle has *of course* borrowed large sums from him, and as he *must* owe every one, owes him no doubt on that account the best character under the sun. Then Edward Montague, a patent libertine himself, birds of a feather? No—no! Or my Lord Bolingbroke, worse than a papist, a sceptic, without even the excuse of being sincere in his scepticism; but denying God merely to court the devil, in the shape of that d——d Frenchman who lives in Switzerland, I forget his name, Vol— something, and swearing allegiance to the pope at Twickenham, even if he denies the supremacy of the pope at Rome? Or Coventry, who would be more likely to call this Valasquez out if he did *not* make love to his wife than if he did? No, no, my dear Lady Glensborough, there is nothing for it but for me to act upon what you have told me, and cut the matter short by a flat refusal at once."

The old man's cheek was flushed, and his eyes unusually bright, from the febrile state of excitement he had been thrown into at the idea of Maud, his favourite daughter's, imaginary imminent danger. Lady Glensborough was almost frightened at her

work ; first, because she dreaded that with his usual straight-forward, uncompromising frankness of character, Lord Athenreagh would at once inform Maud from whom he had gleaned these calumnies against Valasquez, and so foil her at her own weapons ; and next, it was so long since she had seen him so lucid in remembering the attributes of the different persons about whom he conversed, and so resolutely determined upon any line of conduct, that she feared this sudden and transient flash of more than ordinary energy and intelligence, was merely the precursor of another paralytic attack, and she dreaded lest her house should become the theatre of it.

“ Nay, my dear Lord Athenreagh, I shall never forgive myself,” said she, with an hysterical sob, and hiding her tearless eyes behind the old man’s chair, “ for having occasioned you this unnecessary excitement.”

“ By no means unnecessary, my good lady,” interrupted Lord Athenreagh.

“ Yes, very unnecessary,” persisted Lady Glensborough ; “ for our dear Maud is quite safe, as I know her so well that I am very sure *she* will never marry without your consent.”

“ I hope not ; thanks to your kind warnings, and my own timely precautions in writing to forbid this affair going any further, as I shall do this very morning.”

“ *There*, my dear lord, I think you are *quite* right,

but let me implore you not to mar all your just authority by letting Maud even *suspect* that what you have heard of this Don Raphaël came from me ; for that dear girl is so fully aware that my affection for her renders me almost silly, and makes it impossible for me to refuse her any thing, even when what she asks, (as in the present instance), might be prejudicial to her future welfare, that we should have no end to letters intreating *me* not to believe what I had heard, and to use my influence with you to obtain your consent. No, my dear Lord Athenreagh, you 'must be cruel in order to be kind ;' for a moment sink the father and resume the admiral, forget (if possible) only for five minutes dear Maud's angel face, and fancy her for that space of time some refractory young midshipman, whom *stern duty compels* you to order to the mast-head for *insubordinate conduct* ! It will soon be over, and then young De Vere will dine with the admiral as if nothing had happened ; and some years hence, he will thank us for having reefed the main top-sail of his silly first love, or in plain English, when in a few years hence, Maud is the happy wife of some honourable man who is *worthy of her*, and a certain gallant admiral of my acquaintance, who shall be nameless, is shewing his grand-children how to launch paper seventy-fours on the lake at Athenreagh—then, and not till then, will *I* triumphantly own that *I* was the sole instigator of Middy Maud's punishment ; for then I

shall expect the thanks of *both houses* for having gained so signal a victory, under the before alluded to gallant admiral."

And here Lady Glensborough, putting on Lord Athenreagh's three-cornered hat, in which she looked irresistibly beautiful and funny, and giving, through the medium of one of her rings, as shrill a boatswain's whistle as ever issued from the gig of a man o'war, she saluted him by touching her hat in true military style with the back of her right hand, and then folding her arms, stood as if waiting for orders before him. The poor old man, completely cajoled and captivated, and passing with the mobility of a child from one range of feelings to another, leant back in his chair and laughed till he cried, saying as soon as he could speak,

"I have often heard of sirens, but I never saw one before; and, egad! I don't wonder at the best ship that ever walked the waters being capsised the moment they come alongside. Give me," continued he, seizing both Lady Glensborough's hands, and covering them with kisses—"Give me pen, ink, and paper, and you shall see that I can still write as good a despatch as if it was dated from the quarter-deck of the Prince of Denmark!"

"Aye, aye, sir," and the siren again touched her hat, as she wheeled over a small *secrétaire* to Lord Athenreagh's chair, and spread out the writing materials before him; and had just finished her ar-

rangements by replacing his hat upon the chair from whence she had taken it, and, putting with her own fair hands, his feet upon the footstool, when the door opened, and a servant announced that Dean Swift was in the drawing-room, and was in a hurry."

"Then tell him to wait," said Lady Glensborough, laughing ; "no, here Smith, say, I'll come directly ; and now, my dear lord," continued she, turning to Lord Athenreagh, "I'll leave you to finish your despatch ; and when you *have* finished it, let me know, and I'll come to you, but take your time, for, when ever my bear is in a hurry, he always stays three hours." And so saying, she kissed her hand, and passed on to the drawing-room to join the Dean.

CHAPTER X.

“Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What, tho’ we wade in wealth, or, soar in fame?
Earth’s brightest station ends in ‘Here he lies,’
And, ‘Dust to dust’ concludes her noblest song.”

Young.

As Lady Glensborough’s small and lightly slippered foot fell noiselessly within the pile of the Axminster carpet, she entered the drawing-room unperceived by Swift, who was standing in deep contemplation before a Virgin and child, by Murillo, a recent purchase of Lord Glensborough’s, which he had not before seen: his hat was on his ebony headed cane, and his chin resting on his hat, while his eyes, in their upward gaze at the picture, seemed to grow darker from the shadow of his heavy brows, which rolled like black clouds above them; when he at length perceived Lady Glensborough, which he did by her stooping down and walking round him! while she looked up at him as a dwarf would at a giant, without even offering her the customary salutation of a first meeting, he merely said, still looking at the picture,

“That is a most beautiful face, all high church-

man though I be, I was very near offering it the homage of an *ave-maria*."

"*Stella!*" laughed Lady Glensborough, putting up her finger, threateningly.

The Dean knit his brows, turned away from the picture, and flung himself into a *bergère*, while his hostess took up her position upon an opposite sofa.

"And so Mr. Dean, *this* is what you call coming to breakfast?" said the latter.

"I do believe you are all alike, and that there is not a woman amongst you, but what thinks that men were sent into this world for no other purpose but to dangle after them and their whims, separately and collectively, from morning till night; and by way of peroration, the Dean gave a most gratuitous kick to poor Shock, who might have claimed an exemption from this philippic on account of his sex; but who not having done so, now limped yelping into his mistress's lap.

"To be sure we do," replied Lady Glensborough, "but without entering into a discussion upon that long established *fact*, do oblige me, (as I have often begged of you to do before), by calling us, at least, those who deserve the name, ladies, and not *pois-sarding* the whole sex under the head of *women*. This may be a very proper phraseology for your deanery at Lilliput, but is exceedingly unbecoming when you come to Brobdignag, especially when applied to *us, its queen!*"

"I stand corrected," said Swift, rising, and bowing with profound mock politeness; "for there can be no doubt that Lady Glensborough will be a *fine lady* all her life! whereas, in a very few years, she must cease to be a *fine woman*!"

"Oh, you ugly wretch!" said Lady Glensborough, laughing; "as a *woman* I never could forgive you, but, as a *lady*, I suppose I must; so now tell me what you have been doing all the morning? as you certainly *cannot* pretend to have been dangling after me."

"No, but I have had almost as arduous a task," rejoined Swift, gradually relaxing, and laughing in his turn; "for I've been to that confounded printer with the last number of the *Examiner*; and then I looked in to see poor Patty Rolt, and not having a farthing about me, I was obliged to return home and get a guinea, for, it would be a sin to refuse it, when it can, as with her, patch up twenty things."

"Dear me!" said Lady Glensborough, with a sigh, "I wish *I* had Patty Rolt's guinea."

"If you had, you'd have but nineteen pounds instead of nineteen thousand a year; for poor Patty has but eighteen pounds a year to live, or rather to starve upon."

"For the sake of even numbers, do make it twenty," said Lady Glensborough, tossing him a couple of guineas.

"I believe I forgot to tell you," said Swift, putting the money into his pocket, and blowing his nose, "that you really *do* look very handsome this morning."

"I'm so perfectly aware of that," laughed Lady Glensborough, "as it is a self-evident proposition, that I would rather you should expound to me something new and mysterious—like your morning's proceedings for example; for the printer and Patty Rolt could not have employed your whole morning; unless indeed, you have been making love to Patty: and then, instead of calling you plain Pan as I used, thou god of shepherds, I'll call you after Horace Walpole's dog Pattypan, as the servants call *Patapan*."

"As I am not a popish priest, I don't pretend to work miracles; and making love to poor Patty, would be nothing short of one; but as ill luck would have it, on my way hither (for I *did* intend coming to breakfast), I looked in upon her grace of Queensberry, who *was* at breakfast; and then it was—you *must* stay—and Jervois put a chair for the Dean—and Jervois bring a flask of the grand Duke's wine that my lord keeper sent, and the Strasbourg pasty Jervois.' I have nothing to say against the grand duke's wine, for it was excellent, and indeed, except a certain Burgundy, called Romané, grown on, and confined to, the Prince of Condé's estate at Dijon; which, the Regent Orleans once sent Queen Anne,

I never tasted anything finer. But with that confounded pasty began the old bone of contention between me and the Duchess."

"My dear Mr. Dean, *do* oblige me, and don't eat with your knife; it is really dangerous to say the least of it."

"And I should feel equally obliged to your grace not to make such *cutting* remarks."

"Fie! Dean, a pun is almost as bad as eating with your knife; I really wonder that Addison did not shew you up in the *Spectator* for it."

"*Steele*, your grace means."

"Oh! Dean, Dean, you are incorrigible; and if you go on we shall be at daggers drawn."

"*A conteaux tirés*, more likely. And so we went on sparring for a full hour, till, in a fit of desperation, I rushed out of the house; and, before a lucid interval came on, I had been to Wilmot's, and had actually laid out £30 on silver forks! had it been any other woman in England I'd never have spoken to her again; but the Queensbury, I *respect*, (in spite of the forks), for she does know how to spell."

"Ha! ha! ha! poor Pan, it certainly was *rather* a dear *déjeuner à la fourchette*, that her grace has given you to-day; but still, unless you swallowed knife and all, I don't yet see the whole morning accounted for."

"Here is the rest of it," said Swift, handing her a small long yellowish looking envelope with a huge

*Supper
at
Wilmot's
on
the
21st
of
April*

I have told you this in a letter

seal almost as big as the letter itself, in dingy looking red wax. "A letter from Voltaire, which it will take *me* about a month to decipher; and you look sufficiently like Cleopatra this morning, (not the woman herself, for I hate little dark skinny women, but Guido's glorious idea of her), to be able perhaps to make out these hieroglyphics!"

Lady Glensborough took the letter, and, after spelling it over for a few minutes, said,

"Oh! I see, he begins—My dear Dean, by having robbed some church of its incense-burner, and swinging it most manfully in your face; for, he says that, '*after having read your works, he is ashamed of his own*;' now, do you believe *that*, Pan?" parenthesised the fair reader, looking archly in Swift's face, who was *now* patting Shock's head, and twisting his ears in the most affectionate manner possible, having taking him *vi et armes* off of his mistress's lap when he gave her the letter.

"You will see why at the end," said Swift.

"Why I thought you had not read the letter," said Lady Glensborough, now laughing out right, as she saw through the little authorly vanity which had made him give her the letter to read, under the pretext of not being able to do so.

"Ah! there you go, like a true woman pouncing upon a conclusion; the reason, I said you would see why at the end, was, that the context of all writings, if they have any context, (and no one can deny

that Voltaire knows how to write), always explains any abstract paragraph or proposition."

"Then there can be no doubt," said Lady Glensborough, resuming her perusal of the letter with a smile, "that by the context, we shall see the Dean of St. Patrick's superiority most clearly established, e-hem! Well, he next proceeds to expatiate upon Madame du Châtelet's (*la docte Emelie*, as D'Alembert calls her, more in ridicule than admiration), great and unbounded admiration for Monsieur le Doyen Swift; and that if he *would* but honour Paris with his presence, *it would be the proudest day of her life to receive him with all the honour due to his great celebrity; and, as Paris once awarded the apple to beauty, Monsieur Le Doyen would find that Paris had another still more golden, with which to do homage to genius and wit like his.*"

"There! what do you think of *that*, Monsieur le Doyen?" laughed Lady Glensborough.

"Oh! I have no doubt," said Swift, evidently well pleased, by the additional twist that Shock's ears were getting, but obliged out of compulsory modesty, (the only sort authors are ever troubled with), to laugh off this flattery, "I have no doubt that the '*Philosopher of Ferney*,' said to the *précieuse* of Paris—

Come let us see now if between us,
We can't compare the dean to Venus!
For, when wits *are* running races
There is *no* flattery that disgraces.

“Ha! ha! ha! I should like to send them your impromptu,” said Lady Glensborough, “for in their contest of wits, you would convince them that in this instance at least, the race *is* to the swift; but I must go on with the letter. Here at the end, he says, he should be so much obliged to you if you would get up an Irish subscription for the *Henriade*.”

“Ah! did I not tell you,” said Swift, “that you would find at the end an explanation of the superiority of my writings to his?”

“I fear,” replied Lady Glensborough that he will find it easier to get the Irish to subscribe to *that*, than to the *Henriade*.”

Here a servant brought in “*a card* ;” but, as in those days people had not even *dreamt* of the paper luxury, at which modern improvement has arrived, although from a duchess, and one of the most leading personages of the time, this card was scribbled in a rather large Italian hand, on the back of the ten of hearts, and ran as follows :

“*The Duchess of Queensbury's compliments to Lady Glensborough, and hopes she rested well after Lady Betty Germain's drum last night. If agreeable to Lady Glensborough, the Duchess of Queensbury will be happy to carry her Ladyship to Ranelagh in her coach this evening.*”

“Oh! dear, yes! that will do very well,” said Lady Glensborough, opening a drawer, and taking out a knave of clubs, whom, with the aid of a pen

and ink, she immediately converted into her *charge d'affaires* to the Duchess of Queensberry. "And will you," added she, as soon as she had rang and dispatched him, "dine with us, Monsieur le Doyen, and go with me and the Duchess to Ranelagh after."

"No, I can't to-day; for I and Arbuthnot have promised to sup with Pope at Twickenham, and, as the carnival should precede Lent, we mean to dine well first at Wills's."

"What disgusting creatures you men are," said Lady Glensborough. "You are always either dining or supping with Pope, and yet, because the poor little man cannot sit up drinking with you half the night, you sneer at his hospitality."

"No, my dear Lady Glensborough, at his *want* of it."

"What a shame!" exclaimed Lady Glensborough, "for Lord Bolingbroke himself told me, that, though he does go to bed early, he always says to his guests, 'Gentlemen, I leave you to your wine.'"

"Yes, but unfortunately," said Swift, "he invariably forgets to leave his wine to us!"

"Well, at all events he makes it up in grapes; for, I hear the fruit he gives you is splendid."

"It is certainly very fine, almost as fine as if it was (like the wine) forbidden; but *cui bono*? Arbuthnot *won't* eat it, and I can't."

"Oh! that reminds me," said Lady Glensborough, "that Lord Oxford told me to ask you to tell me of

some impertinent grace you said the last time you supped with Pope. Now, however good it was, that is, however *bad it was*, I frankly tell you beforehand, that I think it was abominable of you to insult him to his face; and I sha'n't either admire your wicked wit, or laugh at it."

"But I did *not* insult him to his face; for, however I may despise him as an amphytrion, I revere him as a poet, and a profound thinker; and, as for laughing, I don't want you to laugh, for God knows it was no laughing matter to us."

"Well, but let me hear the grace, and why you should have selected that particular supper to honour with a benediction, since according to you, they are all equally scanty."

"Yes, but *that* one was a *dis-grace*, so I treated it to a grace to balance the account. There was Gay, Dodsley, a Monsieur D'Aubègni, a cousin of the Marquise de la Villette, whom my Lord Bolingbroke sent over to Pope in a letter, Arbuthnot, and myself; and the whole supper consisted of a not over large dish of Thames' flounders, and a female pullet of such antiquity, as to *age*, but of such recent and sudden demise, that it was plain to the meanest capacity and the most unsuspicious nature, that an ornithological St. Bartholomew had preceded our arrival, (in the poultry yard); staring at the old hen, were some half dozen of potatoes, which, had they but done the same a few short hours before, I'm

sure would have rejoiced her aged heart, and there can be no question would have *gone down* better with *her*, than they did with us. Ogling the flounders were a few straggling pipes of maccaroni, guiltless of cheese, and which, had the same flounders perceived while in their native element, they would no doubt have bit at, as some new and vestal bait. But, alas ! *we* could not flounder on them under any such delusion. Just as we were about to sit down, Pope was called out ; he begged of us not to wait for him ; and, turning to me, said, ‘ Dean, will you have the goodness to give thanks.’ As I really could not see *for what*, and as I never speak against my conscience, as soon as Pope had closed the door, not to keep them waiting, as they were all still standing, I merely said in *rhyme*, as there certainly was no *reason* for a thanksgiving,

“ ‘ Oh ! thou who blest the loaves and fishes,
Look down upon these ill-filled dishes ;
For, if our hunger they should feed,
’Twould be a miracle indeed ! ’ ”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! you really are too bad, and Arbuthnot and Dodsly no doubt rewarded you with a loud laugh ; but was not poor innocent, honest Gay, shocked beyond measure ? ”

“ Gay ! oh, dear, no, poor fellow, he is always labouring under such a painful intensity about his own affairs, that he never troubles himself about other

peoples, or indeed sees, or hears, any thing that is going on."

"But if Pope had come back and found you all laughing, how should you have managed to have explained the jest to him?"

"Oh! we provided against that contingency; for we English are, as the Turks say of us, *a people who carry our minds in our fingers ends*; and as Pope keeps in a drawer of his side-board (God only knows why,) the penknife with which Guiscard attempted to stab Lord Oxford, I got it out to show to M. D'Aubègni; and when our host returned, we renewed our laughter, by asking him if he was hoarding up that weapon for Lady Mary Wortley."

"It appears to me," said Lady Glensborough, "that you authors possess in common with some politicians that I could name, only that I never interfere with my *neighbours*, a certain recklessness of soul, and callousness of sentiment, which render you proof against all attacks."

"Nearly so, with the exception of those of the gout and the spleen. But you cannot wonder at either authors or politicians being such hardened sinners, since we both associate so much with fine ladies; for as Cicero said to Atticus *cæteris specimen esto*; and Cicero was right, for there is nothing so infectious as *example*."

"You impertinent creature," said Lady Glensborough, rising, with a laugh, "you shall do a double

penance for that ; first, and *that* is of course the most severe, I shall withdraw my society from you, as I have a person on business waiting for me in the next room ; and next I order you to go home, and write me a copy of verses in your very best style."

"Pooh ! bad is the best you know," replied Swift ; "for, getting a verse out of me is like getting a guinea out of me ; *I* find it so hard to get either, that I am naturally reluctant to part with them."

"Then the greater will be your generosity, my dear Dean."

"I've got the title and that's half the battle," said Swift, drawing on his gloves, and taking his hat off the sofa where he had laid it.

"Let me hear," cried Lady Glensborough, looking back through the half open folding door before she closed it."

"THE DEAN'S GRATITUDE TO A FINE LADY FOR NOT TAKING UP HIS WHOLE MORNING."

"Ha ! ha ! ha ! it's lucky that I am going," said Lady Glensborough, as she closed the door ; "or *Ursa Major*, in conjunction with *Venus*, might be as dangerous as two comets clashing."

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Lord Athenreagh was looking almost vacantly at two letters which lay open before him, which vacant look he transferred to Lady Glensborough when she entered ; and then, as if vaguely taking up the chain of his ideas, and re-linking her with the letters before

him, he pointed to them, and pushing them away with a deep sigh, murmured,

“There—no papist—no Maud—no wedding.”

“Nay, dear Lord Athenreagh,” said the lady, taking the letters with one hand, while she patted his cheek like a child’s with the other; “no papist, if you will, *that* is all as it should be; but no Maud and no wedding does not follow. On the contrary, I here make you promise to dance the first minuet with me at Maud’s wedding.”

“Eh? promise?” said the old man, looking up vacantly in her face, and then again pointing to the letters he had written, his expiring intellect evidently clinging in its dying flicker to his last and strongest impression. “Promise! oh, yes, I always do what I promise—there—there—”

Lady Glensborough took the letters with a slight elevation of the shoulders, and a faint breathing that seemed like the echo of Lord Athenreagh’s deep sigh. The letter to Maud ran thus:

“DEAR DAUGHTER MAUD,—I suppose you know that I love you, therefore you cannot for a moment but believe how much it pains me to refuse you anything; but I have *cogent* reasons why I cannot accept the proposals of this Don Raphaël Valasquez for you. At a future time you will acknowledge the justice of my conduct, and thank me for it; therefore, as *you value my blessing*, do not do in this in-

stance what you never did before—disobey me. I am old now, and somewhat broken in health, and I am sure my own Maud would not willingly plant a nettle upon her father's grave. Love to Evelyn, who should be a warning to you. God bless you, my dear child ! Continue to be, as you ever have been, the joy and pride of your affectionate father,

“ATHENREAGH.”

To Don Raphaël the letter was more laconic, and as follows :

“SIR,—While I am duly sensible of, and beg fully to acknowledge, the very flattering opinion you are pleased to express of my daughter and myself, I regret to say that I must *unequivocally* decline the proposals you have done the latter the honour of addressing to her, as I have other views for her, from which *nothing* can induce me to swerve.

“I have the honour to be, Sir,

“Your faithful and obedient servant,

“ATHENREAGH.

“TO DON RAPHAEL VALASQUEZ.”

When Lady Glensborough had read these letters, it must be confessed that something *like* a pang shot through her heart ; for she knew that they were the death-warrants of the happiness of two people, one of whom she had known since her childhood, and *professed to love* ! (oh ! that oft profaned word, it is

not *only* in the archives of Cupid that its countless perjuries are registered.) But Lady Glensborough mixed too much with philosophers not to be philosophical; and so she suddenly recollected that as there always *must* be a certain number of miserable, unhappy, and disappointed individuals, to keep steady the equipoise of gravitation in this wretched little molehill of a planet of ours, it could be of little matter in the *great scheme* (whether *her's* at the time being or that of the universe) what the *names* of those predestined miseries might chance to be. Again, too, when Latimer shook his head, and looked with tearful eyes on his kind old master's terribly altered face, as he helped him down stairs,—and the sound of Lord Athenreagh's carriage wheels drove slowly away, Lady Glensborough, for half a second, hid her face in her hands, and felt a sort of *spurious* remorse—for every remorse is such, which bears no fruit of *atonement*. But over the deeply-frozen surface of thoroughly worldly hearts *all things glide*, even the most terrible, save when some heavy *personal* blow falling on such, proves the sledge-hammer of retribution, and, by shivering *themselves* into the irreparable fragments of some gigantic evil, makes *even* such human skolezite feel. Lady Glensborough was never without a little gold box, filled with small dark tablets, which Edward Montague had sent her from Cairo, and to which she had given the name of "*Rêves de Paradis*;" for in truth such was the effect

which this sublimated opium or *Hachis* produced upon her. Having taken a couple of these *pastilles*, she soon forgot both Maud and Raphaël, and warbling, in the most silvery voice, as if she had had a bevy of diamond nightingales in her throat, a then popular *Cavatina* called “*Ah ! Perché, é quanto geloso?*” began arranging and re-arranging the flowers in every *jardinière*, and seemed only to want wings to fly from one to the other, or indeed wings would have been but a troublesome appendage, as *she* felt as if she could have flown without ; and then Bridget was called, and a certain assassin of a “*Chapeau de Paille à la Fanchette*,” and a *soupir d’amour* and silver brocade was ordered for Ranelagh that evening ; after which the lines on Pigwiggin were read and laughed over, and then a pen was seized, and the following note written and dispatched to his nephew :

“ I know that once upon a time in ancient Rome there was a very agreeable man about town, of the name of Horace ; and I have *heard* that we Cockneys of the eighteenth century possess also a very agreeable personage of the same name ; but *I* am of the family of St. Thomas, and what I don’t *see*, I confess, have great difficulty *in believing*. However, he is so nearly related to Pigwiggin, whom they are going to make a peer, that I should like, if possible, to make the nephew *appear* too ; and in order that he may do so to

the best advantage, there are two kill-joys, worthy of a plunge in the thickest mud of the Dunciad, to dine here to-day at three, by Lord Glensborough's special invitation—for in his mania for curiosities he spares neither age nor sex—there is still a cover to which *I* shall be happy to give the title of Horace; and as a reward for being thus bound in *calf*, there is a seat in the Duchess of Queensberry's coach, (*if* Patapan and the packing-cases will *allow* their master to come), and a whole evening at Ranelagh with her grace, and his, as the case may be,

“LUCY GLENSBOROUGH.”

Ten minutes after Patapan came prancing in, with an affirmative answer from his master tied to his collar of silver bells; and after he and Shock had had a *set-to*, of which the English dog had infinitely the best of it, and poor Patapan had been made a baronet of, (for even in those days baronetcies were *beginning* to go to the dogs,) and sent back to his master with a bloody paw, Lady Glensborough cried and laughed, and dressed and talked, till she forgot the old man whom she had sent away with such a heavy heart and such stony eyes; and the young one, whose hot blood she was about to stagnate, and the gentle girl into whose soft bloom of beauty she had just wormed so insidious a canker;—all this she forgot,—*for nobody knew it!* All they *did* know, was how beautiful! Lady Glensborough looked that night at Ranelagh,

and what a dear ! delightful ! charming ! person she was—especially as, just as she was setting out, Mr. Richardson had sent her a presentation copy of “*Pamela*” splendidly bound, which she was enabled to brandish in her rivals’ faces—much to their annoyance ; more particularly to that of Lady Caroline Petersham, who had only a much soiled library copy.*

* “Such was the rage for ‘*Pamela*,’” says a contemporary of Richardson’s, “that the town ladies carried the volumes with them to Ranelagh Gardens, and held them up to one another in triumph. Pope praised this novel as likely to do more good than twenty volumes of sermons, and Dr. Sherlock recommended it from the pulpit.” The scenes in *Pamela* and *Clarissa Harlowe*, to modern notions, would be a curious *Index Expurgatorius* !

CHAPTER X.

THE CAFÉ PROCOPE.

"In motu quietem."

"Here are men who have arrived at a pitch of being gravely and seriously irreligious; who spend their coolest hours and their calmest thoughts in the service of infidelity, and are maliciously diligent to pervert men from the acknowledgment of the TRUTH, and by the very arms of Heaven, reason, and understanding, to enlarge the bounds of the Kingdom of Darkness."—*Sherlock.*

"Human learning in itself neither makes a man a believer nor an unbeliever, but confirms him in truth or error, according to his prejudices, inclinations, or interests; at least it is commonly so, and therefore we find, that in all ages such among the learned as devoted themselves to support the credit and interest of their particular professions, were always the most violent persecutors of the truth."—*Swedenborg.*

"By no means," said D'Alembert, as he withdrew his fingers from his snuff-box to plunge them into the sugar-basin, which he then politely pushed across to Lord Bolingbroke and the Comte de Saint Germain, who formed two of a *partie Carré* with him and Valasquez, at a small round marble table in the Café Procope.

"By no means; the past can be no possible guide to us with regard to the new æra now about to dawn, I will not say upon Europe, but upon the world;

is partly correct / there is no need of the capital means a party of two men

for hitherto the philosophy of man has generally been cultivated either by theologians, who were ignorant of the body, or by physicians, who were ignorant of the mind. It is true, that some of the ancients, especially Aristotle, saw the necessity of combining a knowledge of both, in order more completely to comprehend human nature. *We have* combined both, and dived deep into the buried city, which Aristotle only *began* to excavate."

"*Vous croyez ?*" said Saint Germain, with an incredulous smile, sipping his truly Turkish coffee, and declining the sugar, over which the academican's snuff had "cast a browner horror."

"*Firmly,*" rejoined D'Alembert, "*though* the Comte de Saint Germain seems to doubt it."

"Pardon me," said Saint Germain, "I do not in the least doubt that the master minds of the eighteenth century have brought to a high, though still far short, degree of perfection, the science of moral anatomy. I only think that it is one thing to discover the seat and cause of a disease, and another to strike out a remedy for it so effectual, and at the same time so innocuous, as to cure the malady without injuring the constitution."

"Light, light, sir, is the true and only cure for our social blindness; and every man who is not a bigot will wish its flood-gates to be opened upon the *people*."

"My good Monsieur D'Alembert," resumed Saint

Germain, calmly, "I am no bigot; and every man of upright principles and sound sense, (and I hope I may lay claim to the former, however questionable you may deem my pretensions to the latter,) every man, I say, of upright principles, must wish well to the cause of freedom; but every man acquainted with human nature and the principles of government, must be aware of the terrible difficulties and imminent perils that ever stand in the way of a *first great* attempt to radically turn the strong current of abuses and popular errors, to which the might of ages has given a Herculean impetus. For when great changes are made, whether moral, social, or political, the passions, prejudices, and interests of many individuals must be suddenly and violently affected, which will engender secret and deadly discontents, and personal struggles and aspirations, which, though suppressed and smouldering for a time, cannot fail, sooner or later, to produce national convulsions, which in their turn entail frightful public calamity, that too often *reverses* the most humane and beneficial intentions of the reformer. Liberty, to be salutary and effectual, should be of natural and *progressive* growth; for whenever she is sudden, excessive, and unusual, starting in full maturity and armed *cap à pié*, like Pallas from the front of Jove, she becomes a saturnalia to the rabble, where the lawless riot, and debauchery of the unhappy Helots, ends in sanguinary crimes and punishments; and as reaction is one of

A. H. H. H. H.

the primary laws of nature, the apparent calm which succeeds all revolutions is but the prostration of strength, which is only capable of producing one effect, that of completely nullifying the power, and annihilating the influence, of the country labouring under it, upon all other nations. I quite admit that you and your school have succeeded in removing the cataract from the eye of Europe; I only doubt the *prudence* of opening the flood-gates of light you speak of, my good Monsieur D'Alembert, upon the still weak and tender sight of the mass."

D'Alembert shrugged his shoulders as he seized Valasquez' untasted cup of coffee, and drank it off by mistake for his own, while Lord Bolingbroke, after pointing with a smile to one of the *garçons* to supply the place of the abstracted cup, observed, fiatically, as he tapped his snuff-box, and then stroked the shin of his right leg which lay across his left knee,

"The fact is, *Comte*, that the real cataract upon the eye of Europe is her priestcraft; when we get *that* off she'll see her way clearly enough. There is a poor devil of the name of Foljam, who lives in the Rue de Tourneau, that I am going to send to Voltaire next week, who has written a very clever *exposée* of the inconsistencies and contradictions of the Fathers, especially those of Origin, who often misquotes even himself, and makes no mention whatever of many things that the others assert, as having occurred in his time."

“Oh, for that matter,” said Saint Germain, “Origin’s citations cannot be reckoned as various readings, because he generally writes in a hurry, and quotes from memory ; as he does, for example, in his book against Celsus, where he twice cites this passage from the fourth chapter and twenty-first verse of Galatians, ‘*Ye that read the law, do you not hear the law?*’ whereas the Scriptural reading is, ‘*Ye that desire to be under the law, do ye not hear the law?*’ But if his not mentioning things which other contemporary writers have asserted as *facts*, be a convincing proof that sacred history is all a fable, then, my lord, you must extend the same presumption to profane history, for how many classical historians are there who labour under the same omission on the one side, and commission on the other. Livy, for instance, tells us that Scipio having given orders that Massiva should not be sold along with the other African prisoners, sent him home to his uncle Masanissa, honoured with presents,* and afterwards informs us that Masanissa, in his interview with Scipio, assured him that this conduct towards his nephew, had made him long for an opportunity of becoming an ally to the Romans. Now, why does Polybius neither tell us of the fact of Scipio’s granting Massiva his liberty, nor yet of those words of Masanissa in his interview with Scipio, after the defeat of Indibilis, which refer to it. According to your mode of

* Liv. lib. 27.

reasoning, Scipio was never capable of this generous conduct towards Massiva, *because* Polybius has forgotten to mention it, or Livy was an impostor because he *has* mentioned it."

"Ah, I thought we should have a sermon from the Comte de Saint Germain," said Lord Bolingbroke, with a half patronising, half contemptuous smile, as he offered Saint Germain his snuff-box, that universal *pis aller*, both of the wits and the witless of the eighteenth century.

"Nay, not a sermon," said Saint Germain, returning his smile in kind, for he hated getting into theological discussions with any of the clique, as they could not understand him, and he understood them only too well. "Not a sermon; but if you *insist* upon one, as the only *novelty* I have to offer you, my lord, I will preach you one upon Monsieur D'Alembert's new æra; but as all things must have a little of the old leaven in them, I shall take a heathen text.

"Pauci quos æquus amavit
Jupiter, et ardens evexit ad æthera virtus.
Dis geniti potuere."

"First, my brethren, *æquus amavit Jupiter*. They must have happy natural dispositions, as the foundation upon which so magnificent a superstructure is to be raised.

"Secondly, *ardens virtus*. It is impossible for people to be happy, if their minds are gnawed by the

remembrance of an ill-spent life, or distracted with unsatisfied desires and insubordinate passions.

“Thirdly and lastly, *dis geniti*, that vague expression used by the antients to denote what we more simply and comprehensively call men of good family. Though no descent, however illustrious, can compensate for the want of personal merit, yet, where that favourable circumstance concurs in persons, who have the two foregoing necessary qualifications, it contributes much to elevate the mind and assists it to condemn low pursuits. These *dis geniti* are generally so early initiated into the art of idleness, that it becomes so habitual to them that they practise it with an ease and elegance that can scarcely ever be attained by those to whom it does not come as a birth-right, and are not ‘to the manner born.’ Such men, strange as it may seem, without themselves being aware of it, are a practical synopsis of the theories of Epicurus and Erastothenes, and will, in the exile and bitter privations likely to follow the first explosion of M. D’Alembert’s new æra, prove themselves *true* philosophers, by the adaptation of their energy and their endurance to the heavy burden of their adverse circumstances. Whereas, your pseudo philosophers, those, who as Donne, (the divine, not the poet), happily expresses it, have ‘embraced the worst voluptuousness—an *hydropique and immoderate desire of human learning*,’ will fare badly indeed,

succumbing under that fearful state of things which they themselves have brought about."

"Naturally, or supernaturally," said D'Alembert, with a sneer, "prophecy is the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace of prescience ; and every one is aware that Monsieur de Saint Germain, from sources and arrangements best known to himself, is on terms of intimacy with the remotest past, and the most distant future, including every branch of their numerous family, of small and great events."

"Ha ! ha ! ha !" laughed Lord Bolingbroke.

"How now, Monsieur D'Alembert?" cried Valasquez, with a smile of quiet contempt, that fully avenged the rude personality of the academician's words, and St. John's laugh, at St. Germain's expense. "*You a philosopher !* and not know that it is the fate of all extraordinary and precocious superiority, whether moral, intellectual, or scientific, to be lapidated with persecutions and misconstructions by the age in which it lives—robbed and maligned through many future ones ? One instance, being a remarkable one, will suffice to illustrate my proposition. Do you not know that Roger Bacon has not only treated of most metals and minerals, deeming sulphur and mercury to be the chief principles of them all, but that he *also* treats of almost every operation *now* used in chemistry, and claimed by different pilferers as *modern inventions*. He describes

too, the method of making tinctures and elixirs ; he mentions the incineration of fern from which the English made glass. *He* was the miracle of the age in which *he* lived, and perhaps, the greatest genius for mechanical knowledge since the time of Archimedes ; he understood and explained the nature of concave spherical glasses, upon which he wrote a treatise, shewing their force in burning at a distance. How far he advanced optics in all its branches, is sufficiently evident from his book of perspective, where he speaks of the reflection and refraction of light, and describes the *camera obscura*, and all sorts of glasses which magnify, or diminish objects, bring them nearer to the eye, or remove them further off ; among the rest, the use of the optic tube or telescope, thought to be a more modern invention, was plainly known to him. His mathematical instruments cost £200 or £300; and he says, that in twenty years he spent £2000 upon them and books ; a sum so enormous for the time in which he lived, and the matters upon which it was expended, that the popular belief was, that the devil was at once his preceptor and his banker. *Fryar* Bacon was likewise almost the only astronomer of his age ; accordingly, he took notice of an error in the calendar, in relation to the quantity of the solar year, which had been increasing ever since the time of Julius Cæsar, and proposed a plan to Pope Clement IV. how it should be corrected. But it was only 300 years

after that Gregory XIII. followed this very plan in the reformation of the Julian calendar; with this difference, that Roger Bacon would have it begin from the birth of our Saviour, whereas, the Gregorian correction reaches no higher than the Nicene council. But his penetrating genius did not stop there, he entered into the depth of mechanical sciences, and was so well acquainted with the force of elastic bodies, that in imitation of Archytas, who constructed a wooden dove that could fly, he made a flying chariot, and had an art of putting statues in motion, and producing articulate sounds out of a brazen head. He also hit upon the secret of gunpowder, and describes the ingredients of its composition, and the *amazing* effects of its *power* and *light*. These were wonderful discoveries for so ignorant an age, the more wonderful that he had neither teacher nor coadjutor ! and it is perhaps the most wonderful of all, that such important discoveries should have lain so long concealed, till others should start up in succeeding centuries, and shamelessly lay claim to their invention, of which, Roger Bacon had alone the right. For forty years he pursued these studies with indefatigable intensity; and, was that *suspicious* and vituperated creature *a very learned man*, in a very *illiterate age*; and, because he performed extraordinary things by the help of mathematics and chemistry, he was suspected of *magic*, and, persecuted accordingly, especially by his own fraternity; who,

not content with the expulsion of his works from their library, never rested till they got him imprisoned. He had also some skill in physics; and yet, English historians scarcely mention this extraordinary man, or his works, though surely, both he, and they, deserved a place in their records, at least, as much as the detail of a *blazing star*, and a *bloody shower*, which they never fail to descant on at full length. So, take my advice, my good Monsieur D'Alembert, and believe, that however enlightened we may deem ourselves and our age to be, there is always, at *least*, one Friar Bacon in it, too far in advance of it, for either we, or it, to appreciate or comprehend."

Valasquez's cheek had become flushed in the excitement of speaking, nor was this flush abated by the almost paternal look of mingled affection and gratitude that glistened in the eye of Saint Germain, while a quiet smile at the same time played round the mouth of the latter, as it is wont to do round that of a grown person who looks on at the plays and disputes of children. D'Alembert, on the contrary, projected his head far in advance of his knees, and, taking a most elaborate and sonorous pinch of snuff, after which, he ejaculated a long drawn "Ah!" said with an air of consummate self-sufficiency and a telegraphic smile at Lord Bolingbroke, as he threw himself back in his chair, folded his arms, and closed his small twinkling eyes.

“Ah! my good Don Raphaël, precisely—so; and we are now a little knot of *Bâcones* in France, who must submit to be persecuted, because we cannot be understood; but taking *reason* and *nature* for our chart and rudder, we fearfully push out to sea in our little bark, to give battle to the whole fleet of superstition; in short, Señor Valasquez, like your valiant countrymen, Don Martinez Yanez de Barbuda, Master of Alcantara, who, in 1390, attempted with a small force to kill all the Moors in Spain, *we* shall attempt, and, I have no doubt, succeed, in demolishing all the bigots and bigotry in Europe!”

“If you would carry out your simile, don’t forget, M. D’Alembert, that Don Martinez and his very small band all perished in their attempt.”

“Yes, but remember the inscription on his tomb,” rejoined D’Alembert; “and it was almost compensation for the defeat, to have the inscription that he had for an epitaph:—‘*Here lies he into whose great heart fear never found entrance.*’”

“But perhaps,” said Valasquez, smiling, it might not be quite so glorious, though equally merited, to incur the matter of fact bathos of the Emperor Charles V.’s remark when he read it, which was—‘*Ese fidalgo jamas debio apagar Algerna candela con sus dedos!*’ or, in plain French, ‘Then, that gentleman never snuffed a candle with his fingers!’ and my *fear* is, that when France’s ‘knot of Bacons,’

as you are pleased to call them, shall attempt to extinguish the only *true* light that shines upon our world; they will run a very great risk of *burning their fingers!*⁷ Luckily for the discomfited academician, who by no means relished this very *close* following up of his comparison of himself and his colleagues to Don Martinez Yanez, the door opened, and the Vicomte de Nesmond made his appearance.

“Ha! the last hero of the bastille,” exclaimed D’Alembert and Lord Bolingbroke, in a breath, extending their hands to him as he entered.

“Nay, honour where honour is due,” said the young man placing his hand on Saint Germain’s shoulder, from which touch the latter seemed involuntarily to shrink. *Here* is the *real* hero of that tragical interlude, I might have lingered there till now but for him, and, faugh!” continued he with affected disgust, throwing his perfumed gloves, and laced pocket handkerchief at some distance from him on the table, as he lifted up his sword so as to seat himself in the chair, which one of the *garçons* had placed for him—“Faugh! I still think I smell of the mould of its dungeons.”

“On the contrary,” replied Saint Germain, “you are as usual redolent of *parfum de la cour*. So which way does the wind blow there?”

“*Diantre!* badly enough in truth,” said the Vicomte; “you remember Quesnay’s prophecies about

five weeks ago, when we supped with the Pompadour at La Muette. Well, every one of them have come to pass ; and there is the Controleur Général as mad as *Biçêtre*, and *Sa Majesté très Casserole*, as M. de Saint Germain most happily calls him, in such an infernal humour, that he is past Pompadour or Parc aux Cerfs ; and even King Dagé has turned restive ; for, when he was sent for this morning to shave Monsieur de Sechelle's head, he flatly refused, saying with his usual cool impudence, that *he* had quite enough to do to attend to the heads of fools and madmen figuring *in* the world, and that he really could not waste his time upon that comparatively *small class of exclusives*, who thought fit to hide their madness or their folly, by withdrawing from it ; therefore Louis XV. might shave Monsieur de Sechelle, if he pleased, but *he* certainly should not."

" 'Pon my word," cried D'Alembert, " this is terrible ! poor de Sechelle ! one would think that Voltaire too was a prophet ; for last winter, at Ferney, when we were one evening telling stories about *robbers*, and it came to his turn, he began,—' Once upon a time there was a Fermier Général,'—and then came to a full stop, adding, " my friends I beg your pardon, but I have forgotten the rest ;' and so I think he now will, the fine plan that de Sechelle wanted him to forward to the King of Prussia."

" Well, I *had* thought of going to the Hôtel D'Eve-

reux after dinner ! and I shall now certainly do so, if the Marquise is not in too great consternation with all these untoward events to receive."

"Untoward indeed !" said de Nesmond, "for poor little Alexandrine is seriously ill, and her mother is so superstitious about Quesnay, whom she calls the *Prophet de Malheur*, that she won't have him called in ; and yet if any one can save the child he can."

"Aye, but nobody *can* save her," muttered Saint Germain ; and then added aloud, as he rose, placed his hat under his arm, and drew on his gloves, "*Serviteur, Messieurs.*"

"I will go with you," said Valasquez, striking his diamond repeater, "for I have an appointment at six, and it now wants twenty minutes, my coach is at the door, Comte, can I set you down ? or is yours there, or do you walk ?"

"I should, but for your obliging offer ; but I'll avail myself of that, if you'll kindly set me down at the entrance of the Champs Elysées."

"With pleasure," replied Valasquez ; and so saying, his carriage was called, and he and Saint Germain got into it.

"I know not how it is," said the former, as soon as the carriage had driven off, "but it appears to me that the *Ophidian* is a cheat, and *Æthalides* an imposter, for I have been wretched almost ever since I have possessed the one or commanded the other.'

“Neither is the case,” rejoined Saint Germain ; “the only deceiver in the business is *yourself*, and you were deceived with your eyes open, because you *would* be deceived. I never told you that the Ophidion could *change* one hair’s breadth of any event ; for what can counteract Omnipotence ? I only told you that it would forewarn you of them, and by so doing cast a darker shadow over your existence ; for to foresee evils that we cannot avoid, is indeed to rush out from the threshold of our own soul, to meet misfortune half way, and so hasten her every crisis, and in like manner to lessen and dilute the zest of surprise from every joy. Neither did I tell you that Æthalides could make or unmake circumstances ; I merely assured you of his obedience to all your commands, from the smallest to the greatest. But so it is ever, those who would alter God’s work, *must* end by finding, when it is *too late*, that He knows best.”

“Aye, I do indeed remember,” said Valasquez mournfully, “that you told me of the two currents that should run parallel through my life, the one bearing on its surface the *present* or actual, the other the future and inevitable. On the former I see Maud, fond, beautiful, as she is, and *all mine* ; and could I keep my vision fixed at that heavenward focus, I should be happy, perhaps too happy ; but ever and anon a mighty shadow falls upon all this, and I *must* turn to see from whence it comes ; and

then I behold Maud, forcibly torn from me by some unseen power, and first violently struggling with the tumultuous eddies of these dark waters, and then with clasped hands and upturned eyes, calmly sinking beneath them, till her last look of love at me is all that floats above them. This over I can see *nothing beyond*. Oh ! tell me in mercy what comes after, or I shall go mad."

"I cannot if I would," said Saint Germain, with a sigh, "for heaven, aye, when it scourges is still merciful; and even in that fearful whirlpool of the *inevitable* that you *would* look upon, you will never discover but *one evil at a time*, the one nearest at hand; for did not HE who knew every pulse of the human heart tell us that '*sufficient for the day is the evil thereof*;' and often do we not exclaim that we cannot bear *that*; how then should we support more?"

"But what? or who can separate Maud and I? since she has told me she loves me."

"Perhaps her father."

"Her father? no, no; for she is so *sure* of his consent. He is, she assures me, the very kindest and most indulgent of fathers; indulgent to a fault, for he liked not Lady Evelyn's marriage, and yet he could not hold out against her entreaties. Surely then, without arrogance, I may flatter myself that I am a more worthy person than Mr. Vernon Howard, and, therefore, what possible reason could he have, for the first time in his life, running counter to the

wishes of his favourite child, especially when she has told him that her whole happiness depends upon his acquiescence in them?"

"*Reason!*" replied Saint Germain shaking his head, "how many of us are there who act from reason? besides, age is sometimes as feeble in purpose as it is in physical strength; and, as Bossuet truly observes, there is no weakness like the fear of *appearing* weak.* This fear is the incubus that generally hangs over the old; indeed, most *men* are deficient in *moral* courage, and many is the hero with whose prowess the world has rung, that did not possess as much mental valour, as would enable a girl of fifteen to come off creditably in her struggles with the trials and trammels of any six hours of her daily life."

"But," objected Valasquez, "Lord Athenreagh is a widower—lives alone—has no essence of shrew, or tincture of wife in the shape of a maiden sister. No autocratic despot in the form of a servile and fondly expectant nephew to struggle against, or to succumb to; in short, is free from that *chevaux-de-frise* of collateral relations, which so often bars wifeless and childless old men, so completely out of their own will. Who then could possibly prejudice him against me, or manœuvre him into thwarting Maud?"

* "*La plus dangereuse de toutes les faiblesses, et de craindre de paraître faible.*"

"*That*," said Saint Germain, "the future may or may not inform you of; for, for one person who lives to elucidate the *real* influences of their fate *pro* or *con* in this world, thousands go to their graves, putting the saddle on one of *chance's* wrong horses. But," added he, evidently wishing to change the conversation, "you are going down to Louis Racine's to-night, are you not?"

"Heaven forbid!" exclaimed Valasquez, "that I ever should witness another of their abominations, as I told de Richelieu at the last; besides, I believe they hold their blasphemous orgies at the cemetery of St. Médard to-night; but *I am* going down to the Cul de Sac de Guéméné."

"Ah!" cried Saint Germain, pulling his under lip, and apparently continuing aloud his own thoughts, "you will find poor Lady Evelyn in a great state of nervous excitement, having received a threatening note from her unworthy husband, telling her that his honour will be compromised if she does not remit him fifteen thousand Louis before twelve o'clock to-night; and that if she has not the money, she must get Zamora to advance it to her, upon some of her jewels. Now assure her that her husband's honour is not in the least danger. I do not speak *logically*, because he *has no honour*, but *literally*, that he will obtain the sum he requires, through another channel; and that before twelve o'clock to-night,

she will receive another note from him, announcing to her that he *has* received this money."

Valasquez stared as if awaking from a dream, and then said, "But if Lady Evelyn should ask me for a satisfactory explanation of this assurance, what am I to say? for, being in total ignorance, not only of the circumstance itself till you this moment mentioned it, but of all things relating to it, I should be at a loss how to convince her that I was not an impostor."

"Then you must become one," replied Saint Germain, smiling; "assume the fiatical tone of an oracle, and give her this assurance with all the confidence possible. Truth is seldom *imposing*, because it is truth—whereas the charlatan fiction is so plausible, that he generally obtains a diploma of faith *vi et armis* from every one."

"But really," hesitated Valasquez, as the carriage now stopped at the corner of the Place Louis Quinze, and the servants got down to open the door for Saint Germain, during which time the coachman had some difficulty to make the very spirited horses (those at that time rare things in Paris) stand still—"Really, if Lady Evelyn should press me upon this point, I shall not know how to answer her."

"There is no necessity that you should. I answer for everything. So now *vale*," added Saint Germain, extending his hand, in token of adieu to his companion, as he backed out of the carriage, which in

another minute was driving at a rapid pace down the Rue Malplaquet, (now the Rue de Rivoli), on its way to the Cul de Sac de Guémenée ; while Saint Germain soon disappeared among the trees in the Champs Elysées, which skirted the back of the Hôtel d'Evereux.

CHAPTER XI.

“Every blade of grass has its share of the dews of heaven ; and though the birds of the forest have no garner, the wide world is all before them.”—*Chinese Proverb.*

“That which toucheth vermilion is reddened, and he who toucheth gold is supple.”—*Ibid.*

As Saint Germain pursued his way towards the back entrance of the Hôtel d'Evereux, which faced the Rue St. Honoré, he stopped every now and then, and looked about him ; but seeing no one, or apparently not the person he wanted, he resumed his onward course, till he reached the court-yard of the Hôtel d'Evereux, where instead of entering at once he again paused, and looked intently—not this time about him—but at the roof of the house in every direction ; at length, at the end of about five minutes, an exclamation of “Ha ! at last,” escaped him ; and throwing his voice, by the means of ventriloquism, to the top of a chimney, round which a dark, mis-shapen mass, something between a monkey and a muff, had just executed a pirouette, which if not the most graceful, was unquestionably among the most agile, he said in a distinct and sonorous whisper,

“Ho ! Xintro, come down here, quick, to the gate

at the Rue St. Honoré; a friend of Zillah's has something to give you for her."

Had the dwarf been like ordinary mortals, who have, as it is often most falsely termed, their wits about them, he would have been frightened, puzzled, and deterred at this command. But having but one sane chord in his whole construction, and that one being not even in his brain, but in his heart, and vibrating to no other touch but the voice of Zillah—to no other sound but her name; so far from being surprised at now in particular hearing it, (as to him all nature appeared but one continued echo, and reflection of his own desert heart, with its one star, and its one pulse, so that *every sound* was to him the name of Zillah, and every object upon which his eyes rested for a second to him assumed her form,) he therefore thought this mandate to descend from his elevated position down to the common earth in her interest, was at once the most natural and rational occurrence in the world, so that in another moment he had made a summerset back again to the other side of the chimney, from whence he had only just came, and embracing a round leaden spout which ran down that side of the house, and from which (as the shades of twilight were now falling) he was scarcely distinguishable [in colour, in less than three minutes he had slid to the ground, when Saint Germain, again throwing his voice on that part of the spout which touched Xintro's ear, as he was about

to leap on the grass, bade him go on to the first large lime-tree, in the avenue round the corner, whither Saint Germain preceded him by half a second.

“So Xintro, my man,” said he jocosely, as soon as the dwarf appeared, “Monsieur de Sechelle being no longer Comptroleur-Général, it seems, you have had a fancy to take his place; and like all successors, but more especially ministerial ones, you are determined to take popularity by storm, in starting with some miraculous achievement! Monsieur de Sechelle was in his way a first-rate alchymist, converting penury itself into gold, and extracting immense sums from the sweat of the poor man’s brow; but thou hast done more, my Xintro, for thou hast actually extracted gold from the rich courtesan’s coffers—those plethoric coffers which were never known to yield one doit before, let who would try to bleed them.”

As Saint Germain was well aware, the dwarf did not understand one syllable of this harangue, or else he would not have uttered it, especially in so close a vicinity to its subject. During the whole time he was speaking, Xintro stood, with his vacant yet unquiet eyes wandering over his countenance, as if in vain trying to catch the meaning of his words. At length, crossing his hands tightly over his chest, as if to guard something concealed within his vest, he exclaimed, in his hoarse, broken voice,

“Zillah? you said Zillah.”

"I did," rejoined Saint Germain; "and it was to serve Zillah that I have stopped you before you returned to her; first, give her this paper," and he wrote a few hasty lines on a leaf of his pocket-book, and handed them to the dwarf, who snatched them eagerly and concealed them within his bosom; "at first she may weep and turn pale, but she'll thank me after."

"Ho! she'll weep, will she? and turn pale?" almost shrieked the dwarf, as he stamped his feet, and then added, as he rubbed his hands, and jumped as if in triumph: "Ha! we'll see, we'll see, for Xintro's king to prevent *that* too."

"And now," resumed Saint Germain, heedless of the dwarf's words and gesticulations, "good Xintro, I must have the bag of gold you got from Madame de Pompadour not half an hour ago."

"Gold!" screamed Xintro, hugging himself closer, "must? me no musts. Who are you to speak to me of gold? it's not Zamora's gold; *he* says he knows how to make it. *I* know that he knows how to steal it; but being what is called a fool, you see, *I* know how to do neither the one nor the other, ha! ha! ha! Master Scarlet-heels, I've told you what *I* am; now tell me what you are, if you can?"

"A friend of yours, and above all of Zillah's," replied Saint Germain, fixing his large luminous eyes full upon the dwarf's face; and even he seemed to

undergo the influence of their magnetic power, for after a few seconds he answered, with a sigh,

“A friend! what coin is that? I never had one, and so should not know it if I saw it. I don’t even think cunning Jules Quatremaine, who knows everything, knows *that*. What is it? tell me.”

“A right excellent coin, truly; above all price when genuine, a visible blessing, a tangible Providence; but when false, like all other base coin, though it may pass current for a time, it must ultimately lead either to sorrow or shame.”

“Then I’ll none of it,” said the dwarf, who only retained the sound, and a glimmering of the sense of the two last words.

“How now, wilt thou none of the true coin, good Xintro?” asked Saint Germain, soothingly.

“Look ye, my master!” rejoined the dwarf, putting on an expression of desperate cunning, and folding his arms still tighter; “they call me fool, and with good reason, because I am not the same as the other fools; but fool or no fool, I have lived with Abdias Zamora for twelve years; and I should be worse than a fool, almost a philosopher, like Monsieur Pont de Vesle, who gives Zamora the first price he asks for every thing, and never beats him down, if I did not know the head, reverse, and legend of every coin in the realm, from a *cavalôt*, and *salut d’or* of Charlemagne, a *fleurette* of Charles VI., a *denier tournois*, and a *sol parisis* of Henri III.,

down to a double *louis d'or* of Louis XV., (though albeit I see less of these latter than of any other,) so let me see the head, reverse, and legend of this *friend* you say you have for Zillah."

Saint Germain paused for a few seconds, evidently puzzled by what means to reach the dwarf's feeble and vacillating intelligence. At length he said—

"Why, good Xintro, it is not exactly a coin—it is a medal; you have not, of course, been so long with Zamora without knowing the difference?"

"Aye, to be sure," assented the latter, looking as sapient as an owl, in all the beatitudes of an easy digestion. "'Coins,' for so Pont de Vesle said to Zamora this very morning, 'are things struck by a monarch nominally for his people, but more frequently struck *out of them* by the said monarch; whereas medals, (like the one Pont de Vesle bought this morning for Madame Du Deffand, of Cardinal de Richelieu's triumphal entry into *Lyon*,) medals are struck to flatter some one popular idol, with an elaborate reverse, against their fortune changes; all this I learnt by heart this morning, so you can't sell me *there*."

"Well remembered," said Saint Germain; "now the medal that I allude to was struck to commemorate a mission you undertook about six weeks ago, for Zillah, the head it bears is that of Marie Cadel; the place where it was struck was up in the fifth *floor* of a certain house in the Rue de Bétizy, and

the legend was a certain letter that Marie Cadel wrote, that you were to give to Zillah."

"Zillah! the letter! Marie Cadel! the Rue de Bétizy! Oh, I remember!" cried Xintro, and then suddenly added, "but Marie Cadel is gone, and the Rue de Bétizy is gone, for I have never been there since; and you, you are not the singing girl that they said was so beautiful,—but that could not be, for her name was not Zillah—it was something else but I forget what. Then who are you? and what do you know about all this?"

"Look at me!" said Saint Germain, stepping on one side into a broad flood of moonlight, and drawing the dwarf along with him; "*Do* you not remember that I sat leaning on the table opposite to Marie Cadel, and that when she gave you that letter for Zillah, and you darted through the window, how fearfully it thundered and lightened?"

"Aye, it often does that *here*," said the dwarf, holding his head between both his hands.

"Now I know you will remember all this if you try," resumed Saint Germain; "especially when I repeat to you what has happened since. When you got home that night you found Zillah waiting for you; when you gave her Marie Cadel's letter, she tore it eagerly open, but when she had read it she seemed distressed, and clasping her hands together, said, 'Oh, no, that will never do!' and the next day, and every day since, she has sent you to try and sell

that nenufar of large oriental pearls, with diamond dew-drops upon it, which she wears at the high festivals of her own religion ; and each succeeding day, sell it to whom you would, her father has repurchased it, and bringing it back to her, sternly demanded the twenty thousand livres she had received for it, adding, ‘ If thou wantedst money, even for thy foolish charities, daughter, I will supply thee, provided thou lettest *me* know *for whom it is*, and that I be myself the bearer, for thanks are the least one may be entitled to for such a sum ; but prithee leave parting with thy jewels, lest the brethren should begin to think that thou art a beggar and I a bankrupt. Above all, that water-lily, which for gems and workmanship has not its fellow in Europe, and which cost me double the sum thou wouldst fling it away for, when I bought it some score years back from Aschanio Zitto, at Venice, who tacked on ten ducats at every look I bestowed on it, pretending it had belonged to Lucrezia Borgia, and had been given to her by her father the pope, when she married the Duc d’Urbino.’ And then, poor Zillah, obliged each time to take back the lily and refund the money, at length, in despair, said to you this morning, ‘ Hark’ee, good Xintro, you know the Hôtel d’Evereux, in the Champs Elysées, and you have heard of Madame de Pompadour ; well, you must go at dusk, and wander round the house till you find her dressing-room, which will not be diffi-

cult, as it is on the ground-floor. Having done so, you must effect an entrance, (*how* I leave to you, knowing how clever you are in that way.) If she is not there, you must wait till she comes; of course she will be frightened, but no matter, give her that letter, and say you *must* have the money, or she must take the consequences. If she hesitates, or remonstrates, only point to the letter, and say *the money or Lebel's scheme!* you will remember that one little sentence, will you not, good Xintro? *the money or Lebel's scheme;* and then **I** think she will give it. She must give it, or at least *you must* not return to me without it. Well, all this you did, Xintro; you found the lady at a favourable time, at least favourable for your demand, for the heart hath two keys by which it is easily opened; the one of iron, which is sorrow; the other of gold, which is joy; it was the former that opened Madame de Pompadour's tonight, though not easily, being somewhat rusty in the wards from long disuse; however, at length she gave the money, and you disappeared with it instantly, and had just reascended the house in *your way* home, (as you prefer the slates to the stones,) when I called you. You have the money there, inside your vest, in a bag of peach-blossom silk, shot with silver, and lined with white padusay damask. That money I want, good Xintro; it is twenty thousand louis in gold."

The dwarf, who had remained with his mouth open during this astoundingly correct detail of his

and Zillah's proceedings, now drew a long "ha," as if himself out of breath at the rapidity of Saint Germain's enunciation, and then said,—

"So you *do*, indeed, know all about it, and Zillah has told you every thing. Ah, me!" added he, gloomily, "it is not well; why should Zillah tell me that her whole dependence was upon me, poor Xintro,—good Xintro, as she called me,—that she had *no one* to help her but *me*, when she goes and asks you,—no, no, it is not well," and he leant against a tree with his folded arms, and rocked to and fro like a ship in a storm.

"No, it would *not* be well *if* she had done so," said Saint Germain soothingly; "but she has not. You alone are there to serve her; but you will best do so by giving up to me the money you have just received in that room," and he pointed to a room on the ground-floor, through which some one was that moment passing with a light.

"But, but," remonstrated Xintro, hugging the money still tighter, and still unconvinced: "Zillah, as you yourself have just repeated to me, said I *must not* return to her without the money."

"She did so," assented Saint Germain, "nor shall you," added he, withdrawing several rouleaux of double Louis d'ors from his pocket, "the *money* is what she wants, now in the bag, you extorted from Madame de Pompadour; there are only twenty thousand Louis, whereas here are thirty thousand.

Only think how pleased with *you* Zillah will be, for bringing her ten thousand more than she hoped for, and how she'll call you *good* Xintro, *kind* Xintro."

"Oh, stop! stop!" cried the dwarf, taking the peach-blossomed silk bag from his vest, and waiving it about like a handkerchief, "don't say any more; let *her* say it,—here, take the gold, and welcome for half that; but stay, how do I know that the gold you are going to give me is good, and that you are not cheating her?"

"Nay," said Saint Germain taking off the dwarf's cap, and filling it with the rouleaux, "undo all these, and test every louis separately, as you do when you go to receive money for Zamora; and if you find the shadow of a fly's wing or a flaw in any of them, then it is no bargain."

"Well spoken, master, that's fair, or *seems* so, which is all a bargain need do, as Zamora says; so now for the test," added Xintro, replacing the silk bag in his bosom, and undoing the cork of a small phial, of an amber-coloured liquid, which was suspended by a bit of silver chain from one of his button-holes, as an ink-horn sometimes is to that of an appraiser, as with a small camel's hair brush, that was attached to the end of the cork, he touched each piece of gold separately, and then tossed it up, and catching it in his hand, pronounced the word "*good*," as he flung it back into his cap; and tried another and another, pronouncing the same verdict

upon each, till he came to the last ; during which operation, and the time it took him to replace each fifty louis in their respective papers, Saint Germain stood with his eyes calmly fixed upon the heavens, as if he had a personal interest in the appearance of every star, as they now began rapidly to succeed each other. And at Xintro's final "*good,*" without withdrawing, his eyes from their celestial wanderings, he mechanically held out his hand, within which the dwarf now unhesitatingly placed the silken bag of gold, and in another second he had reclinced the spout, and was zigzagging his homeward course, through a labyrinth of chimnies.

"Ah!" said Saint Germain, at length withdrawing his eyes, and ending his meditations with a sigh : "When man deserts the *one* star that leads to ye *all*, and wanders through that desert of mists and mirages which he calls speculation ; then, indeed, does his soul become a *catena ablata unco*."* And with this last reflection, he lowered his eyes to the ground ; and folding his arms, retraced his steps till he reached the front entrance of the Hotel D'Eve-reux. How changed was it now from the insolent splendour of its appearance on its gala and levee days ! Its architectural magnificence, and interior decorations, it is true, were still the same ; but only the colossal elaborately gilt centre lamp was lighted in the hall, so that even the plants from the partial

* A chain without a fastening.

shade into which they were thrown, looked drooping and sad. Those among the numerous lackies who were not sleeping, were immoveably still and silent ; and the *suisse* or porter stood with his gorgeous livery and herculean club, behind the glass door, ready to open it so as to prevent any one ringing, or rather attempting to ring, as the bells were muffled. For King DEATH is the only monarch, whose autocratic pride disdains equally the herald strains of the commanding clarion, the courtier-like softness of the insinuating flute, or the spirit-stirring *réveil* of the "trumpet's lordly blowing." No, *his* sole pageants are pangs ; his sole troops tears ; and his dread *sapeurs* clear the way for his approach, by felling, *all sound*, into one despotic and terrific HUSH !

NOTES.

Note (A)

IT is a curious circumstance, with regard to that unaccountable, and certainly unaccounted-for personage, the Count de Saint Germain, that the sources of his immense wealth, remained with most other things relating to him, an impenetrable mystery to his contemporaries, and consequently to posterity. All that is certain is (for the fact is mentioned in all the memoirs and letters of the time) that during his incessant journeyings through Europe, he *arrived* at every town *on foot, and unattended*, yet the *very next day* always saw him domiciled in one of the most magnificent residences of the capital he was in; with a truly princely retinue of servants and equipages, and a suitable regality of expenditure in all things, and all this without the intermediate aid of banker or agent of any description. The anecdote of his removing the flaw from the diamond of Louis Quinze, without diminishing from its weight, is historical, as are indeed all the marvellous anecdotes related of him, which, incredible as they seem, have more title to authenticity than if he had written any memoirs of himself, or published his autobiography, which he never did. From whatever source he derived his vast wealth, and his superhuman acquirements, he had at all events the great merit of employing both for the good of his fellow creature. Some of his contemporaries pretend that he had lived at the time of our Saviour, and had known Pontius Pilate! first at Jerusalem, and afterwards at Grenoble, where he was banished, and these contemporaries have quoted as from Saint Germain's own lips,—that “Pontius Pilate, previous to the publication of the Scriptures, was a man so utterly insipid and insignificant,” that he, (Saint Germain) “had retained but a very slight recollection of him.” On the other hand, the sceptics of that time boldly pronounce Saint Germain to have been an impostor, and the son of a Jewish physician at Strasburg, his real name being Daniel Wolf, and that when he gave himself out to be 1814 years of age!! he was in reality

but 68, having been born in 1704. One thing is certain, that he was a man of extraordinary acquirements, and must have been gifted with the most accurate and retentive memory—to have played his part of superhuman longevity, without a single anachronism, as he did. He died in 1786. After being lost sight of for nine or ten years, and his existence perfectly unknown, he reappeared in Germany, and was recognized by his features, towards the end of the year 1759, when he took up his abode in the states of the Margrave of Anspach, under the Hungarian name of ZARASKI. Soon it began to be whispered at the Margrave's court, that the mysterious stranger, bearing the above assumed name, was no other than the celebrated Comte de Saint Germain; but his highness having hinted as much to the *soi-disant* Zaraski, the latter positively denied any identity with the supernatural count; whereat the margrave, greatly puzzled, resolved to elucidate the affair, and for that purpose, to rely only on his own personal observations. These observations were long and minute; but the prince at length, succeeding in procuring a portrait of the Comte de Saint Germain, as he had appeared at the court of Louis XV., and which picture Mademoiselle de Châtelet had preserved, this portrait proved to be an accurate and startling resemblance of the pretended Zaraski; and what was almost incredible at this latter period (namely in 1776) the original had all the freshness and youth of the picture painted in 1701! and given in 1750 to Madame d'Urfé, the ancestress of Monsieur de Châtelet. It is also to be remembered that Madame de Vegy saw this extraordinary man again at the court of Louis Quinze, as fresh, and to all appearance as youthful, as when she had first seen him at Venice, in the year 1700, when her husband had been ambassador there, and now again 76 years had gone over that face, without leaving a trace of their passage! thus puzzling conjecture, and confounding human reason. At the termination of two journeys, one into Italy, the other into Denmark, undertaken after his residence at the court of Anspach, Saint Germain appeared at that of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel, bearing letters from the King of Denmark, brother in law of the elector, which insured the count a perfect reception from the latter prince, who gave him a suite of apartments in his palace. This most mysterious personage arrived at Hesse in 1782, as usual without equipage or retinue of any sort, but *alone and on foot*; nevertheless, he soon displayed a perfectly regal profusion of diamonds and other precious stones in his dress, and lost no time in adopting the same sumptuous and princely style of living, with which

he had formerly dazzled and astounded the court of Versailles; but now, as then, without having a banker, or any other ostensible source, from whence to draw the immense revenue requisite for so profuse an expenditure, and yet paying ready money for all things. Some French travellers, who renewed their acquaintance with him at the electoral court, found him in appearance precisely the same as they had first known him thirty-two years before, at the *Œil de Bœuf*; but with all the good will in the world on his part, he found it impossible to recognise those gentlemen, formerly gay, magnificent and *debonnair*, now alas, gray, wrinkled, and decrepid. During the two latter years of his life, the Count de Saint Germain appeared to be the victim of a profound and insurmountable melancholy, and gradually symptoms of pulmonary consumption appeared, without however, in the slightest degree, affecting the elasticity and freshness of his complexion and features; and death itself arrived without setting its usual livid seal upon him; but nothing could exceed the mental terrors and physical agonies of his last moments. But whatever his feelings at his exit may have been, they are, like his miraculously prolonged existence, a mystery! as all his ravings were in a peculiar and unknown language. He at length expired, after prolonged and unimaginable sufferings, surrounded by his enthusiastic satellites, who seemed evidently confounded at seeing their marvel share the common lot of humanity." *Chroniques de L'Œil de Bœuf*, vol. viii. pages 389, 390, 391.

Saint Germain is also accused of having sold a pretended rejuvenating elixir to the Duchesse d'Usérf for two thousand louis. The Prince de Craon, to turn the affair into ridicule, pretended to the duchesse that two of her women had drunken this *Eau de Juvance* by mistake, and were immediately transformed into little children of two years old! It is certain that the eighteenth century appears to have been the golden age of this species of Charlatanerie; for a few years after, that arch quack, Alessandro Cagliostro, got immense sums of money, and quantities of jewels out of Madame d'Urfé, for invoking shades from Paracelsus and Moïtomut, which were to reveal to her the lost *arcana-cana* of the great work of alchymy. And at a later period Casa Nova, who only took from her precious stones for his revelations, one of which consisted in persuading her that at 73 she would be *enceinte*, by the influence of the stars! and certainly if old ladies at that age *should* be guilty of such a folly, it requires no conjuror to make one believe that "their stars are more in fault than they!" He also gave

her a rejuvenating elixir; but assuring her, that before it took effect, she must die first, (the only true part of the tale), and then she would rise phoenix-like, from her own ashes, blooming with eternal youth; but Madame du Châtelet, (*La docte Emilie*), who was her heir, interfered with these charming little arrangements, by having Casa Nova banished.

Note (B)

In the book of prophecies, composed in the year 1542, by Pierre Dieudonné Olivarius, Doctor in medicine, Chirurgien and Theologian, is the following curious—and up to the present time—most extraordinarily verified prediction; of which, from the old obsolete French of the time in which it was written, I give an almost literal translation.

“Italian Gaul about this time, (1779) will see born not far from her bosom a supernatural being; this man will emerge quite young from the sea, and will come and take habits and language among the Celtic Gauls, and will open to himself (still quite young, and through a thousand obstacles), amid soldiers, a great career, and will become their chief; this tortuous path will occasion him great work and much trouble; he will come warring near his native country by one lustral (five years) and more.

“Beyond seas he will be seen warring with great glory and valour, and will again wage war in the Roman territories.

“Will give laws to the Germans, will pacify troubles and terrors among the Celtic Gauls, and so will, by them, be named king, but after be called *imperator*, by great popular enthusiasm.

“Battling everywhere through the empire, will drive (*déchassera*) out princes, nobles and kings, by two lustrals and more; then he will raise up more princes and nobles for life; and, speaking from out his high place, (*parlout sur son estrade*), will cry, *O Sidera! O Sacra!*

“Will be seen with an army forty-nine times twenty thousand strong of infantry, who will carry arms and helmets of iron, (*armes et cornets de fer*); he will have seven times, seven times seven thousand horses, mounted by men who, more than the first, will carry great swords, and lances, and corslets of brass. He will have seven times, seven times two thousand men, who will work terrible machines, which will vomit fire and sulphur, and death, the whole of his army calculated will amount to forty-nine times twenty thousand men.

"Will carry on his dexter hand an eagle—sign of victories yet to come.

"Will give many countries to different nations, and to each one, peace.

"Will return to the great town, (Paris) ordering many great things, edifices, bridges, sea ports, aquaducts, canals, will achieve by himself alone, at great cost, as much as a Roman; and all within the dominion of the Gauls. Will have wives, two; a son, one only.

"Will go battling to where cross the lines of longitude, and latitude, fifty-five months; there, his enemies will burn their great town, (capital) but he will enter and leave it, while many of his will be buried in the ruins and ashes; and his army, having neither bread nor water, and all this privation in the midst of the most intense cold, which will be so disastrous, that more than a third of his forces will perish; and even after, the half of what remain, he having no control over them."

"Then the great man betrayed and abandoned by his sworn friends, pursued in his turn with great losses by a great European population, into his own great town, in his place will be put the kings of the old blood of Capet. He, condemned to an exile in the sea, from whence he came out so young, and near his native place, will remain there for eleven moons with some of his followers, *real* friends, and soldiers, who were only seven times, seven times, seven times the number he had formerly. No sooner these eleven moons waned, but he and his followers shall take ship, and again set foot upon this Celtish Gallic land. And he will march upon the great town, where is *re-seated* the old blood of Capet, but, which rises, flies, carrying with him royal jewels and plate; while the great man puts things back in their place, resumes his former power, and gives to the people many admirable laws. But again driven away by a trinity of European powers, after three whole moons and the third of another the old blood of Capet is again put in its place. And he, being thought dead by his people and soldiers, they, during that time, wear him as their penates next their heart. The Celtic Gauls, like wolves and tigers, begin to prey upon each other once more; and again, their king, of the old race of Capet, is the puppet of black treachery, and will be dethroned by fire and iron; but once more, a king, of the old blood of Capet, will sit upon the throne. Three or more lustrals, and peace shall be restored to the great town; to which, the warrior's ashes (who has died on a rock in the sea where he was banished),

shall be brought back and received with as much enthusiasm as if they were the living man. But when the old king of the collateral line of Capet shall die; then shall the Celtic Gauls, in the great town, again war among themselves. When a young warrior shall march upon them from the East, he will wear a lion and a cock upon his armour, and his lance shall be given him by a great prince of the East. He will be marvellously seconded by the people of Belgic Gaul, who will unite themselves with the Parisians to quell the troubles, re-unite the soldiers, and spread over them the olive-branch. Again, battling seven times seven moons with great glory, a trinity of European nations, with great fear and tribulation, will offer him their sons as a hostage, and, will submit to his wise and just laws, which shall revolutionize all Europe, *socially*; and cause him to be adored like a god upon earth, where peace and good will shall reign for a thousand years."

This prophecy, which is too long to give the whole of, begins, by stating—that *if* the world should not be destroyed by the conjunction of two terrible comets, in or about the year 1792-3, then, will France be the theatre of unimaginable atrocities, and drowned in her own blood. And here, follow the most minute and circumstantial details of the French revolution; especially, the rise and fall of Robespierre.

At the same period, the celebrated Nostradamus also published a similar prophecy; but, much more curiously explicit touching the events of the consulate and the empire; distinctly stating Napoleon's decline, after his divorce from Josephine, and predicting that he would reap nothing but treachery from his Austrian alliance; also asserting, that his son by the Austrian, would be called, King of Rome, but would never reign. Then comes a full prediction of the revolution of 1830; the advent of the Orleans dynasty; the death of the poor and ever to be lamented Duc d'Orleans, &c., finishing, like the prophecy of Noël Olivarius, with the warrior from the East: who is to be adored like a demi-god, and insure a thousand years peace and good will to men. But Nostradamus, was a prophet even in his own country, that is, in his own times; for, one day seeing the young Prince of Bearn walking with his governesses, he said: "This little prince will sit upon the throne of France, and the title of 'GREAT' will be prefixed to his name." This event was so little probable at the time, that everybody laughed at it; but when, despite all the plots and cabals of Catherine de Medici, the Bearnois reigned not only on the throne of France, but, in the hearts of the peoples

as Henry IV., this prediction was remembered. On another occasion, Nostradamus passing a young monk of the order of Cordeliers, of the name of Felix Peretti, saluted him by going down upon one knee. "Why such respect to poor Felix?" asked the other Cordeliers, laughing. "Because," replied Nostradamus, "I ought to humble myself before a future Pope." The monks shrugged their shoulders, and looked upon Nostradamus as a visionary. Nevertheless, Felix Pretti, in 1585, ascended the pontifical chair, under the title of Sextus V. Nostradamus, with many other things, also foretold the death of Henry II. of France; to whom, he had dedicated his book of prophecies: for which, that monarch heaped favours upon him. Here are the prophetic couplets,

"Le lion jeune le vieux surmontera,
En champ bellique, par singulier duel,
Dans cage d'or les yeux lui crèvera,
Deux plaies une, puis mourir; mort cruelle!"

And, as Henry II. was killed in a tournament the following year, this prophecy, as well as the prophet, created much awe and wonder.

END OF VOL I.

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